

South Broadway

The more important news is to be found on the first page.
 Consult the Index and the Summary, then read the column
 on record in California for crude oil

It was said to be the largest deal
 on record in California for crude oil

or world parliament.
 "With this suggestion I am in en-

ran after it and was soon lost in
 the wind-driven snow.

ate measure seeks to establish a
 State hospital for disabled miners

ing Rear-Admiral De Cervain, was
 killed.

or Excellence, 194 tons, is believed
 to have been sunk.

Districts.

DEATH

SON, CHARGE

Prosecutor Accused

in Open Court.

(BY WIRE.)

Today Judge Griffin warned

prosecutors not to read

statements of the trial, and

it was improper for the

prosecutor to publicly

charge the defendant with

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DEAR! MAY

JAIL LAWSON.

Prose of Talk Followed

by a Great Idea.

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LITTLE HOPE

FOR NEW ARMY.

Universal Training Plan is

Before the Committee.

(BY WIRE.)

WASHINGTON, Jan. 12.—An

effort today to put the House

military committee on record

against universal military

training failed, but resulted

in the adoption of a

resolution declaring that no

radical change of military

policy should be considered

in framing this year's

army appropriation bill.

While some of the members

of Congress and officers

active in the movement for

universal military training

had hoped for action at the

present session, most of them

are convinced that the

proposed legislation will

not get beyond the formative

stage by March 4, Senator

Chamberlain, whose

universal training bill is

before a Senate subcommittee,

said he had no hope of

its passage before the

committee approval before

adjournment.

The action of the House

committee today, however,

will not interfere with

work on the Chamberlain

bill, and its advocates will

try to perfect it as soon as

possible, and made ready

for consideration on the

floor of the Senate if

opportunities offer.

The attitude of the

administration toward

the Chamberlain measure

and similar proposals has

not been defined clearly,

but it has been apparent

that executive officials

have not expected the

universal training

question to come to a

definite issue in

Congress before next

session at least.

The House committee

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for consideration on the

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opportunities offer.

The attitude of the

administration toward

the Chamberlain measure

MUST RESPECT

U. S. UNIFORM.

Brooklyn Theater Man Fined

for Refusing Admittance

(BY WIRE.)

NEW YORK, Jan. 12.—Re-

spect must be accorded

the uniform of the American

navy equal to that given to

the civilian clothes, the

Brooklyn court of special

sessions held today in decid-

ing that Henry Traub, lessee

of a Brooklyn theater, had

no right to exclude Adolph

Gottman, a sailor on the bat-

tle ship Arkansas. Traub was

fined \$250, Thomas R. Cuff,

United States Assistant Dis-

trict Attorney, prosecuted

Traub at the request of the

navy authorities.

POULTRYMEN HELD

FOR BARR MURDER.

(BY WIRE.)

NEW YORK, Jan. 12.—Poul-

trymen were arrested today

on indictments charging them

with the shooting of Barnet

Blatt, a rival poultry dealer,

nearly two years ago. This

is the outcome of a

confession, said by Dist. At-

torney, that the shooting was

perpetrated by a group of

Swann, who have been made

by Antonio Cardinale, recently

brought back from Italy, who

prosecuted, Cardinale admitted

that he and his associates

had killed Blatt, who after-

wards had been shot by a

group of men, who were

employed by Blatt to

employ gunmen to kill Blatt.

The motive for the killing

of Blatt was said to be

revenge for Blatt's supposed

efforts to drive the accused

men out of the poultry

business. The group of

men, who were employed

by Blatt, were said to be

known as the "Chicken

Mafia."

HOUSE CONSIDERS

ADAMSON'S BILL.

(BY WIRE.)

WASHINGTON, Jan. 12.—Re-

presentative Adamson's bill

designed to carry out Pres-

ident Wilson's recom-

mendations for legisla-

tion on the subject of

the House Commerce

committee, which will

attempt to get the meas-

ure passed by the House

before the Senate.

TEACHER KILLS

MOUNTAIN LION.

Followed School Children and

is Finished with a

(BY WIRE.)

MAINTONVILLE, Jan. 12.—

Teacher of the Lone Pine

school, killed a mountain

lion at the doorstep of the

lonely country schoolhouse,

Tuesday morning, according to

reports that reached here

today. For several days a

AFTER JANUARY 15th

1917

Because of the increased cost of production, the prices of 1917 BUICKS will be as follows:

	Now	After Jan. 15th
Model D-34 (4 cyl. Roadster).....	\$ 770	\$ 780
Model D-35 (4 cyl. Touring Car).....	785	795
Model D-44 (6 cyl. Roadster).....	1135	1190
Model D-45 (6 cyl. Touring Car).....	1170	1220
Model D-46 (6 cyl. 3-pass. Enclosed).....	1575	1590
Model D-47 (6 cyl. 6-pass. Sedan).....	1950	1985

F. O. B. Pacific Coast

THE BUICK MOTOR COMPANY OFFICIALS state that it was their sincere hope to continue the sale of BUICK cars at the former prices, but developments in the materials situation make a price revision inevitable.

THE VOLUME OF BUICK BUSINESS has made it unnecessary for the Howard Auto Company to publish this increase in price weeks ahead of time for the purpose of booming BUICK sales. Buick owners and the public at large have learned that to own a BUICK is not only a guarantee of automobile satisfaction, but that it is a sound financial investment as well; depreciation on the present line of BUICKS in a year's time being so slight as to be almost negligible. Because of these things it is impossible for the BUICK factory, gigantic as it is, to supply even one-fifth of the demand for BUICK cars!

HOWARD AUTO CO.
1323 SOUTH FLOWER

MOTOR CAR
DEALERS
ASSOCIATION
DIRECTORY

BAN JOHNSON
FAIRLY FUMES.

THREATENS TO OUST FULTZ
FROM BASEBALL.

BUICK—HOWARD AUTO CO.,
1323 So. Flower St. Home 60009,
Main 9040.

CHANDLER—Earl V. Armstrong,
Inc. 1144 South Hope St. Main
3459; 60895.

SAXON—Saxon Motor Sales Co.,
Twelfth and Olive.

CHALMERS—HUPMOBILE—Greer-
Robbins Co., Twelfth and Flower
Streets. Broadway 5410; A1187.

BEARDSLEY ELECTRIC—Beards-
ley Electric Co., 1250-1260 W. 7th.
Home phone 53018; Pac. Wil. 768.

Times Directory
of Motor Trucks

JONES WINS SINGLES
IN MIDWINTER PLAY.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

PINEHURST (N. C.), Jan. 12.—J. E. Jones, Providence, won the singles championship in the mid-winter tennis tournament here today by defeating Howard Cordes, Cincinnati, in three straight sets, 6-2, 6-4, 6-3.

Miss Florence Ballin and Otto Selim, Baltimore, won the mixed doubles, defeating Miss E. M. Cohn, Philadelphia, and Hugh C. Whitehead, Norfolk, in two straight sets, 6-3, 6-4.

Miss Ballin and Miss Cohn will meet in the women's singles final tomorrow.

THE TIMES BUREAU OF POKER.

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.)

POMONA, Jan. 12.—At 11 o'clock Saturday forenoon the Citrus Belt League board of managers consisting of the principal and one student from each high school in the league, will hold an official meeting at the place. Principal Reynolds of Pomona will preside. The object of this meeting will be to decide upon the date for the opening of the baseball season and fix the date for the annual track meet, which is scheduled to be held here.

MISKE BEATS WILKINSON.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

NEW YORK, Jan. 12.—Billy Miske of St. Paul outpointed Charlie Wilkinson of Newark, N. J., in a fast ten-round bout here tonight. Miske forced the pace, severely punishing Wilkinson early in the match. His terrific left jab kept Wilkinson on the defensive. Miske weighed 137 pounds and Miske 151.

Stovall is Vernon Manager; Kervaras and Lewis Sign

HOLLYWOOD IS
OUT IN FRONT.

Defeats Lincoln in Fast
Basketball Game.

Appears to Have the Title
'Cinched Already.

Poly Takes Furious Tussle
from Manual.

Hollywood High School came as near clinching the basketball championship of the city yesterday as any school can and only play three games more.

The Hillmen defeated Lincoln, the only other undefeated five, at the Y.M.C.A. by the score of 21 to 9. By this victory Coach Evans' men established their class.

The game was one of those rapid-fire affairs in which teams played fast and missed few occasionally. The Hillmen played like a team from the start. Only three field goals were made by them during the whole game and two of these came in the second half.

It would be hard to pick the Hollywood team. They did not shoot too many baskets because of the rush of the Hillmen. They dropped in two field goals in the first half. Wahay did not get going until the second period, when he made three in rapid succession. Boeck, the center, shot two field and seven foul goals. His eyes on the latter became deadly in the second half.

Los Angeles High School is the only squad that Hollywood has not played. Everybody is predicting a victory for the Hillmen. Hollywood was surprised last year by a weak team and may be unlucky again this time. It is scarcely likely. The line-up:

Hollywood (4) Forward (2) Hillmen (4) Forward (2)

Back (2) Back (2) Center (2) Center (2)

Point (2) Point (2) Guard (2) Guard (2)

Sub (2) Sub (2) Sub (2) Sub (2)

Coach (2) Coach (2) Coach (2) Coach (2)

Manager (2) Manager (2) Manager (2) Manager (2)

Referee (2) Referee (2) Referee (2) Referee (2)

Umpire (2) Umpire (2) Umpire (2) Umpire (2)

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Announcer (2) Announcer (2) Announcer (2) Announcer (2)

Reporter (2) Reporter (2) Reporter (2) Reporter (2)

Photographer (2) Photographer (2) Photographer (2) Photographer (2)

Stenographer (2) Stenographer (2) Stenographer (2) Stenographer (2)

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M'MORAN QUILTS
POMONA HIGH.

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.)

POMONA, Jan. 12.—Lefty McMoran, star high school pitcher for Pomona, has quit high school and is playing semi-professional baseball. It is understood that Frank Chance has engaged him for a workout with the Los Angeles team next spring.

Lefty is a slapping good high school pitcher of the southpaw variety. While the high school will feel his loss, it will not be unduly missed, as he has been on account of his decision to quit school. Hildebrand, who has played about two years of Sunday ball, is still in school, to catching Hildebrand, as the ing arm. Youngblood, who caught for McMoran, is used to catching Hildebrand. The team will have an experienced battery in spite of the fact that Lefty is jumping into the professional ranks.

The game was one of those rapid-fire affairs in which teams played fast and missed few occasionally. The Hillmen played like a team from the start. Only three field goals were made by them during the whole game and two of these came in the second half.

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STOVALL NOW
ACTING BOSS.

Former "Firebrand" Trying to
Make Deals.

Tom Darmody Hops a Train
for the North.

Walter Boles Takes a Vote
About Strike.

BY HARRY A. WILLIAMS.

T. J. Darmody reached a "verbal agreement" with George Stovall, instructed him to get his release from Toledo, called for a day's work and grabbed the rest of the P's best train for San Francisco.

Stovall is now the "acting manager" of the club. The Vernon situation probably is the "most unique in the history of baseball. It is neither affirmative nor negative, but rather neutral, or hung on a dead center. Technically, the former owners of the club are controlling it, but in reality are not. Darmody doesn't own the club, but will, and seems to be running it.

He is performing all the functions of the manager, but he is performing the duties of a manager. Three weeks may elapse before everything is settled to the technical liking of the attorneys handling the transfer. Stovall's appointment as manager is made official early next week.

George has been promised his release by Toledo for \$100 in cash, or in exchange for "some player now on the Vernon club." Darmody and such a step under such a plan can do no business between themselves in writing until this release is secured.

A TRADE.

George yesterday wired Branch offering to trade one of the players to the Tigers. To secure a pitcher of this caliber would well be a coup for the Tigers. T. J. will return Monday.

Walter Boles, western representative of the American League, is engaged in taking a vote of the members of the first in the league. There are fifty members of the first in this league, and it is said that they made a private caucus to elect a manager to look after their eastern brethren in case a walk-out was called by Dave Foss, the four men using the name of Boles to make a practice of butting into other people's business.

ADMISSION.

The two local clubs always have been hard on each other, and have not the semblance of a grievance, and does not cite any outrages committed against the players of the Coast League club. He figures, however, that his position with the first requires that he take a vote of the members.

Speaking in the large, general run of ball players have what the average man would regard as a snap. They get more money than they could make in any other line, are on duty only about two hours a day, ride in Pullmans, put up at the best hotels and have an abundance of money to spend. They are, however, some other profession when their playing days are over, and they must make a living by some club owner, but the same condition will be found in any other line of profession.

Were every professional player in the game to strike the magnates of the game, the players would be left with no money for a year, and twelve months rest would be an excellent thing for the players. There are fifty members of the first in this league, and it is said that they made a private caucus to elect a manager to look after their eastern brethren in case a walk-out was called by Dave Foss, the four men using the name of Boles to make a practice of butting into other people's business.

ADMISSION.

The two local clubs always have been hard on each other, and have not the semblance of a grievance, and does not cite any outrages committed against the players of the Coast League club. He figures, however, that his position with the first requires that he take a vote of the members.

Speaking in the large, general run of ball players have what the average man would regard as a snap. They get more money than they could make in any other line, are on duty only about two hours a day, ride in Pullmans, put up at the best hotels and have an abundance of money to spend. They are, however, some other profession when their playing days are over, and they must make a living by some club owner, but the same condition will be found in any other line of profession.

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Lewis Sign

Wet but Happy.
HARRY COWING
BEATS WRIGHT.

Wander Two Strides
to the Bad.

Mingles with Bill
Bacon Today.

Fails to Intimidate the
Golfers.

ALMA WHITTAKER.

Not enough weather
to make a good golf day.

VETERAN WINS.

Harry Cowing and
Charles Wright.

Wright won his second
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The News From South of Tehachepi's Top

FIGHT OVER A
GARBAGE JOB.

Common City Scene of Vigorous
Battle of Fists.

Clash of Fists of Several
Years' Standing.

Scoundrel in Owens Valley
for Several Days.

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S. P. TRAIN KILLS
MOTHER ON CROSSING.

Barberia was killed and three children, 5, 8 and 13, were seriously injured at the Southern Pacific crossing at the Hanford-Via Vista lateral of the Santa Fe highway this afternoon.

Mr. Barberia was uninjured. The party was returning home from a hog killing, driving a survey, and failed to notice the approach of the train. One of the children will likely die.

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SEARCHING FOR
LOST AVIATORS.

Belief Expressed that They
are Near Laguna Salada.

Party with Provisions Leaves
on Five Days' Hunt.

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COUPLE HIKING ON
THEIR HONEYMOON.

San Luis Obispo, Jan. 12.—Mr. E. Smith, and his stunning wife, Ruth, walking from San Francisco to Los Angeles, left San Luis Obispo, yesterday, after two days' stopover here. "Brownie," their bull terrier, went along. The couple, celebrating their honeymoon with the 500-mile hike, left San Francisco two weeks ago. They expect to arrive in Los Angeles February 1.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith carry their bedding and camping utensils on their backs and stop wherever they overtake them. They are making their hike in a leisurely manner.

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Classified Liners.

AGATE TYPE ONLY.

Accepted subject to the following rate and conditions:

The rate for the following word is in the Daily Times is 10 per word and in the Sunday Times is 15 per word.

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BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENTS.

DOES YOUR ROOF LEAK?

There is no need of waiting until the winter weather to get your roof repaired.

WANTED—STOCK AND BOND MAN, experienced in all branches of the business.

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THE CITY AND ENVIRONS.

EVENTS BRIEFLY TOLD

Committee to Meet.

A special meeting of the Executive Committee of the Los Angeles branch of the National Security League will be held this evening, at the league's office, No. 217 Coulter Building.

Canadians to Meet.

Officers for the new year will be elected by the Canadian Society of Southern California at a meeting Tuesday evening at the Gamut Clubhouse, No. 1044 South Hope street.

Reports on Home.

Mrs. John Cocks, superintendent of the California Home for Women, made a report on the year's activities at a meeting of the Central W.C.T.U. at 2:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon, at No. 391 North Broadway.

On European Situation.

C. F. Hotal, a professor of Houston College, Spokane, will lecture in Pasadena Friday evening on the "European Situation." In the interest of the German Red Cross, Mr. Hotal recently returned from Germany.

Catholic Benefit Play.

"A Victim of Despotism," a play dealing with life in Turkey, will be given in St. Joseph's Hall, No. 1234 South Los Angeles street, Tuesday at 8 o'clock for the benefit of the local Syrian Catholic Church. Tickets may be obtained at all the Catholic bookstores at 10c and 25c.

Mission Players Here.

Seventy members of the Mission Play Company were due in Los Angeles at 2:30 o'clock this morning over the Southern Pacific. The train they traveled on was expected to arrive about 3:30 last night but the East, but, owing to delays, was more than five hours late.

Will For Ahead.

In answer to a question at yesterday's session of the Public Service Commission, when the aqueduct power bureau would be ready to take over the street lighting, Electrician Engineer Stangerstedt replied: "We'll be able to take it over in five months, or possibly in three or four months."

Sigma Chi Fraternity.

Sigma Chi Fraternity will hold a luncheon at the Bristol Cafe at 12:30 p.m. today. Three weeks ago the fraternity received its custom meeting at luncheon once a week and each gathering has been attended by a number of the younger members. A special room has been set apart at the cafe.

Antelope Valley Dinner.

The Antelope Valley Chamber of Commerce will give an informal dinner at Christopher's, No. 741 South Broadway, Tuesday night, January 16, at 8:30 o'clock. Good speakers will recount the valley's progress of the past year and express its hopes for the future.

For Young Zionists.

The Young Zionist Association will hold a meeting at the Musical Hall, No. 223 South Hill street Tuesday evening at 8:30 o'clock. The principal speaker will be I. O. Levy, well-known business man of Los Angeles, and his subject will be "The Every Day Life of the American Jew." There will be music, speakers, a musical program and dancing. Admission will be free.

Will Honor "Hobby" Burns.

A concert and dance to celebrate the one hundred and fifty-eighth birthday anniversary of Robert Burns will be given by the California Club at Blanchard Hall, 26th inst., at 8 o'clock p.m. Those who will take part in the program are Misses E. O. Kelly, Douglas Lang, H. Proctor, John Brand, Peter, Melburn, Margaret, Helen, David, David A. Ogilvie and Howard Mattel.

On Staff of "Crusader."

At the annual midyear elections of the Harvard Daily Crusader, at Cambridge, Mass., yesterday, William H. Allen of this city was elected to the editorial staff. He is a member of the team of 1917. The choice of the new editors was made in each case after competition, which was by the way, the beginning of the college year and based upon the work the candidates have done for the paper during that time.

Measure Winter Waters.

The Public Service Commission yesterday engaged the services of Leslie A. Condit, an expert, to measure daily the flow of water in Big Pine Creek during the winter months. The job is declared to be no sinecure, as many hardships in snow and cold await the measurer, but the data to be thus gained is considered of much importance in connection with the power projects on the upper portion of the sequoia.

Newspaper Address.

"A Fleet Street Roman" is the subject of an address to be delivered Monday morning before students of the University of Southern California. The speaker will be Charles Lapworth, recently elected editor of the Los Angeles Mail, and he will speak under the auspices of the University Press Club, a group of undergraduates who are interested in journalism. Mr. Lapworth was editor of the London Daily News during the brief career, and will tell the story of that interesting newspaper experiment. His address will be given at 11:40 o'clock in the public chapel, and is open to the public without charge.

Chadman to Lecture.

Charles Wakefield Chadman, noted composer who is making Los Angeles his home, will explain the underlying idea of his new "Thunderbird Suite" in a public address Wednesday morning at 10:15 o'clock, at Cunniff School of Expression, No. 289 South Vermont avenue. This is the suite which will be heard for the first time when it is played by the orchestra next Friday and Saturday. Mr. Chadman's address at Cunniff will be illustrated with pictures, on the piano, of the Indian thematic material on which the "Thunderbird Suite" is based. It is open to the public without charge.

For Schoolmasters.

The Schoolmasters' Club, an organization of men employed in the public schools in Los Angeles, will celebrate "University of Southern California" night tonight at the Club. Dr. Albert Shiala, superintendent of schools, will make an address on the work of the University. Dr. D. H. Hart of the department of economics at the University of Southern California will speak on "Relations between the University and the Community." Montaville

Flowers, the author and lecturer, who will lecture, "What is a Nation?" and the University Glee Club, directed by Prof. Horatio Cogswell, will sing. The schoolmasters will have a large number of the members of the faculty of the university.

Wanted: One Husband.

A letter was received by the Chicago police last night from Miss May Webb, of No. 3218 Eagle street, this city, requesting that they aid her in search for a husband. The letter will be referred to a man living in Sumatra, Mont., from whom the Chicago police received a similar letter a few weeks ago.

Building Credit Men's Dinner.

The annual banquet of the Building Material Dealer's Credit Association will be held at the Sierra Madre Club at 8:30 p.m. tonight. The successful bidders for part contracts on the new structure soon to be erected in the downtown section, which will house the association, will be announced after the dinner.

Hungarian Ball.

The third annual entertainment and ball of the First Hungarian Aid Society will be held tomorrow afternoon in N.O.G.S. Hall, No. 111 West Third street, at 3:30 p.m., and the dancing will begin at 8 p.m. The proceeds will be devoted to the purchase of a burial ground, music will be furnished at both functions by Bush's Orchestra and Hungarian Band.

Credit Men's Meeting.

The next meeting of the Associated Retail Credit Men of Los Angeles will be held at Christopher's, No. 741 South Broadway, Tuesday night at 8:30 o'clock. Mr. Chandler, vice-president of the Citizens Trust and Savings Bank, will preside. Mr. P. Olson, secretary of the Grocers' Association, will speak concerning Merchants' Court.

Complaint.

Owners and Lessees of Apartment-houses and Hotels Ask Council to Stop Operation of Motor Trucks During the Night Hours at Once.

High-powered and heavily loaded motor trucks operating all night, "with tremendous noise, rattling of chains and gears, severe shocks and rumblings," are asserted by apartment-house and hotel owners and lessees, to cause mental suffering and monetary loss, therefore they will appeal to the Council today to pass an ordinance prohibiting their operation outside the business districts between the hours of 8 p.m. and 8 a.m.

Estimate.

After inspecting City's Acres in San Fernando Valley, Official Reports, Commission Orders Recovery Made and a Value Placed.

Commissioner Erbenbrecher.

The Public Service Commission yesterday reported to that body that the Land Agent Martin had inspected the city's lands lying in the San Fernando Valley, and that there are about twenty acres of land there that should be sold.

He estimated that there are probably 400 acres of first-class lands that should carry a valuation of \$400 an acre, while about 200 acres would not be worth more than \$100 an acre.

Commissioner Erbenbrecher of the Public Service Commission yesterday reported to that body that the Land Agent Martin had inspected the city's lands lying in the San Fernando Valley, and that there are about twenty acres of land there that should be sold.

Hubby Retaliates.

Sensational Divorce Suit of Railroad Agent Against His Wife, Now Supposed to Be in Los Angeles.

Chicago's court of domestic relations yesterday heard the sensational divorce suit of Harry Stafford, of that city, chief commercial agent of the Southern Railroad, against Charlotte Craig Stafford, who is said to be now operating a manure parlor in Los Angeles.

Some time since, Mrs. Stafford entered suit against her husband in the Chicago courts, but failed for some reason to prosecute it, going to California instead. Her suit was dismissed. Thereupon Mr. Stafford, charging neglect and infidelity and alleging an incident at the Denison Hotel, Chicago, Judge C. W. Hoffman took the case under advisement.

Business Brevities.

Weaver Roofing is no more expensive, but contains more years of rugged, water-tight wear. Get Weaver Roofing from your dealer or call Weaver Roof Manufacturers, 129-131 East 2nd st., or 7218 S. Broadway. Ask Roofing Dept. for prompt roof repairs or laid roofs.

Branch offices for the convenience of the Times patrons are located at No. 519 South Spring street and No. 723-25 South Hill street. Advertisements and subscriptions taken.

For quick action drop answers to Times "Inners" in Times letter box in downtown office building. The locations of the boxes are printed in the first column of the Times "Inners" section.

Finest Photographs, Stock Studio.

"The Exclusive Specialty House for Feminine Apparel"
Garments of Style, Quality, Lowest Prices
Meyer Siegel & Co.
443-445-447 South Broadway

A Special Sale of
Dancing Frocks
at
\$29.50
All Sizes



Dainty clouds of delicately colored Tulle over shimmering metal cloth or soft taffetas with metal lace. Unusually charming styles. Choose from White, Rose, Orchid, Blue and Black.

Remember the special price, \$29.50.

"The Exclusive Specialty House for Feminine Apparel"
Garments of Style, Quality, Lowest Prices

Luckenbach & Co.'s AUCTION SALE

is continuing at a rapid rate and the prices at which this quality line of jewelry, diamonds and watches is moving are ridiculously low.

Sale Starts at 11 a.m. Daily.
LUCKENBACH & CO., Inc.
445 South Spring St.

AUCTION
J. J. GUERMAN
AUCTION AND COMMISSION HOUSE
General Auctioneer
Furniture, Merchandise, Etc.
143-145 N. Spring Street
115-116 North Street
Main 3114

THOS. B. CLARK
General Auctioneer and
Importer of Antique Furniture
840 South Hill Street
F1907 Broadway 1921

Rhoades & Rhoades
REAL ESTATE, LIVE STOCK
AND GENERAL AUCTIONEERS
Guaranteed estimate on household
furniture or bought outright for cash.
Salesroom 1501-5 South Main. Both
phones—Main 1259; Home 25679.

AUCTION
Beautiful 3-room house, Lot 15145,
(Fronting on the street) Grand
on high ground, beautiful view, all
kinds of fruit. House modern. Must
be sold. For more information call
STROHME & HULL, Aucts., N. 2514; 87105

REED & HAMMOND
General Auctioneers, 1033-25 S. Main St.
near 11th. Old and new household
furniture, live stock, etc. in every branch
of auction work. Watch our sale, and
see the big money. Cash advanced on
sale. For more information call
2544; Bldg. 526.

DRS. SHORES & SHORES
THE RELIABLE SPECIALISTS FOR
MEN AND WOMEN
When you tell your troubles
to a doctor, you want to
know WHO HE IS, and
what his qualifications are.
We are specialists in CA-
RON, CHRONIC AND ACUTE
DISEASES. Low Rates. Up-to-date
Treatment. Free to Patients. Health is your
greatest asset. Get better and get well.
Confidential. Rooms 602-6 Lumber
Building, 524 South Spring St., Los
Angeles. 2 to 5; 10 to 12.

PIANOS-VICTROLAS-PLAYERS
SMITH PIANO CO.
406 WEST SEVENTH ST.
725 SOUTH HILL ST.

CHICAGO AND EAST
EVERY DAY
Through Salt Lake City
LOS ANGELES LIMITED
PACIFIC LIMITED
OVERLAND EXPRESS
OBSERVATION, SLEEPING AND DINING CARS
TICKETS AT 10c SOUTH SPRING STREET

Oriental Rugs
M. Constantian
340 So. Broadway

ANTIPENDIC
"How good digestion will be assisted
And health on both."

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE
For DRUNKENNESS
AND ALL DRUG ADDICTIONS
No sickness, no publicity, no detention
from business. For further information
call at my office, 141 S. Main St., Los
Angeles, California. Phone Broadway 424.
Hours 10 to 12; 2 to 5; except Sundays
and holidays.

ALWAYS SPECIAL
MISTLETOE WINES
SOLE OWNERS
C. K. ALLEN
129-131 N. Main St.
Established 1886

THE LOS ANGELES TIMES
introduces its advertisers to the
most desirable class of consumers
under the most favorable
conditions, and foreign advertisers
cannot go wrong by concentrating
their advertising in its columns.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

ABALONE
A NEW DEEP SEA FOOD.
Tender, easily digested,
highly nutritious.

EAT
Christopher's
Quality Ice Cream

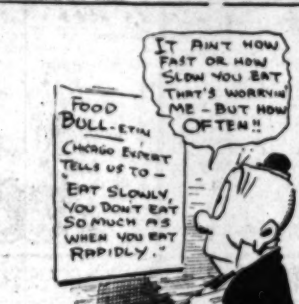
RUPTURE
Dr. Joseph F. Ruppert, European specialist,
treats all hernia, rupture, peritonitis, etc.
without operation or injection, no detention
from business. For further information
call at my office, 141 S. Main St., Los
Angeles, California. Phone Broadway 424.
Hours 10 to 12; 2 to 5; except Sundays
and holidays.

ANTIPENDIC
"How good digestion will be assisted
And health on both."

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE
For DRUNKENNESS
AND ALL DRUG ADDICTIONS
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Only a question of time!
Brauer's Reductions are for
the month of January—better
move if you want 'em.

Suits and O'coats
Former \$40 and \$35
Now \$33
Former \$50 and \$45
Now \$43

Swell fabrics, tailored to the
minute.
Both Stores—This Month.

AK Brauer & Co.
Tailors—Men Who Know
TWO SPRING ST. STORES
345-347 and 529-527A

"TIMES" CIRCULATION FOR THE
MONTH OF DECEMBER, 1916.
STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES.

Harry Chandler, Assistant General Manager
of the Los Angeles Daily Times, deposes
under oath that the following is a true and
correct copy of the circulation of said
newspaper for the month of December, 1916:

December 1	50,000
December 2	50,000
December 3	50,000
December 4	50,000
December 5	50,000
December 6	50,000
December 7	50,000
December 8	50,000
December 9	50,000
December 10	50,000
December 11	50,000
December 12	50,000
December 13	50,000
December 14	50,000
December 15	50,000
December 16	50,000
December 17	50,000
December 18	50,000
December 19	50,000
December 20	50,000
December 21	50,000
December 22	50,000
December 23	50,000
December 24	50,000
December 25	50,000
December 26	50,000
December 27	50,000
December 28	50,000
December 29	50,000
December 30	50,000
December 31	50,000
Total	15,000,000

Subscribed to the
CHRONICLE
San Francisco's Leading
Daily and Sunday Paper

You cannot afford to overlook its
special Sunday features, which team
with interest.

Subscription and advertising rates
given upon application to the Los
Angeles representative of the Chroni-
cle—

F. A. TAYLOR
340 South Hill Street

DRS. SHORES & SHORES
THE RELIABLE SPECIALISTS FOR
MEN AND WOMEN
When you tell your troubles
to a doctor, you want to
know WHO HE IS, and
what his qualifications are.
We are specialists in CA-
RON, CHRONIC AND ACUTE
DISEASES. Low Rates. Up-to-date
Treatment. Free to Patients. Health is your
greatest asset. Get better and get well.
Confidential. Rooms 602-6 Lumber
Building, 524 South Spring St., Los
Angeles. 2 to 5; 10 to 12.

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The Times

SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1917.—EDITORIAL SECTION.

POPULATION | By the Federal Census (1910)—423,180
By the City Directory (1915)—423,180

Advancing Southern Metropolis.

DEATHS.

With Funeral Attendance.
January 12, 1917. (Deaths reported to the city clerk.)
In this city, New Year's day, 1917, the following persons died:
At 10:15 a. m., Mrs. Mary Ann Smith, 72 years old, of 1234 N. Main street, died of pneumonia.
At 11:30 a. m., Mrs. John Smith, 65 years old, of 1234 N. Main street, died of pneumonia.
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BOMB WORKS A MIRACLE.

Restores Speech to 'Deaf and Dumb' Alien and Determines Nationality.

A bomb—or rather a toy torpedo—in the hands of Immigration Inspector Miller worked a miracle yesterday. He restored speech to a "deaf-mute" and simultaneously determined his nationality—a problem which had stumped the inspectors for six hours.

Inspector Miller and Braxton picked up a suspected Chinese in the suburbs. He had a mustache and some of the characteristics of a Mexican, which a friend of his stoutly maintained him to be. The suspect pitifully indicated that he was deaf and dumb, when, in succession, Spanish, Chinese, Korean, Hindoo and East Indian interpreters were called to examine him.

Mr. Miller went out and bought a pocketful of toy torpedoes. The suspect was taken along the street toward the County Jail. On the pavement just behind him Mr. Miller hurled a torpedo. The Chinaman jumped six feet, six inches in the air.

"Gee, kid! Wassa malla?" he yelled.

THE COMES ON.

The I.W.W.'s then bunched in a corner and told the Sheriff to come on. He did, and in a couple of minutes the bums were ready to quit. Later the gang walked peacefully to the lower tank, but after the door was locked upon them they began stamping on the floor and creating more noise.

Again they were warned to be quiet, and when they refused the Sheriff had their shoes removed. "Now kick all you want to," the Sheriff said.

MEMORIAL FOR PASTOR.

Services for Dr. Coyne will be held tomorrow at Westlake Church. Memorial services for the late Dr. Robert Francis Coyne will be held in the Westlake Presbyterian Church, where he had served as pastor for the last three years, at 3 o'clock tomorrow afternoon.

These services will be under the auspices of the Los Angeles Presbytery and the session of the church. Addresses will be made by Dr. Hugh K. Walker of Long Beach, Rev. J. A. Stevenson of Santa Ana, and Rev. E. S. Chapman of this city. Other ministers who will have a part in the services will be Rev. Herbert Booth Smith, Rev. J. H. Malcolm, Rev. W. D. Landis and Rev. W. W. Sasseberry. Appropriate music will be rendered by the Westlake Church choir.

There will be no morning or evening services in this church, except the Sabbath-school at the usual hour.

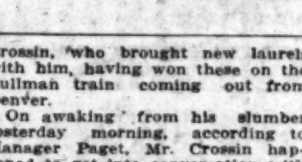
Dr. Coyne died suddenly at his country home, near Fullerton, Friday night, the 5th inst.

CHAMPION, BELTED SNORER HERE.

Fresh from New Conquests in East, Man Whose Nasal Trump Has Won Him Fame, Registers Here and Courts Comparisons.

W. D. Crossin, one of America's champion snorers, is at the Angeles. His old friend, Manager Paget, yesterday announced that a special suite had been arranged for Mr. Crossin.

On awaking from his slumber yesterday morning, according to Manager Paget, Mr. Crossin happened to get into conversation with



Crossin, who brought new laurels with him, having won these on the Pullman train coming out from Denver.



On awaking from his slumber yesterday morning, according to Manager Paget, Mr. Crossin happened to get into conversation with

the porter. "I haven't caused any complaints, have I?" he casually suggested to the brush wielder.

"No, sah, boss, no, sah!" declared the latter.

"I didn't sleep well toward morning," he declared.

"Maybe not, mistah, maybe not. But you sure had de right ob way all de rest ob de night," said the porter, who claimed to have been unable to sleep on account of the noise.

Needless to say he got a good tip and Mr. Crossin is gleefully narrating the event as further proof of his nightly prowess. He is representing the Paraffine Paint Company here.

NEW TROUBLE STIRS VENICE.

Grammar-school Lad Whipped by Principal.

Women Seek Teacher's Arrest but Efforts Fail.

He Says He was Justified; Trustees may Act.

Venice, home of peppery politics, is in a new turmoil—this time over the whipping of Manuel Olvera, 12 years old, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Olvera, No. 218 Lion canal, by W. Y. Thornbury, principal of the Venice Grammar School. The Venice Grammar School Parent Teachers' Association and the Federated Parent-Teacher Association have taken the matter up, and a meeting of the Venice Board of School Trustees will be called as soon as Herman Michel, one of the members, who is at present out of the city, returns.

The cause of all the excitement arose from the fact that on last Wednesday young Olvera asked the principal's permission to leave school at 2 o'clock p. m. to sell papers at the band plaza. The principal refused, but the boy left anyhow, stating that his mother had given him permission.

When Principal Thornbury learned of the boy's action, he is alleged to have taken his automobile, and, going to the plaza, found the boy and brought him back to school, where he administered a whipping.

The matter was brought to the attention of Trustee S. J. Lewis, Capt. George Lingo of the police department and J. H. Sadler, a member of the Board of School Trustees. Mrs. Emma Levitt, probation officer of Santa Monica, was called in, and she at once reported to the Humane Society of Los Angeles, but this body refused to act because of lack of jurisdiction.

Justice S. J. Crawford was asked to issue a complaint for the arrest of Prof. Thornbury, but refused on the ground that the police had not had time to make a thorough investigation. This investigation was completed at night and the detective's findings laid before the Federated Parent-Teacher Association, which met at the Mark Hotel. Mrs. J. C. Barthel presided at this meeting.

The board was attended by Mr. Thornbury, Mrs. Olvera, the boy and the detectives. The lad was asked to bare his legs and show the alleged welts. He stripped one leg but refused to show the other, stating that it was just the same. Some marks were visible on the boy's father, E. Olvera, refused to attend the meeting, stating that he was afraid he would lose his temper if he saw Prof. Thornbury. Prof. Thornbury last night made the following statement:

"The Olvera boy is a habitual truant, and is an incorrigible. He promises at Christmas that he will attend school regularly, but in spite of this promise he left last Wednesday in spite of my refusal to grant him permission. I am personally opposed to corporal punishment except in extreme cases, where the child is defiant and refuses to obey. I am ready to meet all criticism, saying that his parents were the only ones who had the right to punish him. When I found that I must punish him, I took the precaution of complying with the State law, which makes it mandatory that if punishment be administered that it be done in the presence of two teachers. I do not care to reveal the names of these teachers at this time, as they were only called in for the purpose of complying with the law, and came on my instructions."

"I had a perfect right to do and get the boy, as I am a regularly appointed teacher, and I have authority having been conferred on me by the County Board of Education. I am ready to meet all criticism, as my action was justified on the ground of maintaining school discipline."

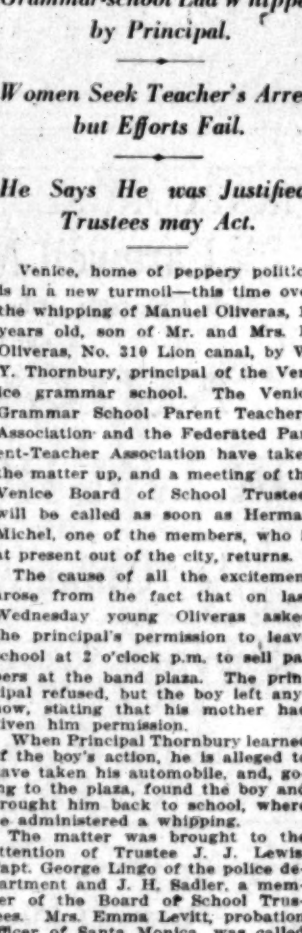
TWO LARGES PARTIES DUE.

Two large Raymond Whitcomb Tour parties are expected in Los Angeles during the next few days. The first of these parties will leave for the Southern Pacific and stops at Riverside, Monday morning. After a short sojourn among the orange grove towns, the travelers will come here and the party will depart for Santa Fe and reach Riverside three days later. Two coaches are made good time until dark and in when the road became slippery from rain. The party had left Riverside at 10 o'clock and the car skidded at the wheel and when the car skidded it turned completely over. Keyes was killed instantly, his neck being broken by the running board of his car. Bradley was taken to the hospital at Bakersfield and died shortly afterwards.

The accident took place on a straight road and the cause of the skidding has not been explained. The injured remained on the road for half an hour before aid reached them.

FAMOUS BEAUTY A WAR SACRIFICE.

Sister of Dr. George S. Von Wedelstaedt of this city. She is dead in Minneapolis as a result of her labor to aid the Serbian victims of the war.



Mrs. Olga Von Wedelstaedt Haskell, Sister of Dr. George S. Von Wedelstaedt of this city. She is dead in Minneapolis as a result of her labor to aid the Serbian victims of the war.

FAMOUS WOMAN GIVES HER LIFE FOR SERBIANS.

AMOUS at one time as one of America's most accomplished and beautiful women, Mrs. Olga von Wedelstaedt Haskell, sister of Dr. George S. von Wedelstaedt, of this city, and former wife of William E. Haskell, prominent newspaper man and publisher of Minneapolis and Boston, passed away at her home, No. 1710 Third avenue, South, Minneapolis, yesterday.

Her death is declared to have been sacrificed to aid the suffering people of Serbia.

Mrs. Haskell was particularly famous for her philanthropic work, having been affiliated with large charitable organizations and charity movements throughout the United States. With the outbreak of the war, she was one of the first to aid the people of that district and when the call for aid for the suffering neutrals and the destitute of Europe arose, during the present war, she was the first to organize relief societies.

For the past two years Mrs. Haskell has worked untiringly, giving dinners, balls and theater parties and other affairs to raise money, food, clothing, hospital supplies and other material for Serbia. It was because of the constant strain of this work that she gave away, according to her friends, just before Christmas, when great efforts were being made throughout the United States in behalf of the Serbian refugees. It was known that Mrs. Haskell's strength had failed. Her death was entirely unexpected and it was thought that all danger had passed.

Mrs. Haskell was well known in the prominent capitals of Europe and maintained a residence in Paris. She was a close friend of Mrs. Sarah Bernhardt and entertained the great tragedienne when the latter was in this country. She was also an intimate of the late Mrs. Modjeska.

It was through Mrs. Haskell that Fournier, the famous French artist, arrived in this city.

ELECTION DATE IS POSTPONED.

To Vote on Charter Changes February Twenty-third.

Power Matter may not Come up for Three Months.

Council Tardy Calls Itself "Bunch of Boneheads."

"We have gone before the public like a bunch of boneheads," remarked Councilman John Topham yesterday in committee of the whole when the Council found it necessary to change the date of the power charter amendment special election from February 2 to Friday, February 23.

"Well, Friday, February 23, is better than a Friday the 13th," said Mayor Woodman when somebody suggested it might be "twenty-three for the bonds."

Arrangements were tentatively made with the county for it to postpone its election on the flood control and harbor protection bonds until the same date. February 23 was decided on because the city must call an election not later than February 24 to vote on the 21 per cent. liquor initiative ordinance.

Nobody appeared ill-pleased at a chance to delay the election, because it affords opportunity to attempt to overcome some of the great opposition to the power proposition. It was openly advocated that the actual power-bond election be stayed off as long as possible, some urging it not earlier than the middle of April and one suggestion being that it go over till June or July.

The reason given out for deferring the charter amendment election was that Dr. John R. Haynes is anxious that the original amendment be changed. Special Counsel W. E. Mathews of the Board of Public Service Commissioners said Dr. Haynes desired a change in the subdivision relating to contracts for the sale of surplus power by the city in order to provide that such contracts be approved by ordinance of the Council instead of by resolution. The effect of this is to make them subject to the referendum, of which Dr. Haynes is the father. Another change provides absolute restriction on the sale of power unless there is an excess of that required for the use of the city and its inhabitants.

It was also decided in committee of the whole not to make a 15 per cent. reduction in rates in the event of the city taking over the distributing systems of the Edison and Pacific companies, but to be satisfied at first with the 10 per cent. reduction.

(Continued on Fifth Page.)

BIG WARDROBE CLEANED OUT.

"Bob" Allen, Lones Clothes, Gives Thief the Loot and His Liberty.

Robert M. Allen, No. 3125 Bonafide street, former candidate for Mayor, found yesterday that he had been robbed of all his clothes, excepting one dress suit and the garments he was wearing. The peculiar feature of the robbery is that, though it happened New Year's Day, Mr. Allen was not aware of it until he was informed by Detectives Wood and Murphy, who had arrested Henry Bradford.

Bradford confessed and was taken before Mr. Allen to identify the clothes, a suit, hat and shoes of which he was wearing. Mr. Allen refused to prosecute and made the boy a present of the loot.

This is the second time Mr. Allen has been robbed on New Year's Day. A year ago his home was entered and twenty stick pins, all presents at wedding ceremonies at which Mr. Allen acted as best man, were taken. In each instance no other room in the house was entered.

WILL SETTLE HERE.

Rear-Admiral W. C. Cowles, U.S.N., Retired, Intends to Make Los Angeles His Future Home Because His Friends Are in This City.

With so many of his friends living in and around Los Angeles, Rear-Admiral W. C. Cowles, U.S.N., retired, yesterday announced his intention of making this his future home. With Mrs. Cowles and daughter, he registered yesterday at the Clark.

He came from Washington to San Francisco, where he joined the other members of his family. The former navy officer had been in the city only a few hours before numerous men and some women whom he helped to escape from Mexico were calling on him to pay their respects, and repeated thanks for his kind offices when they were in distress.

R. Blackstone Co.

218-320-322 South Broadway

Children's Section—Third Floor

Serge Coats \$2.50

Developed in a splendid quality of serge for children 6 years of age.

Children's Hats Go

Former prices to \$1.75, Hats for 95c

Former prices to \$3.75, Hats for \$1.95

Former prices to \$5.00, Hats for \$2.50

New Gingham Dresses at 85c

Splendid new dresses of striped gingham with belt, collar and cuffs of plain chambray. Sizes 2 to 6 years. Specially priced at 85c.

Saturday Special

100 Heavy Bath Towels

100 by 56 by the dozen \$2.50

One Day \$2.50 Dozen

Linen Scarfs and Dolies HALF PRICE

Cream linen scarfs with scalloped edges in colors—Tan linen scarfs and dolies with hem-stitched edges. All sizes. Third Floor.

LIVE WIRE KILLS.

Unfortunate Lineman Electrocuted When a Momentary Flash Goes Through Pole to which He was Hung by a Strap.

Palm Springs, Cal.

Roderick C. Tooke, a lineman for the Pacific Electric, living at No. 1023 Bryant street, was killed at Venice yesterday morning when he touched a wire supposed to be "dead." The man was strapped to a pole and hung by the strap when the wire touched him. His co-workers climbed the pole and released him. The momentary flash of electricity went through the pole as suddenly passed.

The man was taken from the pole and several doctors summoned. A pulmotor was used, but he died after three hours of work by several men. The body was taken to the mortuary of Breese Bros. & Todd, Santa Monica. An inquest will be held at 10 o'clock this morning.

Mr. Tooke was an Elk, of Lodge No. 18, Denver. He was single and lived with his parents.

TWO KILLED, THREE HURT, WHEN CAR TURNS TURTLE.

Two men, one of this city, were killed and three injured last night when their automobile turned turtle on the road leading out of Bakersfield, twenty miles north of Bakersfield.

The dead are Arlin L. Bradley of Los Angeles and James B. Keyes of Bakersfield. Mr. Bradley was a solicitor for the Bankers' Life Insurance Company of Des Moines and Mr. Keyes was an automobile mechanic. The injured are Robert M. Roth of Fourteenth and Central avenue, Los Angeles, two ribs broken; Fred Gerris of Bakersfield, a waiter, and H. E. Stevenson, a bartender of Bakersfield, each of whom is only slightly injured. The sixth man of the party was J. Cavallero of Los Angeles. He was not hurt, having been thrown to one side as the machine turned turtle.

The party started on their way from Los Angeles. They left in the afternoon for Fresno and made good time until dark and in when the road became slippery from rain. The party had left Riverside at 10 o'clock and the car skidded at the wheel and when the car skidded it turned completely over. Keyes was killed instantly, his neck being broken by the running board of his car. Bradley was taken to the hospital at Bakersfield and died shortly afterwards.

The accident took place on a straight road and the cause of the skidding has not been explained. The injured remained on the road for half an hour before aid reached them.

MOLASSES IS POISONED; OLD RANCHER ARRESTED.

A GALLON of molasses, said to contain sixty grains of strychnine and delivered at a ranch in Westgate, owned by Charles D. Dewey, 62 years of age, last night resulted in the arrest of Dewey after charges had been made by E. L. Biles, 75 years old, who resides on the ranch and, according to the police, owns much of the live stock on the place.

A mysterious stranger, believed by the police to be an inmate of the Soldiers' Home, is sought by Police Detectives Williams and Biles. The old soldier, according to the two officers, is the man who delivered the molasses to the Westgate ranch and is promised some time today by the police.

The two detectives, who stated last night that they have been investigating the case for several days, arrested Dewey, following a statement made by Mr. Biles yesterday. He alleged, the police say, that the molasses was delivered at the ranch by a friend of Dewey's. The can was placed on the breakfast table the day following its delivery.

Biles told the officers that he tasted the syrup, and then refused to eat any of it because of its bitter taste. He also alleged that Dewey refused to taste and said that he never used molasses. Biles claims, however, that the molasses in question was the first which Dewey had refused to eat.

The police said, following an investigation, that Biles and Dewey have had trouble for several years, and the alleged attempt at poisoning is believed by the police to be the outcome.

Efforts will be made by the police today to clear up the case and discover just where the poisoned molasses came from.

HOBART M. CABLE

Unequalled Values at Their Price!

50,000 Now in Daily Use

Hundreds of discriminating people here in Los Angeles have purchased Hobart M. Cable pianos, and they will gladly testify to the beautiful tone quality, artistic finish and durability of these famous instruments.

This company's reputation and connection with the foremost piano manufacturers of the country is a well-known fact to thousands, and it is with pardonable pride that we so strongly endorse and recommend the Hobart M. Cable pianos, because we know that they are quality instruments and worthy of your consideration.

Uprights \$350 Players \$650

Easy Terms Arranged

Investigate Other Makes First, Then You'll Better Appreciate Hobart M. Cable Quality.

FRANK J. HART SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA MUSIC COMPANY

310-314 SOUTH BROADWAY, LOS ANGELES

BRANCHES: Pasadena, Riverside, San Diego

OPEN A CHURCH FOR ARMENIANS

To be Known as Gethsemane Congregational.

Purchase the Edifice of the Former Salem Church.

General News of the Local Flocks and Shepherds.

The Armenian Congregationalists of Los Angeles, who for the past seven years have been worshipping with the First Congregationalist Church, will open their own church edifice tomorrow at Twenty-eighth and Palms streets. They have purchased the building formerly known as the Salem Congregational Church, having made a payment of \$1000 on the purchase price, and agreed to use the balance. The new organization will be known as the Gethsemane Congregational Church, and Rev. A. S. Teresian is the pastor.

There is now a membership of seventy, with a general attendance of Armenians that frequently numbers 150. Tomorrow will be the Armenian New Year, and it was deemed appropriate to select this date for the opening of the new house of worship.

Rev. Mr. Teresian will preach at 11 o'clock on the subject of "The New Year." Next Friday, January 18, which is the Armenian Christmas Day, the church will meet for a service of recognition at 3 o'clock. At 7:30 o'clock there will be a public meeting, and Dr. William Horace Day will preach on the recognition sermon. The Armenian congregation, while it has greatly enjoyed its fellowship with the First Church, is glad of the opportunity to have its own house of worship, and enter upon its independent career with great earnestness of purpose.

FAREWELL SERVICE.

FIRST CONGREGATIONALIST.

The vested choir and the orchestra of the First Congregationalist Church will unite in a farewell musical service to Dr. William Horace Day tomorrow evening at 8 o'clock. The service will be given by the choir and orchestra of the First Church, and will be a most interesting and attractive program. Dr. Day will preach both morning and evening, his topic being "Perseverance in Religious Thinking." In the morning he will consider the problem of prayer, and in the evening he will speak of the perplexity of miracles. A feature of the morning service is the singing of the hymn "The Church is Always the Ten-Minute Children's story which precedes the sermon. Last Sunday morning Dr. Day began a most interesting tale with a great big moral hitched to it, on "Jimmie's Invention." Tomorrow morning he will give the concluding chapter.

At the evening service Dr. James A. Francis, pastor of the First Baptist Church, president of the Church Federation, and a warm friend of Dr. Day, will speak in farewell to the departing minister.

Next Monday night the brotherhood of the church will hold a meeting complimentary to Dr. Day. He will speak his words of farewell to the men of the church. Dinner will be served at 6:30. Next Thursday evening, January 18, at 8 o'clock, to which the public is cordially invited.

THREE NEW CLASSES.

Y.M.C.A. ACTIVITIES.

Three new Bible classes mark the beginning of the new year in religious work for the Los Angeles Y.M.C.A. Rev. D. Jewett Davis, M.A., Bible teacher of Pasadena, has been selected to conduct a new course in "The Study of Visual Biblical Truth" on Thursday evenings at 7 o'clock in room 561. The subject of Dr. Davis' first lecture will be "God Is."

On Thursday night the physical department of the association is also promoting a new class for its members. At the Y.M.C.A. clubhouses, on East Stephens avenue, Paul Frickard, a student at Occidental College, will begin on Tuesday night at 6:45 o'clock, a new series of Bible studies for young men resident there.

THE AFTER-COFFEE BIBLE CLASS.

The After-Coffee Bible Class tomorrow-morning will follow the international Sunday-school lesson on "John the Baptist, and Jesus." R. L. Russell, banjoist, and Francis Simmons, harpist, will be the soloists. Tomorrow night at the Armenian branch of the Y.M.C.A., a stereoscopic and evangelistic service will be held for men, women and children, following Bible classes for boys and young men.

DR. TORREY'S TOPICS.

At the Church of the Open Door, Bible Institute Auditorium, Dr. A. Torrey will preach tomorrow morning on "Saving the Children." 7:30 P. M.—"Heaven; What Sort of a Place It Is, and Who are Going There." A fine male quartet, directed by Prof. J. H. Trowbridge, with Prof. C. H. Marsh as the piano, from the choir of the institution, will sing a great mass of songs, which will prove a notable feature of the worship, in a process of formation. The service will be attended the opening of the free Friday night classes, to which, as well as to all other services, the public is cordially invited.

SPEAKER FROM TRENCH.

The pathetic story of Belgium will be told tomorrow evening in Trinity Auditorium by Dr. Henri Anet in an address on "The Soul of Belgium." He comes fresh from the battlefield at Flanders and will speak under the auspices of the American Huguenot Committee, appointed by the Council of Federated Churches of Christ in America.

AT THE MORNING SERVICE.

At the morning service, Dr. Charles C. Sealeman will preach on "Jesus as the Rich Man's Table." Lorin Hardley, president of the Board of Public Works, will give a ten-minute address at the people's forum at 7:35 o'clock. There will be special musical features for all services.

A SACRED CONCERT.

A sacred concert will be given at 3 o'clock under the auspices of the Schubert Club. The Women's Symphony Orchestra of six pieces will play, and other artists to appear will include Miss Constance Balfour, soprano; Gage Christopher, basso; and Will Garroway, pianist.

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A sacred concert will be given at 3 o'clock under the auspices of the Schubert Club. The Women's Symphony Orchestra of six pieces will play, and other artists to appear will include Miss Constance Balfour, soprano; Gage Christopher, basso; and Will Garroway, pianist.

FIRST NAZARENE.

SERMONS ON ST. JOHN.

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NEW PASTOR.

UNIVERSITY CHRISTIAN.

Rev. Henry C. Kendrick of Ontario has accepted the pastorate of the University Christian Church, Budington and Santa Barbara avenues. His first sermon under this pastorate will be given tomorrow morning, when he will preach on the subject of "Stones that Speak." His evening sermon will be on "The Ineffable Record."

MUSICAL PROGRAMME.

INTERESTING SERMONS.

"The High Cost of Dying" will be the sermon topic of Rev. W. L. Y. Davis tomorrow evening at the West Adams Methodist Episcopal Church. His morning sermon will be on "The New Year." A highly attractive musical programme has been provided for tomorrow evening. The program will include the following: "Two Christmas Songs" (Gounod), "Meditation" (Massenet), "Festal Chorus" (Tchaikovsky) by Clyde Collier; "Jimmie's Invention" (Rottel); Mrs. Esther Stephens Frederick; Miss Geneva I. Ryerson, Clyde Mohr, and Eugene H. Hoyer; soloists; "If With All Your Heart" (Mendelssohn) Mr. Humphrey; Duet, "Softly and Tenderly" Mrs. Frederick and Mr. Mohr.

VEPSE SERVICE.

Y.W.C.A. EVENT.

The public is invited to attend the vespere services to be conducted at 4 o'clock tomorrow afternoon at the Y.W.C.A. to be conducted by the educational department. Readings will be given by pupils of Miss W. L. Y. Davis, and Miss Baldwin; Mandolin and guitar club will also render selections. The service will give an intelligent idea of the work of the educational department in all its branches.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

SUBJECT FOR TOMORROW.

The subject for tomorrow in the nine Christian Science churches of this city will be "Sacrament." The service will be conducted at 11 o'clock in the morning and at 8 o'clock in the evening, except in the Fourth and Ninth churches, where evening services will be omitted, and Fifth church, where the services open at 7:45 o'clock.

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Business Page: Money, Stocks and Bonds—Grain—Mines—Financial—Markets Abroad

ALLIES' REPLY BRIEFLY
LIFTS WALL ST. PRICES.

Speculative Issues Comprise Bulk of Light Turnover, at Irregular Changes, in Professional Market—Money Movements Indicate Further Material Strengthening of Bank Reserves—Investment Bonds Strong.

NEW YORK, Jan. 12.—Following is a summary of the professional stock market trading was inconsiderable, speculative issues as usual comprising the bulk of the light turnover at irregular changes. Gain of 1 to almost 3 points at the opening, due mainly to short covering on the part of the response of the Entente Allies, were soon effaced. In the latter forenoon, however, carried some leaders back to last closing of the morning, but the movement lacked outside support, prices yielding slightly to the close on moderate pressure. Operations embraced a larger number of separate issues than in the previous session, except in United States Steel, copper, oil, and industrial bonds, which were mostly in small lots. The uncertain trend of such material shares as Steel Company, General Motors, and Alcoa, which fluctuated from 3 to 10 points, was not calculated to inspire confidence. Canadian Pacific, New Haven, and Rock Island were once more the least impressive features of the railway group. Reading and some of the other coalers making a better showing. Total sales of stocks amounted to \$80,000,000.

Money movements of the week indicate a further material strengthening of local bank reserves, the large gold imports being augmented by a return flow of currency from interior receiving centers. That the year is likely to be one of large domestic financing was further evidenced by announcement of purchase by an international banking house of \$50,000,000 first mortgage bonds of the United States Rubber Company, the proceeds to be used mainly for refunding purposes. Investment bonds, including international, were steady to strong, but speculative issues were variable lower. Total sales of bonds were \$10,000,000. United States bonds were unchanged on call.

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FINANCIAL.

OFFICE OF THE TREASURY.

Bank clearing yesterday was \$5,007,900.25, an increase of \$1,300,000.00, compared with the corresponding day last year.

Monday \$5,007,900.25 Tuesday \$5,007,900.25 Wednesday \$5,007,900.25 Thursday \$5,007,900.25 Friday \$5,007,900.25

COAST HIGHWAY MEASURE READY

County Counsel Completes a Draft of Act.

Need Five Hundred Thousand for the Work.

State Solons will Decide at an Early Date.

County Counsel Hill yesterday finished a draft of the act which will be presented to the Legislature, providing money for the construction of a coast highway from Oxnard, Ventura county, to San Juan, Orange county. The measure, which will be taken up by the State solons at an early date and which has the backing of the boards of supervisors in the three counties in question, and the Automobile Club of Southern California, follows:

Section 1. There is hereby appropriated out of any money in the State treasury, not otherwise appropriated, \$500,000 for the acquisition, location, survey and construction of a highway beginning at or near Oxnard, in Ventura county, and extending to a point near San Juan, in Orange county.

Sec. 2. The work of acquiring, locating, surveying and constructing the highway shall be under the management and control of the State department of engineering, and it shall be the duty of the department to start the survey, location and construction at a point near Oxnard, in Ventura county, thence southwesterly along the coast of the Pacific Ocean for a distance of about sixty miles to a point on the State highway at or near San Juan, in Orange county.

Sec. 3. The State Controller is hereby instructed and directed to draw his warrants in such amounts and at such times as the State department of engineering may present claims therefor to the State Controller in the amount of \$500,000.

TWO CONFESS TO TEN BURGLARIES.

MUCH STOLEN GOODS FOUND IN ROOMS THEY RENTED.

Third Suspect Taken in Custody and Charged with Receiving Goods.

Raymond J. Brown and Benjamin Bennett are the two most distinctive persons in the City Jail. They have confessed to ten burglaries.

Involved in the taking of much loot. Later was arrested Harry Shulman, 28 years old, in a room at Temple street and Bunker Hill avenue, and Isaac Goldstein, a second-hand merchant, who is alleged to have acted as fence for the thieves.

The complaint against Goldstein has not been substantiated, and the police are not certain whether they will prefer charges against him.

Bennett, who is 23 years old, confessed to Detroit and San Francisco and his pal committed the ten crimes.

The following are the places he said they entered:

The home of A. C. Taylor, No. 1281 Howard avenue; A. E. Fowkes, No. 114 Burlington avenue; Spencer H. Knapp, No. 1610 Bonita place; J. H. Casgrove, No. 1138 North Coronado street; and E. T. Earl, No. 112 North Oxford street; W. R. Johnson, No. 1528 Stanley avenue; George W. King, No. 1516 Stanley avenue; George Kothe, No. 148 South Gramercy place; B. F. Sherman, Jr., No. 1548 West Sixth street; and H. Bensum, No. 1370 Greenwood drive.

In confessing the men identified themselves as those who had a banquet royal in the home of Mr. Baxter, and who violated the rule that criminals shall not discuss their crimes with each other.

The men had in their rooms more than \$600 worth of articles stolen from various places.

They were taken into custody at Hill and California streets by Detectives Finckler, Zeitler, Kitch and Roberts.

NEW JUDGE COMING?

Former Commerce Board Member, Fresh from Franz Bopp Trial in San Francisco, Expected Here to Preside in Federal Judge Bledsoe's Court.

Although definite arrangements have not yet been made, it became known here yesterday that Judge W. H. Hunt, a member of the Board of Commerce that was legislated out of existence by act of Congress, may be called upon to sit in United States District Judge Bledsoe's court during the time that Jurist is engaged in the trial of what are known as the "oil cases."

Judge Hunt was formerly a member of the United States Circuit Court in Montana, and recently presided in the trial of Franz Bopp, German Consul-General at San Francisco, who, with others, was charged with conspiracy to obstruct munition shipments intended for the Entente Allies.

The proposed arrangements for the presence of Judge Hunt here included his presiding at the trial of R. Aviles and others, who are charged with conspiracy to violate the neutrality laws.

BACK TO OREGON. Sheriff T. M. Hurlbert of Multnomah county, Oregon, will take Gladys Opal Davis, 14 years old, and Michael Chismar, the young Italian, charged with contributing to the girl's delinquency, back to Oregon this morning. The couple want to get married, but the Sheriff states that the girl's father is bitterly opposed to the match.

The Public Service.

At the Courthouse. SEEKS NEW TRIAL OF DIVORCE SUIT.

WASNT HERSELF WHEN CASE WAS HEARD, SHE SAYS.

Contractor's Wife Claims Son was Kept from Witness Stand, and Therefore Her Cruelty Charges Remained Unsubstantiated—Other Woman Named.

On the ground that her husband, Jonathan C. Duncan, a metal lath contractor, induced their son, James C. Duncan, 16 years old, to keep away from the witness stand, Mrs. Emma E. Duncan asks the court in a suit filed yesterday, to set aside an interlocutory decree of divorce, which Mr. Duncan obtained last May, and to set the case for retrial.

Mrs. Duncan claims that if her son had testified, he would have supported the charges of cruelty set up in her divorce complaint. One of the allegations was that when she failed to get Mr. Duncan a piece of cheese-cloth he asked for, he became enraged and tore up her lingerie.

At the trial, the action she claimed was in mental distress and not able to present her side of the case. She stated that the trial judge and her own attorney, she further stated, believed her mentally unbalanced. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Duncan stated, she was sent to a sanatorium after the trial, where she remained under treatment for three months and is now herself again.

Another cause of complaint mentioned in Mrs. Duncan's complaint, is that a woman named as Mrs. Fleming has taken charge of the household at No. 3923 Budlong avenue; that she formerly was a cleaning-house downtown, and is not a proper person to have care of the children. There is also an allegation that Mr. Duncan hugged and kissed a woman in the presence of the children.

ONE NULLIFIED. CHARGE MORE SERIOUS. Now charged with murder, Thomas Redman will not have to defend himself against a failure-to-provide charge, as the latter case was dismissed yesterday by Judge Craig. The more serious accusation was made against the prisoner a few days ago by his wife, who is critically ill in the County Hospital. She alleged he killed William Jordan, her father.

At the time of Mr. Jordan's death Redman was held under suspicion of having killed him. After Redman was released when his wife stated she accidentally killed her father. After Redman was released, she stated she would tell the truth about him.

BATH-TUB BED. WIFE GIVEN DIVORCE. In Judge Wood's divorce court yesterday Mrs. Ruth W. Richardson based a pitiful story. It was the story of a husband who was not kind, and of herself with two children to care for, one of whom came three months after she left her husband, and believed that it was better to provide well for one in another home, she consented to its adoption by a Los Angeles family.

Even as she testified the thought of this other bath with strangers overwhelmed the girl, and she wept. There was also the thought that Mr. Richardson at first repudiated the child, then signing a written acknowledgment that he was its father.

Richardson's mother testified that her son-in-law came home to his wife intoxicated, "and slept in the bath tub." She said he promised to do better, but was always the same. The decree was granted.

NOT NATURE FAKER. EARL'S LIBEL ARGUED. With citations from the law covering every paragraph of the editorial "This is for Being," and E. T. Earl, published in the Record-Examiner, November 1, 1916, John H. Perry, general counsel for the Scripps papers, submitted to Judge Jackson yesterday his brief in the \$125,000 suit of Mr. E. T. Earl for alleged libel. He argued that the complaint did not state a cause of action, referring particularly to "how" and "when," which appeared in the editorial, and which are named as libelous as applying to Mr. Earl.

The editorial, Mr. Perry argued, referred to Mr. Earl as the political boss of Capt. W. T. Helms, who recently lost a criminal libel suit against Editor Dana Smith. To call a man a "boss," he told the court, is not libelous. The word "skunk," he contended, could not possibly be construed as having any reference to Mr. Earl. It will be argued further along in the suit, unless the court sustains the demurrer, that to cause readers to believe Mr. Earl is a skunk, the latter being an animal and Mr. Earl a human being, would brand the editor of the Record a nature faker.

IN AND OUT. ABOUT THE COURTS. DRINK OR DISEASE? Whether the peculiar ailment of Richard Mattern, a peddler, was caused by intoxication or locomotor ataxia will be determined at the trial of a \$10,000 damage suit which he filed yesterday against L. B. Gabe and others for an alleged assault. Mr. Gabe resides on East Vernon avenue, and Mr. Mattern claims he was accused of being intoxicated, beaten and ejected from the premises. He states he walks with difficulty by reason of his affliction.

INCORPORATIONS. The Lincoln Motion Picture Company, incorporated by J. Thomas Smith, Clarence A. Brooks, Harry Gant, Dudley A. Brooks and George P. Johnson, capital stock \$75,000, subscribed \$600; The Sunkist Candy Company, incorporated by Charles B. Smith, Emil Spitzer and J. T. Schain, capital stock \$50,000, subscribed \$100; The California Mortgage Company, incorporated by W. A. Copeland, A. I. Williamson, Henry Cornell, and Ransom and Henry P. Goodwin, capital stock \$100,000, subscribed \$500.

QUESTION LEGAL CLAIM. The judgment of the old Board of Supervisors in allowing Thomas E. Gibson \$6000 of the \$10,000 he demanded for professional services in connection with San Fernando Irrigation District No. 1, is questioned in a suit filed yesterday by R. P. Bigart, a taxpayer in the district. He claims it is not a legal claim against the county, and asks the courts to restrain County Auditor Lewis from paying the demand. In presenting his claim to the board, Mr. Gibson stated that he would welcome a suit to test the justice of the demand.

City Auditor Myers will today recommend to the Council that, in addition to the officers already bonded, the following positions be similarly treated: Public Utilities Board secretary, \$2000; Police Commission secretary, \$1000; Fire Commission secretary, \$1000, and municipal market superintendent, \$2000. Auditor Myers says there can be no argument on the necessity for every employee who handles money or stores of the city to be bonded.

Gets After "Museums." The recommendation of the Police Commission that places of amusement and exhibitions be required to pay a license fee was referred by the Council to the Finance Committee. The object is to control so-called "museums" on Main street.

City Hall Notes. The Council approved an agreement for the construction of a bridge over the Pacific Electric Railway tracks connecting Sherman drive with West boulevard to eliminate a bad crossing menace.

At its next meeting the Public Safety Committee will report on the recommendation of the Police Commission that the Board of Public Utilities be given complete control of all vehicles used in the transportation of passengers for hire, including taxicabs and for-rent cars.

Double-action. AS AN APPETIZER. State Courts Will Get First Whack at Pseudo "Tom Sharkey," Though Federal Grand Jury Also Expected to Return an Indictment.

Concluding to allow the State authorities to give the mysterious "Tom Sharkey" the first run for his money, the alleged San Jacinto postoffice robber was turned over to the tender mercies of the District Attorney's office by the government authorities yesterday, and will be prosecuted by the State court for having nitroglycerine and burglar's tools in his possession. He is liable to a stretch of ten years in the penitentiary under either charge.

Meanwhile the Federal grand jury got busy yesterday afternoon with the strange case of "Sharkey" and an indictment charging him with looting the postoffice at San Jacinto will probably be returned next Tuesday. It is proposed to have this indictment hanging over "Sharkey" as a sort of appetizer, so that when he serves his anticipated term in either San Quentin or Folsom, the government can insist upon the defendant being its next partner for the judicial quadrille.

"Sharkey's" conviction in the State court is believed a certainty, though his participation in the San Jacinto robbery has not yet emerged from the realm of circumstantial evidence.

Postmaster E. Tanner, Constable C. E. Chambers, City Marshal Thomas Lloyd and Deputies A. H. Hazeltine and H. R. Wilson, all of San Jacinto; and Postoffice Inspector Ranger were among the witnesses before the grand jury yesterday afternoon. Meanwhile "Sharkey" is sitting on the lid and saying nothing worth reporting.

Anti-minute Service. Is not stress satisfactory. Telephone your Sunday kid in the Times Friday or early Saturday.

At any time of the day Baker's Cocoa is a good drink, as wholesome and nourishing as it is delicious.

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd. ESTABLISHED 1780 DORCHESTER, MASS.

At the City Hall. THEY SEEK DELAY; ALSO URGE HASTE. SAME COMPANY MAKES DOUBT: PLEA TO COUNCIL.

Rindge Estate Would Hurry Storm Ditch but Postpone Opening of Crenshaw Boulevard Because Truck Gardeners would be Trapped, from Loss of Crops.

Asking for a delay in opening the lower end of Crenshaw boulevard and haste in extending the temporary storm-water ditch on the northern side of Exposition boulevard, the Rindge company yesterday explained to the Board of Public Works its reasons for the two requests.

The company says that unless the work on Crenshaw boulevard is delayed sixty or ninety days damage will be sustained by the Japanese and Chinese truck gardeners who are growing crops upon the property of the Rindge company, through which passes the sixty-foot right of way tendered by these companies.

SEAL BEACH

A Mile of Ocean Frontage Extending from Alamitos Bay to Anaheim Bay.

Strictly and delightfully up to date in every essential of a seaside resort and home city. Every lot fronts on a macadam street, with cement curbs, cement walks, water, gas, electricity, sewers (will be in by spring); street lights at every corner.

EVERY LOT IS WITHIN 1200 FEET OF SALT WATER not miles inland. SEAL BEACH has a splendid wide-awake municipal government. A Chamber of Commerce, a newspaper, and in fact, everything that a modern, growing, enterprising community should have. We are making it.

THE GREATEST AMUSEMENT RESORT ON THE PACIFIC COAST. Over quarter of a million dollars have been expended on amusement features during the past twelve months, and large additional sums are being spent. We intend to have TWO MILLION PEOPLE VISIT US THIS YEAR.

YOU SHOULD BE INTERESTED. We need apartment-houses, cottages and bungalow courts to accommodate the coming throngs. We will make special inducements to those buying and building now.

SAFE, CONSERVATIVE INVESTMENT. Go to Seal Beach and investigate the opportunities for safe, conservative investment. All good roads lead to Seal Beach; or by the Pacific Electric South Coast line direct, or via Seal Beach.

AMERICA'S FINEST CAFE, the "Jewel City." Entertainment, dancing. Our popular price dancing hall is open every Sunday afternoon and evening.

Lots as Low as \$600—Easy Terms. BAYSIDE LAND COMPANY SEAL BEACH

P. A. STANTON I. A. LOTHIAN J. P. TRANSUE President Vice President Secretary

Conference Sought. (Continued from Fifth Page.) corporation has been engaged for over five years in working out the details of our project. That we have expended tens of thousands of dollars in surveys, stream measurements, rainfall measurements, and in the collection and compilation of general data on the Sepe watershed. That we have surveyed out in detail two large reservoirs with a capacity of over 50,000 acre feet, as well as two smaller control reservoirs and have preliminary surveys on several other large reservoir sites.

That our project is essentially a storage project. That we have never claimed that the natural flow of the Sepe would during all seasons of the year produce the power mentioned. That we have positive knowledge, however, that reservoir sites on the water shed and vicinity with a total capacity of over 80,000 acre feet. That with this storage of flood waters we could show a continuous flow throughout the dry season of 7000 to 20,000 miners inches.

Our rainfall data covers the past forty years. Taking the average rainfall for this period over the said watershed, using the available storage reservoirs, and we would have at least the minimum continuous flow mentioned. Given the average rainfall for the past ten years, and this flow would be increased about 50 per cent.

While it is true, as stated by one of the city officials, that we have no power to deliver at the present moment, we could begin the delivery within eighteen months after signing a contract for the power.

That we are not an irresponsible person can be determined by anyone who cares to inquire into the personnel of our board of directors and principal stockholders. The list includes the present and substantial business men of the city. We could and would give such bond as may be required for the faithful performance of any contract made.

L.W.W.'S. ON CHAIN GANG. Rock-pounding Sentences Stayed While Their Attorney Appeals Case—Meantime the County Supports Its Unwanted Guests.

The twenty L.W.W.'s who were found guilty last Wednesday by a jury in Justice Brown's court of trespassing on railroad property must pound rock with the county chain gang, according to the sentence imposed yesterday morning.

Attorney Shapiro, who has been defending several gangs of the worst-lawless characters during the past few weeks, gave notice of an appeal, and the defendants will remain in the County Jail until the case is decided in the Superior Court.

Deputy District Attorney Guernsey, who is handling the prosecution of the L.W.W.'s, has had complaints issued against the twenty-two, who were arrested at Saugus yesterday morning, and who were taken to the County Jail.

Deputy District Attorney Keyes was in charge of the prosecution. He decided that the men found the names of several of his friends to be charged specifically with but one. Attorneys Dominguez and Geisler defended the attorney.

ON FORGERY CHARGE. Attorney and Politician is Found Guilty by Jury. Oscar L. Horn, attorney and politician, was found guilty of forgery yesterday by a jury in the court of Judge Willis. The maximum penalty is fourteen years. The jury recommended leniency and the judge will impose the sentence Monday.

Deputy District Attorney Keyes was in charge of the prosecution. He decided that the men found the names of several of his friends to be charged specifically with but one. Attorneys Dominguez and Geisler defended the attorney.

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Information Bureau Main Floor

Established 1881

BROADWAY AND HILL EIGHTH STREET

Clearance Sale

Boys' Norfolk Suits at \$3.95

To have the youngsters dressed just right; to know that their suits look just as well as bit niftier than those worn by other boys—

—And to have paid only \$3.95 for their suits—what an investment in economy! Hamburger's helps you to do this. This clearance of snappy Norfolk suits in 6 to 14-year sizes. They're to be just \$3.95—today.

\$12.50 Long-trouser Suits at \$8.95 —There are just enough of these to bring joy to the boys and mothers who shop early for them. High-grade suits, perfectly made—30 to 34 sizes—a clearance special at \$8.95.

Three-quarter-length Overcoats, \$10.00 —He will be showing his boy friends his overcoat—he will be with its style and finish. Pinch-back, high collar, mink! In 10 to 18-year sizes, \$10.00.

Double-seat Trousers; 6 to 17-year sizes, \$1.35 —Boys' Wool Sweaters; 28 to 34 sizes, \$3.95 —Boys' School Stockings; 7 to 10 sizes, 19c —Boys' Knitted Ties; colors and stripes, 25c —Outing Nightshirts; 4 to 16-year sizes, 75c —A Toy French Glider free with every purchase in this section today.

(Hamburger's—Second Floor—Today)

Girls' Coats and Dresses } \$3.95

Our \$5.00 to \$7.50 Lines—6 to 14-year Sizes —Just so the style is right, a girl cares little about the price of her coat or dress. These styles are delightful. Your daughter will like any model you select for her. Remember it is clearance time or else you'd pay \$5.00, \$6.50 or \$7.50 for them instead of \$3.95.

Girls' \$8.95 to \$15.00 } \$7.95

Silk and Serge Dresses —Just a few of these so there is sure to be a rush for them! Fancy plaids and plain colorings—very, very smart; 6 to 14-year sizes, now \$7.95.

Smart \$17.50 to \$19.50 Coats at \$14.95 —For girls and juniors; models of plush, corduroy and wool velour—\$14.95.

\$10.00 and \$12.50 Utility Coats at \$7.45 —These for girls of 8 to 14 years; general utility coats of style and quality—\$7.45.

(Hamburger's—Second Floor—Today)

Boys' Calfskin School Shoes, \$2.75

—These styles which boys will find hard to wear out—yet each style has the neatest school boys require. Laced models in 1 to 5½ sizes—\$2.75.

Girls' Shoes, 11½ to 2, \$2.50; 2½ to 6, \$3.00

—Button boots of patent leather, vici kid and calfskin were never more attractive or serviceable. Our expert fitters serve you by helping your children to select the right shoes—\$2.50 and \$3.00.

Children's Ribbed Stockings, 3 pairs 50c

—Black stockings that will stand long, hard wear—an economy our customers will be about. Ribbed cotton stockings, knit without seams; 6 to 8½ sizes, 3 pairs for 50c.

(Hamburger's—Main Floor—Today)

We Take Pleasure in Announcing That Our Annual After-Inventory SALE

Opens MONDAY at 8:30 A. M. When Thousands Upon Thousands of Dollars' Worth of FURNITURE

Rugs, Stoves, Etc. Will be Thrown on the Market at Discounts of 15%, 25%, 33½% and 50%

All Goods Marked in Plain Figures, with the LARGE RED SALE TAGS

To give you an idea of the way Furniture is marked for this big sale, show windows. See Sunday's papers for further particulars.

—NOTE—Notwithstanding the big reductions in prices our credit can share in this sale, too.

COLEYEAR 507-509-511 S. MAIN ST. Near Fifth and Main Streets

COULTER DRY GOODS EXCLUSIVE LOS ANGELES AGENTS FOR John S. Brown's Shamrock Linens St. Mary's Woolen Blankets For 25c The Most Parisian

SEE DAILY ADVERTISEMENTS FOR OTHER ITEMS OF INTEREST 215-229 South Broadway. 224-228

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Today
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sale!

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at \$8.95
at \$10.00

at \$1.35
at \$1.95
at \$2.50
at \$3.95

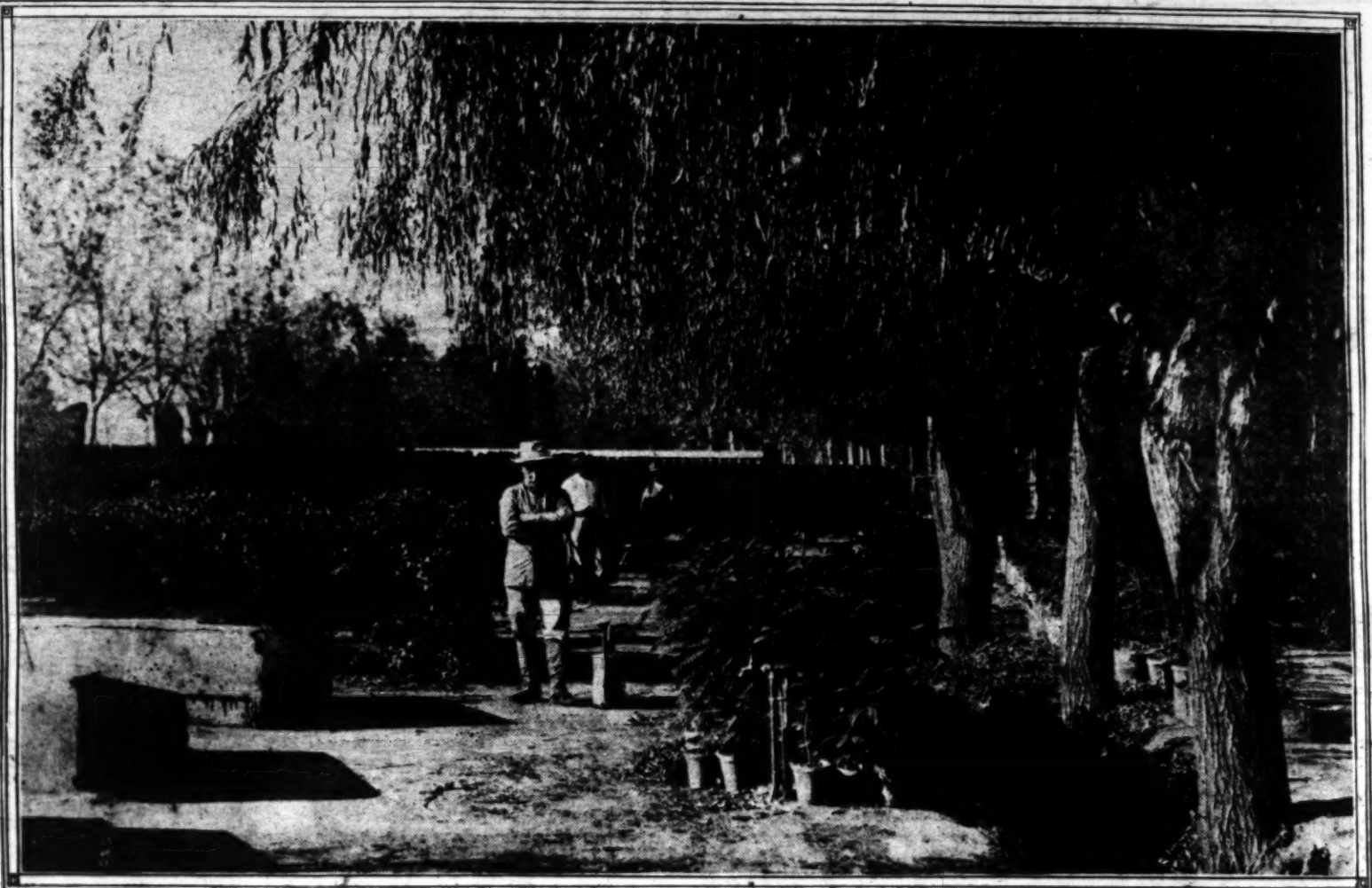
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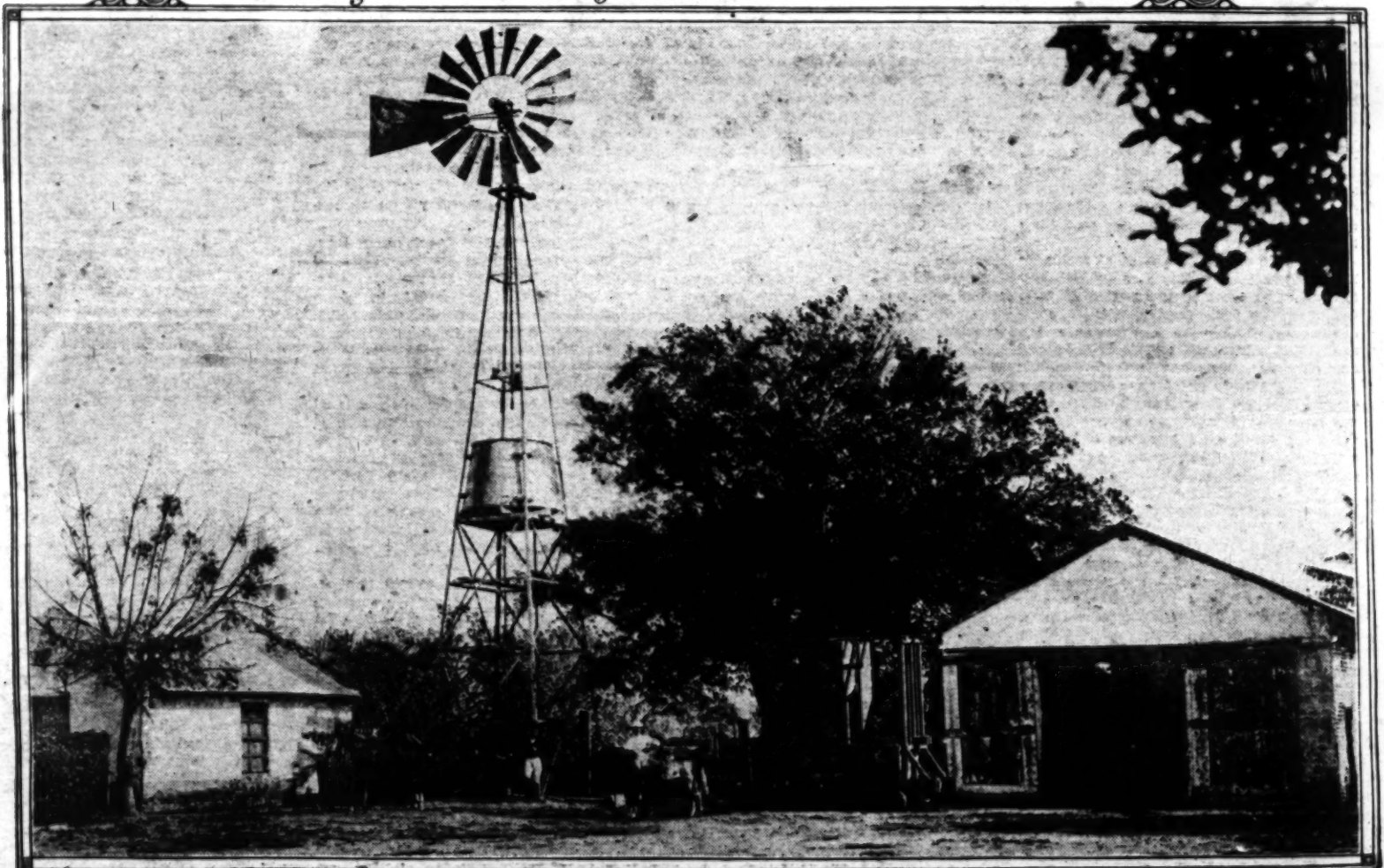
OUR LATIN-AMERICAN NEIGHBORS

"The lands of the sun dilate the soul."

Picturesque Views of Rural Life in South America.



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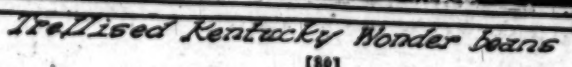
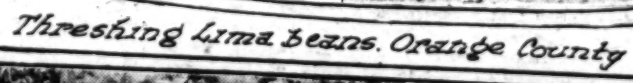
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27 Years

24-228 South Hill Street

Glimpses of the Bean Industry in Southern California.



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Page 1

INDEPENDENCIA DE CHILE.

Notas Historicas. Por el Dr. J. Ziegner-Uriburu.

El día siguiente de la batalla de Chacabuco, entraron a la ciudad, abandonada por los españoles, las primeras partidas del ejército patriota. El pueblo hizo una recepción entusiasta al ejército vencedor, y el día 15 de Febrero de 1817, reunido en Cabildo abierto, proclamó al General San Martín Director Supremo de Chile. El general argentino renunció indeclinablemente el honor que se le hacía, e indicó que se nombrara al General Bernardo O'Higgins para desempeñar ese puesto. Así se hizo el día 16. Los primeros trabajos del nuevo mandatario se dirigieron, como era natural, a activar las operaciones de la guerra. Los destacamentos desprendidos de Mendoza habían restablecido el gobierno revolucionario en las provincias del Norte y del Sur, desde Atacama hasta las orillas del Maule.

Sólo en Concepción quedaban en pie las autoridades españolas, dirigidas por el Coronel Ordóñez.

El Director Supremo dispuso que el Coronel don Juan Gregorio de Las Heras, marchase al Sur con una división regular para establecer el gobierno revolucionario en aquellas provincias.

Poco después, el mismo director O'Higgins marchó al Sur con nuevos refuerzos de tropas para ponerse a la cabeza del ejército patriota. Las Heras, entretanto, había sostenido dos reñidos combates, el de Curapaligüe y el de Gavilán, y en ambos rechazó gloriosamente a los realistas, obligándolos a encerrarse en Talcahuano.

Ordóñez, en cambio, recibió del Perú un refuerzo de 1600 hombres.

El resto del año 1817 se pasó en constantes combates. Talcahuano está situada en una pequeña península unida al continente por una estrecha lengua de tierra. En esta angostura, Ordóñez había cortado una zanja profunda, detrás de la cual esparció, espesas palizadas defendidas por setenta cañones.

Esta línea de defensa era formidable. Agréguese a esto que Ordóñez era verdaderamente dueño del mar, y que le bastaron unas cuantas lanchas para mandar hacer excursiones en la costa vecina, proporcionarse víveres e inquietar por todos los medios a los patriotas. Ordóñez utilizó estos recursos con tanta habilidad, que sostuvo la guerra durante un año.

Al fin, O'Higgins preparó el asalto de las fortificaciones de Talcahuano. Poco tiempo antes, había llegado al campamento un militar francés llamado Miguel Brayer, que se había distinguido a las órdenes de Napoleón I, y venía a ofrecer su espada a la causa revolucionaria de Chile. Brayer propuso un plan de ataque, que aceptó O'Higgins.

Los patriotas, de acuerdo con dicho plan, atacaron a Talcahuano con arrojo y disciplina admirables, pero fueron rechazados, dejando el campo cubierto de muertos y heridos.

A pesar de este contraste, la situación de los patriotas era tan favorable que el Director O'Higgins tenía ya tanta fe en el éxito definitivo que hizo proclamar la Independencia, designando para este acto tan solemne, el primer aniversario de la batalla de Chacabuco.

El día designado formáronse las tropas, y concurrió el pueblo en masa a la plaza, en uno de cuyos frentes se levantaba un tablado adornado con banderas chilenas y argentinas unidas, y en su centro el retrato del General San Martín.

A las nueve de la mañana subió al tablado el director delegado, el enviado de las Provincias Unidas del Río de la Plata, don Tomás Guido, llevando en sus manos la bandera chilena, y el presidente de la Municipalidad, llevando en sus manos la argentina.

Se leyó el acta de la independencia, siendo jurada sobre los Santos Evangelios por el obispo, el Director, por el mismo San Martín y por el pueblo entero.

La alianza argentina-chilena es un hecho histórico de capital importancia en la independencia americana.

Esta alianza empezó en los años 1811 a 1814, por los mutuos auxilios que se prestaron ambas naciones, combatiendo unidas bajo sus banderas independientes en sus respectivos territorios; se consolidó con el Paso de los Andes, y la batalla de Chacabuco, y se selló con sangre en el asalto de Talcahuano.

De ella surgió el Ejército Unido y la libertad de Chile y el Perú. O'Higgins, al subir al mando, dirigió sus esfuerzos a reorganizar el ejército, y dió el nombramiento de generalísimo al general San Martín, designándolo "Ejército Unido de los Andes y Chile," y llegó a reunir 9500 hombres perfectamente armados y equipados y más de 14,000 fusiles en almacenes.

Entretanto, Pezuela, virrey del Perú, enviaba a Chile un ejército de 3400 veteranos que, unidos a los que mandaba Ordóñez en Talcahuano, formaron un cuerpo de 5000 soldados, que puso a las órdenes del brigadier Osorio.

San Martín dirigió una valiente proclama al ejército patriota y se dispuso al combate.

O'Higgins emprendió su retirada de Talcahuano, para hacer el vacío al enemigo, llevándose consigo más de 50,000 personas y los ganados que encontró a su paso.

Al ver que O'Higgins abandonaba sin combatir las provincias meridionales, Osorio creyó que los patriotas no se hallaban en estado de oponerle resistencia. Con el objeto de inducirle a pasar el Maule, O'Higgins se retiró hacia Curicó, dejando sólo algunas partidas para vigilar la marcha del enemigo. Osorio se dejó engañar por este motivo; pasó el Maule y avanzó hasta las orillas del río Lontué.

San Martín marchó al Sur y se reunió a O'Higgins en San Fernando.

Osorio al ver el peligro en que se encontraba, se retiró rápidamente. Los patriotas se hallaban, por el contrario, en la situación más favorable. Entonces, Ordóñez, para salir de situación tan embarazosa, propuso caer de noche sobre el ejército patriota. Aceptado el plan, fue Ordóñez encargado de ejecutarlo.

El ejército patriota permanecía acampado al oriente de Talca, en la llanura de Cancha Rayada. Temiendo San Martín ser sorprendido durante la noche, ordenó un cambio de posiciones para burlar los planes del enemigo. El ejército había comenzado a ejecutar este movimiento, cuando de improviso cayeron sobre él los realistas. A causa de la oscuridad, los batallones patriotas hicieron fuego unos contra otros. Las mulas que debían mover la artillería de la segunda división, se dispersaron en todas direcciones, rompiendo las filas de los soldados chilenos. El caballo que montaba O'Higgins cayó muerto de un balazo y el mismo general recibió otro en el brazo derecho. A la turbación siguió la dispersión de los patriotas. Los esfuerzos de San Martín para organizar su ejército y rechazar el ataque, fueron impotentes; y el mismo se vio obligado a disponer la retirada en medio de la más espantosa confusión (Marzo 10 de 1818).

Sólo la primera división patriota quedó intacta. Bajo el mando del Coronel Las Heras, se retiró del sitio del desastre y siguió su marcha hacia el Norte con toda felicidad. En la retirada, se le fueron reuniendo algunos cuerpos o partidas de otras divisiones, de manera que al llegar a San Fernando ya contaba más de 3000 hombres. En este punto estaban los generales San Martín y O'Higgins, que detenían a los dispersos y les hacían marchar ordenadamente a Santiago.

Grande fué la confusión que se apoderó de los patriotas de la capital, hasta que el 24 de Marzo llegó O'Higgins y reasumió el mando supremo. El gobierno cobró entonces su antiguo vigor. La presencia del General San Martín, que llegó poco después, y la noticia de que Las Heras se retiraba con una división respetable, infundieron valor a los más aterrorizados. En las llanuras de Malpé, al sur del la ciudad, se formó el campamento, y se reunieron cerca de 5000 soldados.

La sorpresa de Cancha Rayada había sido también costosa para los realistas. Perdieron cerca de 300 hombres. Cansados con las marchas de los días anteriores se vieron obligados a caminar con lentitud y tomando mil precauciones. El 4 de Abril, acampó Osorio en la parte occidental de las llanuras de Malpé, a tres leguas de distancia de la capital. Los independientes habían tenido, pues, 16 días para reponerse del desastre.

Los dos ejércitos pasaron la noche sobre las armas. El siguiente día (5 de Abril de 1818), ambos ejércitos se hallaban separados por una corta distancia. Los independientes emprendieron el ataque, marchando resueltamente sobre las posesiones enemigas. Por un instante, la batalla pareció indecisa, pero los realistas opusieron una resistencia tan vigorosa al ala izquierda de los patriotas, que ésta comenzó a vacilar, y al fin tuvo que retroceder en gran desorden. En aquel momento, los españoles pudieron creerse vencedores. Pero la reserva de los patriotas, apoyada por su artillería, entró entonces en combate. La lucha se renovó con nuevo ardor: San Martín dirigió personalmente todas las operaciones, dando al ataque de sus tropas un empuje irresistible.

Los españoles comenzaron a ceder y se pronunciaron en breve en completa retirada. Osorio creyéndose todo perdido, fugó del campo. Ordóñez organizó todavía una heroica aunque inútil resistencia; pero, acosado por todas partes, antes de anoecer, se rindió con la mayor parte de los jefes, oficiales y tropa que le rodeaban. El parque y el armamento de los realistas cayó en poder de los patriotas.

El Director O'Higgins, debilitado por la herida que había recibido en Cancha Rayada, y más aún por los fatigosos trabajos que habían exigido la reorganización del ejército, se hallaba enfermo en Santiago el día de la batalla.

Pero, olvidando sus sufrimientos, salió de la capital acompañado por algunos cuerpos de milicias y llegó al sitio del combate a tiempo todavía para tomar parte en el último ataque de los realistas.

La independencia de Chile quedó definitivamente asegurada desde aquel día. La batalla de Maipé tuvo, además, una grande influencia en la suerte de la independencia Sud Americana.

El virrey del Perú tuvo que mantenerse desde entonces a la defensiva, y aceptar la existencia de dos estados independientes, Chile y las Provincias Unidas; sin embargo, la guerra se prolongó en Chile algún tiempo todavía. Los fugitivos realistas de Maipé, quedaron dominando en las provincias del Sur. Osorio, con 750 hombres, se embarcó en Talcahuano, y Sánchez, el defensor de Chillán, quedó en esas provincias con 1500 hombres.

En esa época, estaba próximo a llegar a Chile un contingente de tropas españolas. El monarca había reunido con grandes dificultades un cuerpo de 2089 hombres, que salió de Cádiz el 21 de Mayo de 1818 en nueve transportes, convoyados por la magnífica fragata de guerra "María Isabel." El director O'Higgins tuvo oportunamente noticia de la salida de este expedición, y desde entonces recibió nuevo impulso a los aprestos navales en que estaba empeñado desde tiempo atrás; adquiriendo, al efecto, algunas naves en Inglaterra y Estados Unidos.

Sánchez, con sus 1500 hombres, se mantuvo cuanto pudo en el Sur hasta que fue sometido por una expedición formal que organizó O'Higgins, al mando del general argentino don Antonio González Balcarce, quien derrotó a los realistas en repetidos combates, hasta que al fin Sánchez, abrumado con tantos desastres, se embarcó para el Perú (Enero de 1819).

Entretanto, la escuadrilla chilena, al mando del almirante argentino don Manuel Blanco Encalada, había derrotado a la expedición española, apoderándose de los transportes y de 700 hombres (a fines de 1818).

La alianza argentino-chilena ya había dado por resultado la libertad y la creación de la República de Chile; pero el pensamiento de San Martín era libertar también el Perú.

Firme en su propósito, dirigió una ardorosa proclama al ejército, comprometiéndolo ante la América a llevar la libertad al Perú (13 de Noviembre de 1818).

Esta proclama fué confirmada por otra de O'Higgins, y ambos documentos fueron difundidos por toda la costa del Pacífico por la escuadra chilena, al mando de Cochrane.

La diplomacia de los gobiernos argentino y chileno, puso el sello internacional a este solemne compromiso.

En Febrero de 1819, el enviado de Chile Irizarri, de paso para Europa, firmó en Buenos Aires un pacto de alianza con el gobierno argentino, "para poner término a la dominación española en el Perú, por

medio de una expedición combinada, sostenida por las dos naciones."

A principios de 1819, la escuadrilla chilena se había engrosado con las presas quitadas al enemigo y con otros buques traídos del extranjero. Entonces también llegaban a Chile algunos marinos—atraídos de Inglaterra por los agentes de O'Higgins. El más notable de éstos fué Lord Tomás Cochrane, almirante inglés, que se había labrado una reputación europea por sus talentos y por su arrojo. Venía a Chile a ofrecer sus servicios a la causa de la independencia. O'Higgins le dió el mando de la escuadra con el título de vicealmirante.

En Enero de 1819, Cochrane zarpó de Valparaíso con siete naves para hostilizar al virrey del Perú. Las naves españolas fueron a encerrarse en El Callao, bajo los fuegos de sus fortificaciones: allí las atacó Cochrane valientemente, pero después de infructuosas tentativas para sacar a la escuadra española de su fondeadero, el almirante apresó algunas naves mercantes, desembarcó en varios puntos de la costa para proveerse de víveres, y volvió a Valparaíso (17 de Junio).

El Director O'Higgins renovó sus esfuerzos para armar otras naves que habían llegado del extranjero. Por fin, el 12 de Septiembre de 1819 salió de nuevo Cochrane con nueve buques bien guarnecidos.

La segunda campaña del célebre marino no dió resultados más decisivos y regresó a Valparaíso. Al regreso, se apoderó de Valdivia después de un combate glorioso (Febrero 1820).

Mientras sucedían estos acontecimientos, San Martín y O'Higgins hacían esfuerzos sobrehumanos para organizar la expedición libertadora del Perú. Por fin, a mediados de Agosto de 1820, se hallaron reunidos en Valparaíso ocho buques de guerra y dieciséis transportes, bajo las órdenes de Lord Cochrane.

En ellos se embarcaron 4430 soldados de las tres armas, bajo las órdenes del General San Martín, encargado del mando superior de las fuerzas de mar y tierra. El 20 del mismo mes, la expedición se hizo a la vela en el puerto de Valparaíso.

La administración de O'Higgins fué fecunda para el progreso de Chile; pero tuvo que luchar con la oposición tenaz, dirigida aún desde el exterior por los hermanos Carrera, que permanecían en Buenos Aires, extraños a los trabajos emprendidos para libertar a su patria. José Miguel Carrera, deseando derrocar a O'Higgins, compró a crédito en los Estados Unidos armas y naves, para organizar una expedición, que fué impedida con toda energía por el gobierno argentino. Entonces, dos de los hermanos Carrera, don Juan José y don Luis, se dirigieron de incógnito a Chile a provocar la revolución; pero fueron apresados y fusilados en Mendoza (Abril 8 de 1818).

An Unconscious Linguist.

Men have traveled safely, if not always placidly, throughout Europe with no other language than English at their command, but few have been so lucky as a correspondent of a New York paper, whose English was actually taken for French by the Frenchmen themselves.

While he spoke no language other than English this gentleman had never had any trouble in traveling in Europe. In the only instance when he greatly longed to be able to speak another language, he was helped out of a predicament in a most unexpected way. At a railway station in Paris he could not make the porters understand that he wanted his baggage. Finally, he exclaimed:

"Oh, b'gosh!" One of the porters replied, "Oul, bah-gash, oul, oul, bah-gash," and he soon produced the American's trunk. That was the first time he knew that the French have the word "baggage," and learned how they pronounce it.

Ah, There!

[Indianapolis News.] A traffic officer is stationed in front of a hotel in Winsted, Ct. Two women from the suburbs came to town the other day, and the traffic officer waved to them, directing them to the right. Both the women in the wagon waved back and called in their sweetest tones, "Ah, there, you!"

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SOME OF THE VAGARIES OF TIM BENITO.

A Trip to Town.. By Mae Foster Jay.

TIM BENITO, Spanish-Italian Irishman, was the right-hand man of the construction camp. It was he who looked after the hundred odds and ends which Joe, the foreman, in the rush of things had not time for; Tim who was sent down the road with a small gang to repair wash-outs, for he knew how to "use his head," as Joe said; Tim, staid and reliable, who became charge d'affaires if Joe happened to be called away for a time. "Just the man for a fellow to put on his ranch," Tom said of him. "So dependable."

Never was another team boss whose horses were so sleek and shiny and efficiently plump; and they—many of them more chubby colts—gave in return for judicious pampering a maximum amount of service, working spiritedly since abuse had never dampened their ardor. Not for a moment would Tim tolerate any bullying of those pals of his by divers skinnners! And the horses—my word, how they loved Tim Benito—old Dan, the lead horse, in particular! How he would step proudly off at the head of his equine company, confident and able, twitching his wise ears back to catch Tim's quietly-spoken word, and obeying with the intelligence of a human. Small wonder though, for all affairs of state Tim talked over with Dan during daily bucklings-up and puttings-to-bed and nickered for feedings. Moreover, Old Dan was beholden to Tim Benito for his very life. For that day when the earth gave way at the edge of the precipice, and old Dan plunged out to what would have been certain death on the rocks below—had it not been that the scraper to which he was hitched providentially caught on a boulder and stayed him for a moment it was Tom's quick thought which called all hands to hold the scraper; Tim who expertly roped the struggling animal and saw to the precarious lowering of him down those sheer hundred feet. And then Tim was down there himself as soon as old Dan to reassure the poor frightened beastie. "Cheer up, old sport," he said as he sympathetically examined bleeding bruises and smart scratches, "it's all in the game."

Tim himself did any and all kinds of work with good grace; but as concerned his supposed-to-be superior, he had his own rigid notions of the fitness of things.

"Wow!" said Tom one day, shivering in the cold wind that blew up the canyon, "I guess I'll have to grab a pick and warm up!"

"Don't you do it, sir!" exclaimed Tim in-

dignantly. "Stand up and freeze like a man!"

And when Tom's unfeeling wife one rainy day—partly from motives of thrift and partly because compulsion threatened—sent her husband forth into the forest with his ax to fell a mighty tree and drag it home, Tim, sorely grieved, rushed to the rescue, and saved his chief indignity. He was much in evidence about the tent till the wood was all in stove lengths, too, and we became well acquainted.

"Many's the time," soliloquized Tim one day as he rested between sawzaws and looked reminiscently about him, "that I've saw a dozen 800-gallon vats of grapes under the trees in this grove."

"Presses up here, and everything?" I asked.

"Human presses," laughed Tim.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, the way they did it in here, and lots of other places that I know of, was for the men to take off their clothes and get into the vats of grapes up to their necks. Then they would tramp on them, and rub up against the sides of the vats, and wallow about, and finally almost swim on the juice. I've done it many a time."

"You don't really mean all that do you, Tim?" I asked in dismay.

"Sure thing I mean it," he averred stoutly. "And it makes a whole lot better grade of wine than your grapes do, too—not so bitter, for the seeds don't get crushed."

"Heavens!" I cried, quite upset by this uncannily literal case of "deep in the cup." Wine dinners very suddenly lost popularity with me. "How did you ever get clean again, Tim?" I questioned.

"Oh, it wore off in time," grinned Tom. Truly, wine-colored men roaming the hills add quite a colorful touch to the romance of this bit of the world.

Tim, product of a little town down on the coast at the foot of the canyon, "born and raised in these parts," had yet been abroad in the world, and was acquainted with the ways and wiles of men.

"You have to be darn careful, sir," he confided to Tom one day, "when you get into these cities, or you get stung every time. I've learned my lessons—I'm on to them now. Why, one time, sir, when I was in San Luis I dropped into a fair-enough looking place for my dinner, and what do you suppose they touched me for? Fifty cents, sir! Fifty cents for one meal! Never again for Tim Benito!"

"Bought a fellow a drink down there one

time, and what do you think he ordered? Whisky, sir! Fifteen cents for that! Well, I didn't say a word, but that's the last drink I ever buy for him. If a man can't be gentleman enough to order a 5-cent drink, sir, I'm done with him, that's all."

Further recounting his adventures in the world at large, he went on: "I've had my experiences in San Francisco, too. Pretty big town, but I got along fine. Went through there one time on my way to see my sister who was sick in Fresno. Stayed there over night. Didn't have no trouble. I just walked around till I found a hotel, got a room, and slept all night just as natural as if I had been home. But in the morning when I got up and started out of my room, I sure was up against it. Why, there was aises running in all directions, sir, this way and that way and every way, and none of 'em going anywheres, that I could find out. I was in a divil of a mess—couldn't get my bearings, nohow. It was a fat chance a fellow had of getting out of there. But I worked it! I thought of a scheme after a few minutes cogitating. I just went back into my room, and left the door open just a crack. Then I set down on my bed, and waited, and watched. And sure enough, pretty soon the door across the aisle opened, and a man came out with a suit case. I walks out into the hall, careless like."

"Goin' down, pal?" I asks him.

"Yes, I think I'll go out and get some breakfast," he answers.

"Guess I'll walk along with you," I says.

"And I tell you, sir, I got out of there all right," Tim ended triumphantly.

One morning I was surprised to find Tim Benito seated beside the skinner, on the candy wagon (such being the technical phrase for the driver of the commissary wagon.)

"Why Tim," I cried, "you're not leaving, are you? We never could run camp without you."

"Oh, no," he laughed. "I'm not quitting. I'm just going to town for a couple of days to see my folks."

"Tim invited me to go along with him," said Tom, amused, when I went into the tent.

And when Tom told Louie, Tim's brother, the same thing that afternoon, Louie chuckled.

"You ought to have went, chief," he said. "You'd have had a good time, though it's a divil of a lot of his folks you'd have seen."

"How so?" asked Tom.

"Well, you see," said Louie, "Tim is a

periodic. As a general thing he doesn't touch a drop. Only about once a year he goes off on a big drunk. He had about \$300 when he left today, so he'll have some time."

"It's funny about Tim. When he's sober, he's tight as they make 'em—almost stingy, you'd say. But when he's had a few drinks, he'll buy anything for anybody. Last time he took a fellow—a stranger—up to San Francisco on one train and back on the next just because the fellow wanted to ride on the cars. I've seen him pay a poor dago \$5 to fiddle him one tune."

"He's a real swell then, too, a gentleman! There's class to him. Why, he has a \$40-dollar suit, and a silk hat, and a \$150 dollar gold watch down at my sister's that he bought on one spree. And every time he goes he buys himself a little silver pocket mirror and a wide yellow leather belt. He'll have 'em when he comes back—you see!"

"Why, nothin's too good for Tim when he's spending his wad," Louie went on half boastfully. "I remember he came into the grocery store down at Morro one time. He had just a good start. A lot of us men was settin' around in there talking."

"Is there anyone here I can hire to take me to San Luis?" calls Tim.

"I'll take you for \$5," spoke up a fellow.

"Who age you?" demanded Tim.

"Alf Clarkson."

"What's your business?"

"Clam digger."

"Oh hell," cried Tim, "you don't think I'd ride with a dirty clam digger, do you? Ain't there some one else?"

"Then another man offered. He charged \$6, but he wasn't a clam digger, so Tim hired him."

Tim's two days of vacation lengthened into ten. Then one noon when all the men were in the mess house at dinner, I heard the hum of a high-powered motor tearing down the mountain road where only Fords were wont to bob along.

Tom and I looked out of the tent in amazement. It was a Packard, driven by a liveried chauffeur. In the back seat sat a well-dressed man, all alone. The car swirled up before the mess house. The driver obsequiously opened the door of the tonneau. The occupant descended with dignity. As he whisked back his coat to reach into his pocket for the driver's fee, we caught the gleam of a shiny new yellow belt.

Tim Benito, gentleman, had come back to his pick and shovel.

members of his flock now, you know." She turned to the caller. "Meet my husband, Mr. — I beg your pardon, but I declare I've forgotten your name."

"What you just said about the flock should have recalled it to your memory," he laughed, "and when I tell you you'll know why I wasn't troubled about the names in our church when I first came. As I said, I'm used to it. My name is Shepherd."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Smith. Mr. Smith, knowing nothing of the conversation that had preceded his entrance, went on, wondering why his wife gestured at him from behind the caller's back. "You certainly have a very appropriate name, Mr. Shepherd. Funny, isn't it?"

"There is often lots of fun in names," said the minister as he rose and made for the door, "especially when the parson has a sense of humor."

Cossack Horses.

[London Chronicle:] That the Cossacks should have been the first of the Russians to win through by roads deemed impossible is no matter for surprise to anyone familiar with the Cossack's horse. He is small, with a short, thick head and neck and a sloping back, but what he lacks in size he makes up in sense. To weather and climate he is alike indifferent, and does not miss a farm stable, because that is a luxury he never had. He will thrive where any other horse would starve, and relishes food that a goat would scorn. His rider will tether him on a snow-covered plain and he will get his own food by scraping aside the snow to get at the reindeer mags. And so docile is he that he will form a breast work for his master to fire over, or cover incredible distances on the shortest of commons.

The Comedy of Names.

FITTING COGNOMENS OF A CERTAIN

PASTOR AND HIS FLOCK.

BY CHARLES CAMPBELL JONES.

The minister bowed and reached for the new member's hand. "My first call," he said smilingly, "and if I've been two weeks getting here it's not all my fault. With so many folks to visit it requires time to get around."

Mrs. Smith seated him in a parlor chair and made answer: "I venture to say that it does. And if you like them all as I do you want to visit them regularly."

"It gives me sincere pleasure to hear you say that," responded the minister. "We have only a small church, but there does seem to be among us some real community of interest—and a genuine brother—and-sisterhood."

"I've noticed the spirit you mention," broke in Mrs. Smith brightly, "and I just think it is the finest thing any church could have. All the members to think and act together, not to be at all critical, to accept one another for just what that other tries to be—I tell you that counts for something."

"It is the spirit of the church," beamed the minister, "and all of our members seem to catch it. I caught it myself after my first Sunday. It's great! As I said before, there seems to be a true community of interest, as if we might all be in the same boat, or have a common cause, as it were. And I see you are already catching it. Maybe you'll understand it better after awhile."

Mrs. Smith smiled back at him. "I hope I am catching it, and I'm sure I'll learn to understand. Already I've resolved not to criticize anything the minister says, does, or is."

"But I do want to say just one thing be-

fore my lips are sealed by association with the spirit we both appreciate. I think that there are more odd names in the church than I ever heard of before. And most of them are so ludicrously appropriate. I don't see for the life of me how you remember them all."

"I attended the regular Ladies' Aid meeting last Thursday afternoon in the church parlors. Mrs. Dilldelper came up and offered to introduce me to all the others. I agreed, of course, and as the parlors were crowded we made quite a time of it. I had already met Mrs. Hawk, and as soon as she saw me she pounced upon the young lady her son is to marry and brought her to meet me. And the young lady's name was Miss Chick."

"I met Mrs. Schumpebotham and the Misses Hunkepeller next, then an old lady who was certainly as young by nature as she could possibly be by name, and then the whole jolly crowd seemed to take charge of me. I lost Mrs. Dilldelper entirely. And to tell you the truth I was never so tickled in all my life—I had a hard time keeping a straight face. You see, I wasn't used to those names—as you were, when you first came."

The minister smiled more broadly. "Oh, my name—I've been used to—"

"There was Mrs. Whitecotton," interrupted Mrs. Smith, "and who should she be talking with but Mrs. Bales. The two Bloom girls were introduced, with their widowed aunt, Mrs. Flower, and when I learned that the three boarded with a Mrs. Potts I thought they had surely found the right place for themselves."

"Grandma Hammer was introduced and in turn asked me to meet her married daughter, and the married daughter's name was Pounds. I felt as if I'd hit my finger, only I wanted to laugh instead of cry. I met Mrs.

Bachs—I suppose she spells it B-a-c-h-s, but she pronounced it Box—and she made me acquainted with her near neighbor, Mrs. Naller. I met Mrs. Appler and Mrs. Peeler, and while I wondered if I was to meet next somebody named Supper, or something like that, I was hurried to the other end of the room and presented to Mrs. Cook and Miss Sauer."

"Oh, yes," interrupted the minister as Mrs. Smith paused to take breath, "the names do seem to fit, somehow. But perhaps that accounts for the community of interest you noticed. They are all in the same boat after all."

"It may be so," she answered, "but I certainly thought that I was undergoing a unique experience, to say the least. Such a lot of queer names, and all so fitting—it's just like a picture puzzle. And what do you suppose the last two women I met were named?"

"I haven't an idea."

"Well," resumed Mrs. Smith, "one of them was Mrs. Waite, and the other was Mrs. Watch. That is an actual fact."

"Two splendid women," said the minister heartily, "and I must admit the charge of queer names."

"A minister," said the housekeeper, speculatively, "must find it rather hard to get along with his sense of humor, if he is unlucky enough to have one."

"I'm used to him being made of names," responded the man, "as I started to tell you a while ago. And a sense of humor is surely a necessary part of the equipment of a minister. It saves many a situation for him, and for his people."

The man of the house came in through the back door and entered the room. The woman rose quickly. "Joel," she said, "I want you to meet our new minister. We are

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THE MOTION PICTURE IN SOUTH AMERICA.
LIMA BEANS—A VALUABLE SPECIAL CROP.
California Leads. By Percy L. Edwards.

PROF. M. E. JAFFA of the University of California tells us that the dried bean, especially the lima bean, is good food for man and beast. All edible beans are rich in protein and carbohydrates, the two most essential food elements. The bean family is numerous and covers, practically, all the earth. From the soy bean of China and Japan, the scarlet runner of England, the select Boston bean of the United States, the cow pea of the South and the frijole, which gives joy to the appetite of the Mexican, the bean family contributes largely to the food supply of the world. The bean serves the most aristocratic and the most humble people. There is "kultur" in its associations as well as the primitive. It is served to the fastidious dwellers on Commonwealth avenue, in the beautiful "brown bakes," which gives character to the whole family of beans. It is a staple ration at the battle front and the chief support of the hardy prospector.

California produces the finest beans in this country. Michigan alone produces a larger crop of the smaller varieties. California is the greatest lima bean producer on this continent. This bean is one of the most edible of the family. Prof. Jaffa made an analysis and he says the limas show this result: Protein, 19.60; carbohydrates, 57.38; water, 13.28; fat, 1.39; ash, 2.91, and waste only 4.46. This is regarded as an excellent food combination. There is a growing demand for limas in foreign markets, we are informed.

Big Crops of Limas Produced.

Last year the bean crop of California was the largest yet reported, 3,793,000 sacks, valued at \$6,300,000. Of this total nearly 1,900,000 sacks are limas. Growers received about \$4.60 per hundred pounds. This year the crop is approximately 4,000,000 sacks, about one-half limas. The price paid growers, or rather the price demanded by the selling association, is above \$5 per hundred and the beans are held in warehouse pending price adjustment. The action of the Washington officials in calling large bodies of State troops to the Mexican border and keeping them there for many months, at great expense, did much to drive up the prices of staples, especially beans and potatoes. Both varieties of whites are listed at \$11.50 per 100 pounds in local markets, a price not approached in recent years. In consequence, bean growers will add considerably to their bank accounts this year. The Democratic tariff jugglers left beans protected, as they found them, with a duty of 25 cents per sixty pounds. California exported \$3,633,520 worth of beans last year. We import other varieties of beans to the value of \$1,460,000, chiefly from Mexico. The crop value this year will not be far short of \$10,000,000.

Our National Growth.

[New York World:] The wars are costing the United States in this decade 3,000,000 in immigrants, yet we are gaining in numbers somewhat faster than in the last decade, or so the census bureau estimate of population for January 1, 1917, would indicate. It is 102,326,309; or, including the islands, 113,309,235.

The end of the year completes two-thirds of the decade and shows a gain of not quite 11,000,000. A total of 108,000,000, or more, may be expected in 1920. If peace had continued, a gain of nearly 20,000,000 would not have been impossible.

To New York the census bureau assigns for six and two-thirds years more than twice the gain the State census allowed for five years; it is doubtless nearer the truth. By 1920 the Empire State should reach 11,000,000. At the present rate Pennsylvania should increase 1,240,000 in ten years, California 900,000, Texas 864,000, and Illinois 833,000. California has already about as many people as declared their independence in 1776.

The Emperor Claudius took a census of 6,945,000 Romans—men only. That may have meant in all 20,000,000 citizens. Gibbon thought slaves and provincials might have made an empire total of 120,000,000, but it was a generous guess. The British, Chinese and Russian empires now surpass the United States in total numbers; none

About forty years ago farmers in the Carpinteria Valley started the growing of beans of the lima variety. The growing of limas has gradually increased since 1884, but the acreage devoted for their cultivation has shifted to other favorable localities along the Pacific Ocean. The moist climate near the water, together with soil conditions thereabouts, has proved very favorable and large yields are reported from Ventura, Orange, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles and San Diego counties. These are the most favored sections. From forty to forty-five sacks per acre are grown in Ventura and Orange counties. The average yield is about fifteen sacks. Approximately 175,000 acres are devoted to bean growing in the State.

Other varieties of beans such as Blackeyes, Washington, Navy, Bayos, Pink and the Mexican frijole (Phaseolus) are grown in the delta regions of the larger rivers and in the Sacramento and San Joaquin river valleys. The pink variety is most common and is grown in all bean sections; the Lady Washington (large white) is largely grown in the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys; the navy (small white) is grown extensively in the coastal regions as far north as Monterey county; limas are found doing the best in the sugar-beet sections; the frijole is grown farther south.

Other Varieties do Well.

Of other varieties there were produced the past year, 700,000 sacks pinks, 650,000 navy, 200,000 large white, or Lady Washington, 450,000 Blackeyes and about 90,000 sacks of Bayos. The Bayo is a variety grown to a limited extent only in protected river bottom lands, where the soil is very rich.

The navy beans of California are in great demand for the Boston market. The well-known brand "Boston Baked Beans" calls for the best of this variety produced. The California bean suits the taste to a nicety. Practically all of the best grade navy beans produced in this State are shipped to the Atlantic Coast markets, either in cans or in bulk. These beans are carefully selected, cleaned and hand-sorted.

Like the limas, the navy variety does best in the sugar-beet sections of the coastal regions. In the old Spanish colony, now known as San Luis Obispo county, on the coast side of the Santa Lucia Mountains, there is a very rich section devoted to raising this variety of bean. In the Valley of the Salinas River, where sugar beets are extensively raised, these beans do well. About 12,000 acres in this county are devoted to growing this variety. Nearly 215,000 sacks of these beans were raised in this county the past year. These beans call for the highest market price at all times. At this particular time, if a housewife wishes to have on her table the Boston brand of baked beans, she will find them re-

equals it in the number of educated and energetic whites—unless we count as a single power the vast Germanic system which reaches from Antwerp to Bagdad under the rule of Berlin.

Soldiers Studying Spanish.

[Pittsburgh Dispatch:] The study of Spanish is the most popular of many courses which form the educational programme at every Army Young Men's Christian Association building in the military camps along the Mexican border. In spite of the handicaps of guard or other duties, the attendance at the classes is close to the enrollment. The instructors are drawn from both officers and enlisted men and include experienced teachers, many of them members of the faculties of colleges and universities.

At one of the Young Men's Christian Association buildings at Camp Wilson, San Antonio, fifty men from the District of Columbia and Illinois regiments are studying the Spanish language and at Pharr, Tex., there are eight classes, totaling 288 men, drawn from New York and Tennessee regiments. At Deming, New Mexico, twelve classes of twelve men each are studying the language of the Mexicans, and at Llano Grande, Tex., the enrollment for study exceeds 300.

tailing at 15 cents per pound. But it is the Eastern demand for this variety that puts the price on them. Santa Barbara county, just to the south, also grows a large acreage of navys and limas. About 25,000 acres are devoted to bean culture and upward of 400,000 sacks are annually produced. A large percentage of this production is the navy variety.

The Blackeye bean is in reality a cow-pea and is found growing all over California. The largest acreages are found in the coastal section from Ventura south to the Mexican line. This variety, like the pink bean, is a prolific producer, but neither variety is regarded as containing the high percentage of nutrients found in the limas or in the white beans. San Diego county is coming forward as a great bean-producing section. It is one of the newest of the counties of the State to devote any large acreage to bean cultivation. The success obtained by growers, particularly with limas, has led to a very considerable increase in this acreage. Above 5000 acres are now under cultivation for beans of the different varieties.

Limas of First Importance.

But California takes its rank as a bean-producing State on account of the production of limas. In this production she has no rival in the markets.

The lima bean (Phaseolus lunatus) comes originally from the western coast of South America, very likely from Chile, which is one of the largest bean-producing sections of the world. This bean differs from the kidney bean grown in Europe. It is only slightly kidney shaped, is broad and thin and waxy in texture. It is very popular in both the green and dry conditions. Unlike most beans used in the green state, limas are shelled and cooked separate from the pods. Canned for the market, limas hold a very high place in the favor of the buying public.

The rich, sandy loam soils open to the influence of the moist currents of the ocean, are the best suited for the lima bean. It is naturally a climber and grows to a length of four feet. There is no attempt in the bean fields to encourage this disposition to climb. The plants must do for themselves, except as to cultivation. The natural disposition to send out climbers renders the matter of late cultivation very difficult, on account of the tangle of vines. The plants are strong, hardy growers and barring any untoward weather conditions are quite certain to bear well. May planting is a very favorable time. This brings the bean planting well along after the sugar-beet fields have been seeded and have had their first cultivation.

Sugar Beets and Limas Side by Side.

Almost without exception, the rich beet sections of California are the best lima-bean producing sections. Ventura county is

A Significant Trend.

[Minneapolis Journal:] For every forty-four persons in the United States engaged in producing food from the soil in 1900 there were thirty-one non-producing but consuming persons in the country. For every forty-nine food producers in 1910 there were forty-two non-producing consumers.

As forty-four is to thirty-one and forty-nine is to forty-two, so is the ten-year change in the numerical relation of food-producers to food-eaters. The producers' figures are up five places. The consumers' figures are up eleven places.

If the ratio of change that appears as between 1900 and 1910 continues until 1920, it will make the figures stand at fifty-four for producers to fifty-three for consumers, and split the population practically fifty-fifty.

Impossible as it might be accurately to forecast the change that will show in 1920, the theoretical change at least can be figured on the assumption that what has developed in one decade will be repeated in the decade succeeding. There were 42,623,383 urban dwellers in 1910 according to the Federal Census, the ten-year increase being 34.8 per cent. There was a rural population in 1910 of 49,348,883, an increase in ten years of 11.3 per cent.

one of the leading counties in the production of sugar beets and supports the largest beet-sugar factory on this continent, save the factory at Spreckels. This county has nearly 60,000 acres of beans, mostly limas, under cultivation. Beans compete with sugar beets in popularity with farmers. A few years ago farmers of this county began rotating crops and realized surprising results from crops of limas raised on old beet fields. Some yields of forty and fifty sacks of beans to the acre were produced. These bean sacks hold eighty pounds and above. Today the beet and bean fields lie alongside of each other. The crops come in such order that one does not interfere with the other in cultivation or in the harvest.

Similar conditions are found in Santa Barbara, Los Angeles and Orange counties. Sugar beets and lima beans are the money-producing crops that are the most popular. On account of the greater labor and expense of raising a beet crop, some farmers prefer the bean crop. It is an easier crop to handle and the expense is less to market the crop. To offset this, the sugar-beet crop brings in more money. Taking the two crops together, they are the best of an agricultural nature that farmers can raise. What these two crops have done for the sections named above may be seen in a visit to the coast country where these crops have produced during the past ten years. Some of the great prosperity of which we boast will be seen on all sides. From the hay even to the Mexican border are evidences of the wealth produced by these two crops.

Some Big Lima Bean Fields.

Some of the lima bean plantings in the favored sections rival in size the old-time grain fields. Last year 10,000 acres of beans were planted on the Irvine ranch in Orange county. This is one of the large land holdings yet intact in California. It contains many thousands of acres of valley and foothill lands. The Co-operative Sugar Company of Santa Ana gets a large supply of its beets from this ranch. Other large lima bean fields are found in Ventura and Los Angeles counties. A thousand acres in a field is not an uncommon sight. At harvest time when the bean threshers are at work, the picture is inspiring. The piles of sacked beans and still greater piles of straw, which is now valuable as feed for stock, scattered over the fields as far as the eye can see, indicate the importance of this industry better than any word description.

California has available acreage for increasing its bean production many times over. Indeed, as the writer has before pointed out, California has thousands upon thousands of non-producing acres of rich lands as yet undeveloped. Land enough to supply the needs of an empire. These soils will produce, in time, varieties and quantities of products, which, in comparison with what is now produced will seem fabulous.

Animals that Puzzle Scientists.

[Pittsburgh Gazette-Times:] There are two animals that puzzle naturalists more than any others. They are nature's submarine and airplane—the whale and the eagle. It is known that whales occasionally descend as far as 3000 feet below the surface of the sea—a depth at which, from the pressure of the water, they ought to be crushed flat. Why they are not injured naturalists have yet to discover. It is this pressure that prevents a modern submarine from descending more than some 300 feet. Eagles have been seen, through telescopes, to fly with apparent ease from 30,000 to 40,000 feet above sea level. At that height no human being can live, owing to the rarefaction of the air. How the birds live and fly at far greater heights than man can endure is another question still unanswered.

No "Scoops" in Japan.

[Archibell, in World Outlook:] What is known as a "scoop" in America does not exist in Japan. If one newspaper has a particularly choice item of news, it communicates it to other papers. What is the use of being selfish? After all, it is the editorial opinion that counts, but even in this there is an exchange of "courtesy," because it is a common thing for one paper to remark that the other "commented editorially as follows yesterday."

It was possible to save the town. He said...
[The Illustrated Weekly Magazine]
Jan. 18, 1917]

LARRY KEGGE, THE BOSS O' THE RANCH.

A Financial Transaction. By Rene Rivierre.

RIELY of the Blue Moon, expertly revolving a cloth on the glistening bar, paused in his exertions and looked up querulously.

"I said whisky," repeated the tired one wearily.

"Sure, didn't I hear—" the regal frown relaxed and Rely's air of professional condescension faded into a fraternal grin.

"Why, Larry Kegge, you old sarsaparilla-soaked, white-ribbon delegate. Did the water cart spring a leak or is this doctor's orders?"

"Mickey," pleaded the man, "Mickey, I—" Mickey, whose faculty of perception was nothing short of colossal, smiled genially.

"Sure, I understand. She hasn't done you right and it's hit you hard. You want a sleeper on it."

"No, Mickey, nothing like that. She's been as good as gold to me. One couldn't blame her for wanting the old fire-eater to be in harmony with the idea. He started things."

"Of course," encouraged the bartender.

"The boys said somethin' about you gittin' fired by Oakman when you first come out here and they allowed he'd never admit of you crossing his threshold in any capacity whatever, let alone that of legal protector to his niece."

"But he said I could marry her. Esther told him how I hadn't tasted a drop for three months and more, had a little money saved and was working hard for a foreman's job. He tried to be stubborn but couldn't when she stamped her little foot and began to cry. He overlooked my past errors and said I could have her if—"

"If what?"

"If I'd buy a ranch and settle down. Yes, Mickey, those were his exact words. 'Buy a ranch and settle down.'"

"Have a drink," said Rely weakly, and he took one himself.

The next morning Larry Kegge, incompetent puncher of cows, found himself parted from another desirable job and again a luckless outcast of the range. Shorty Riggs, foreman of the ranch, along with the rest of the Rincon boys, was manifestly sorry to see Larry go and did his best toward conciliating as he bade him goodbye at the corral gate.

"Of course you understand, Larry," he said, "this is the boss's doin's entirely. The sheriff came up this mornin' primed for a fight and told the boss he had stood for your carelessness as long as he had a mind to. You know how riled he's been ever since I disentangled you from his little bird cage a few months ago. Well, he said last night you got shamelessly lit up and not only dismantled Mickey's imported booby but tried to stick up some nine or ten peaceful Blue Moon customers, includin' his nibs, the organizer of the posse. He says you excused your abrupt methods owing to a need of their change in the purchasing of a certain rancho that was about to receive you as its proprietor. Furthermore, after you had nearly brained Reddy Ringer during the action inclusive of attempts to segregate you from your artillery and the ceremony of kickin' you out, he claims you added personal insult to your previous misbehavior by commandeering his bald-faced mare to ride home on. After he got through the boss 'fowed you were no relative of his and added somethin' strong about Rincon morale. He told me to give you your time, three months with a week thrown in, and there you are."

Larry, eyes a trifle puffed, dazed and still uncomprehending, smiled his good will to Riggs and picked up the reins. Then his brow wrinkled and he turned in the saddle.

"Shorty, you say I came in last night on the sheriff's horse. Am I on my own now?"

Riggs assured him he was.

"That's queer," said Larry, "I could swear this animal is side stepping like a merry-go-round. 'Spots' never did that."

As the figure of Larry and his mount slowly topped the ridge of the hogback and drifted from sight on the other side Riggs dropped his hand from the gate. "Now wouldn't that bust yuh, three months off the pepper and goin' fine; then to break in small pieces like that! An' I was thinkin' the boy had good stuff in him too."

For many weeks Dry Gulch and vicinity lost complete sight of Larry. Some said he had dropped over into the next county to

eke out an ignominious existence among the shepherders of White Plains. Others were of the opinion that he had taken a train for the big city from which he had come and had left the cow-country for good. But a little, sad-eyed, maid, daily wearing away the lonesome hours on the rolling acres of Oakman's ranch, believed only what she knew. Larry had not seen her before he left, but many times during their days of companionship he had spoken of the rich promise in the hill country mines across the border, worked without method and profit by ignorant, unrealizing peons. He had said that an enterprising man, with even less knowledge of geology and engineering than he had gleaned during his short and tragic college career, might there pick out a neglected bonanza, buy it for a song and build up a veritable cornucopia of wealth. This dream of fortune had always been before him and now the girl felt certain he was gone to put it to the test.

One hot Arizona day, nearly a month after he had been dropped from the Rincon pay roll, Larry returned. On that same day a strange thing happened in Dry Gulch.

At the scheduled hour when every Dry Gulch inhabitant was either imbibing heat anodynes in the Blue Moon or stretched out beneath canvas awnings enjoying a fitful, fly-ridden siesta, a horse and rider, coated with desert dust, whirled up the main street and stopped before the General Hardware Supply store. Following this Nickle Shipman, owner of the General Hardware Supply store, was jerked from an apparent state of coma and his seat on a keg of seven-penny nails by a familiar voice and a rough hand.

"Get up, you snoozing, unsightly heap of dimorphosed laudanum tablets," ordered the voice, "disentrance yourself and wait on a customer."

Shipman's ejaculations of startled recognition and amazement were checked abruptly by the magnitude of the customer's order.

"Why, you're plumb crazy," Nickle gasped. "It can't be done. What do you think this is—a Sears-Roebuck warehouse?"

"Don't get all hot before I'm through," said the man calmly. "Of course I knew you wouldn't have enough in stock to supply me, but here is the point. Your business enjoys a pretty fair line of credit in Yuma, doesn't it?"

"Yes, but—"

"Certainly, and it would be a simple matter to drop a short wire and have that stuff here on the first freight tomorrow, wouldn't it?"

"Sure, but what about—"

"And by doing so a little bonus of \$100 over retail profit could hardly be earned much easier, could it?"

"Well—no," said Nickle, with a smile of polite incredulity. "But what—"

"This check," said the man, "on the Dry Gulch Central Bank for \$340 will be placed in your hands the minute the train arrives. I will take part of the order, covered by the deposit, and pay you in full when I return for the remainder. I might say that time is an item and if you manage to have the goods here by noon tomorrow I will gladly increase your consideration another \$50."

When the strange buyer left Nickle at the telegraph station with a hurried "Tomorrow at 12 o'clock. Business over the line until then," he shook his head in blank bewilderment.

"That Larry Kegge is plumb loco," he ruminated, "loco'ern a moon-mad coyote."

By 12 o'clock the next day a car, plastered with a large white sheet bearing the stencil, "National Hardware Company, Yuma, Ariz.," was uncoupled from the Naco morning freight and sidetracked in Dry Gulch. At the same time all Dry Gulch, from Sheriff Hanson to Dad Moulton, the postmaster, was gathered silent, wonder-struck and gaping before the little yellow depot, where seven nondescript wagons attached to seven nondescript nags stood drawn up in a row. In the driver's seats seven tatterdemalion Mexicans slept under the spreading shade of their straw sombreros. Afraid his spotted pony, scribbling figures on a note book with an effectively businesslike and preoccupied air, was the grand marshal of the array, Larry Kegge.

When the Mexicans, under Larry's direction, began piling roll after roll of a burlap-covered something into their wagons, the

curiosity of Dry Gulch, as represented by its official spokesman, Sheriff Hanson, grew unbearable. In response to repeated nudges and kicks from all sides the worthy arm of the law hitched up his belt, spat unconcernedly and sauntered over to where Larry was holding earnest conversation with Nickle Shipman.

"Two hundred and fifty rolls at \$5," Larry was saying, "is \$2550. Ten boxes of fifty each—"

"Howdy!" said the sheriff easily, inserting his waistline within speaking distance.

"Ten boxes of fifty, each," went on Larry, "at 50 cents is \$250."

"This a lil' scheme you got up your sleeve?" queried the sheriff politely.

"Two thousand, five hundred and fifty and two—"

"Pears like you're goin' into the wire business," observed the sheriff.

"Hundred and fifty," said Larry, "makes \$250. Subtotal 240—"

The waistline was withdrawn and the sheriff rejoined his group.

"That Larry Kegge's drunk again," he confided, "an' Nickle's listenin' to him chatter."

Before the afternoon was over nearly 200 of the mysterious rolls had been taken from the car and carted out of Dry Gulch toward the border line. To further heighten the curiosity of the puzzled citizens, the last to be unloaded were ten boxes, long, heavy and of identical size. These Larry ordered stacked in a cart and conveyed to Nickle's store.

The insistent silence of Larry and Shipman as to the why and wherefore of the entire strange proceeding did not tend to sweeten Dry Gulch tempers and particularly irritated Sheriff Hanson. As the last roll was being shoved into place and Larry was about to start away the sheriff sought to relieve his feelings by volunteering a little information of his own.

"I suppose you read s'mornin's Naco News," he said mysteriously, watching Larry tighten his cinch.

"Don't know that I did," returned Larry, obviously uninterested.

"Well," said the sheriff, "s'mornin's Naco News printed as how that insurrectionist hell-roarer, Pasco Robles, is camped over the line within ten miles of San Raphael an' is reported as claimin' he'll be drinkin' Caranza's garrison coffee 'fore Sunday. Seein' how one of your greasers, under pressure of much questionin', imparted the information that this stuff was goin' to San Raphael I thought maybe you'd be some concerned as to the safety in makin' the trip."

"H'm," said Larry, lightening the cinch so that the hind leg of his pony narrowly missed the sheriff's belt.

"An' as this Robles gent has been confis-takin' American mines an' property, shootin' law abidin' rancheros, killin' off harmless wimmen and—"

But Larry was gone.

For three days this strange venture subordinated politics, Kansas stock quotations and the Mexican mix-up in the gossip over rear-room checkerboards and the Blue Moon bar. At length, before Sheriff Hanson's brain cracked under the terrific strain of empty conjecturing and unsatisfying deduction, events whirled up to a final breathtaking vortex, and began to untangle.

Larry reappeared on the fourth day.

He trotted through Dry Gulch and a double-banked gauntlet of open-mouthed loungers and tied up at Nickle's store. Before a crowd had collected in front of the place he had concluded his visit and was helping the president of the Dry Gulch Central Bank administer ammonia to a highly-strung cashier who had collapsed at the sight of Larry's deposit slip. A few hours later he wound up at the Rincon ranch and asked for Al E. Conklin.

That night a veritable tornado of howling, yelling, whooping, Apache-lunged Rincon boys burst into Dry Gulch. They clattered up the street hooting like a band of desert Arabs and stormed the Blue Moon in a body. Mickey, complacently shining glasses behind his mirrored slab of mahogany, was suddenly assailed by a jostling, wild-eyed mass of rampant cowmen who lined the bar and shouted unintelligible orders and yipped and whooped with renewed fervor whenever the dip promised to subside.

"My Gawd," gasped the sheriff, dropping his tilted chair to the floor and eyeing the pack from his far corner, "wut brand o' hell's loose tonight?"

Just then a dapper, little red-faced fellow, hair tousled and hat gone, climbed upon the bar, regardless of Mickey's pained glances at his heavy boots, and waved a bottle in the air.

"I drink this booze," he declaimed impressively, "to the best I'll cow herder that ever wore silver conchas on his chaps. I say success to him that financed this blowout and all what's his'n. Six-gun aggravation to his ill-wishers, an' may Rincon flourish forever. Here's tenderfoot luck to Larry Kegge!"

The roof rose and fell and Mickey's glassware rattled an accompaniment to the pandemonium that followed. The sheriff jumped to his feet, pushed through the enthusiasts and dragged the little, red-faced toastmaster to a corner apart from the rabble.

"Look here, Shorty," he said, holding his captive threateningly by the collar, "watu-hel's the reason of this mid-week celebratin' and what seems to make mention o' Larry Kegge so popular? Did Boss Conklin take him back?"

"Did the boss tak 'im back?" spluttered Shorty with scornful emphasis. "Did he! Why, you big kettlehead, ain't yuh heard? Conklin ain't skipper no more. Larry bought out the Rincon this mornin'. He's boss o' the ranch!"

"Shades o' Cyrus Noble!" gasped the sheriff. "It can't be. Where'd Larry git the chips? We all know he's been actin' queer lately but fortunes ain't made over night unless the Overland Mail is figured in. How'd he do it?"

Shorty glared, then condescended. "Well, if you don't know about that neither," he said finally, "it's worth tellin'."

"Larry Kegge trots in at the Rincon this mornin' and requests a confab with Boss Conklin. We call the boss anticipatin' murder in regard to Larry. But Larry manages to duck the first three shots an' by the artful use of soothing English soon assimilates the boss in peaceful conversation. They go into the shack and some hours later come out. Larry is introduced to the crowd as having closed a deal for the Rincon an' is referred to as the new boss. When we fellas get back our normal strength we pull Larry into a corner and beat him half dead. We ask him what he means by this burst o' pecuniary effulgence. We know the Rincon don't change hands on no poker winnin's. Larry nearly laughs himself sick and relates some amazin' things."

"It seems that after the boss concluded Larry's services were no longer a asset to Rincon prosperity he hit for the gold mines south of the line near San Raphael. In scoutin' round the hills one day he bumped into a notorious greaser-called Pasco Robles, along with 600 other well-armed bandits. Larry, having respect for his skin and the eccentricities of such Mexicans, brought a flask into action, rock-ried Pasco out of a disagreeable humor an' got himself a job as spy. Robles told him confidentially that he intended to bust into San Raphael in a few days an' that Larry might assist some in gainin' information data in an' out o' the attackin' point."

"Larry loped off toward San Raphael intendin' to jump his spy job an' make tracks for the line as soon as he got beyond range o' Pasco's powder tubes. Just as he was headed for the north an' idea ambled under his hat and he blew around for San Raphael. He roped in the commandant of the garrison an' told him that Robles had 6000 well-fed Yaquis camped in the hills fifteen miles away, ready to raid his pueblo most any moment. The commandant was a nervous lil' cholo an' it didn't take much argument to make him see how dis'avorable his garrison of a few hundred, half-interested peons lined up 'gainst such a gatharin'. Larry told him that every man, woman an' infant of his 3000 fellow-citizens was in a fine way to be shot up and dwelt particular strong on Robles's well-known custom of bangin' prisoners o' war by their heels an' lettin' his men perforate their hides with pattern designs to improve their snipin'. When he got through the commandant turned white'ern alkali an' commenced singin' the Rosary. Then Larry said

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Recent Notable Cartoons.

The Illustrated Weekly Magazine

GOOD SHORT STORIES FROM EVERYWHERE.
Compiled for the Illustrated Weekly.

That Settled It.

COMMISSIONER DILLON, apropos of his success in the New York milk strike, said to a reporter:

"The trust had dictated to the farmers so long it thought it could dictate to them forever. But the farmers got together, and from then on they took the initiative as completely as the lady in the story."

"One clubman said to another, pointing with a shocked look from the club window toward a lady in an ultra-modish skirt:

"I thought you said, George, that you'd never consent to let your wife wear one of those outrageous garments!"

"Yes, so I did," George replied, "but my wife overheard me."—[Washington Star.]

Father Explains.

"P A, WHAT is meant by the 'psychological moment'?"

"Have you never seen your mother ask me for a check, son?"

"Oh, yes, pa."

"And did you ever notice that she always waits until I have had a good dinner and she has brought my slippers and has pulled my easy chair around to the light and struck a match for my cigar?"

"Yes, pa."

"Well, that is what is known as the psychological moment for making a domestic touch."—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

Any Hub Lawyer Would.

JUDGE PARRY, in a recent article on "Rufus Choate, Advocate," says on occasion Choate would meet with his Sam Weller. Defending a prisoner for theft of money from a ship, a witness was called who had turned State's evidence, and whose testimony went to prove that Choate's client had instigated the theft.

"Well," asked Choate, "what did he say? Tell us how and what he spoke to you."

"Why," said the witness, "he told us there was a man in Boston named Choate and he'd get us off if they caught us with the money in our boots."—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

Mark Twain's "Regime."

"REGIMENS! Regimens!" said Prof. Hilary McMaster before the Harvard Medical School.

"There are too many nonsensical regimens, young gentlemen. I prefer the regime of Mark Twain to all such rubbish."

"Mark had a very strict regime, you know. He never smoked but one cigar at a time, and he never smoked while sleeping."

"He never ate meat except with his meals, and he never drank except at meals and between meals."

"His father took a drugstore for a bad debt in Mark's boyhood, and among the stores were nine barrels of cod-liver oil. These lasted Mark seven years. The rest of the family had to get along with the ipecac and nux vomica, Mark being the pet. He was, in fact, the first Standard Oil trust. He got it all."—[Washington Star.]

A Dead Shot.

THE valor and candid simplicity of our Indian Babu is proverbial. A story goes of one ancient German East campaign, who (in the words of a contemporary) was about the most laconic, competent, deadly earnest station master and marksman combined that ever lived. A regiment of men like him would end the war, for this is the wire he sent:

"One hundred Germans attacking station. Send immediately one rifle and one hundred rounds ammunition."—[Nairdhi (India) Leader.]

The Broken Broker.

THE late Judge Pennypacker of Philadelphia, was an advocate of the enfranchisement of woman, but he also advocated justice, in the relationship between the sexes, for man.

"Woman," he said, whimsically, one day at the Pennsylvania Historical Society, "mustn't play it both ways. She mustn't get the vote and the equal wage through man's sense of equity, and then get all

kinds of unfair privileges through his sense of gallantry."

"There's a lot of truth in the story of the young broker who, after his failures, was thrown over by a pretty girl."

"Why was the engagement broken off?" a banker asked the ruined broker.

"Well," he answered, "after I'd given her a string of pearls, an opera box and a birthday gift of a twelve-cylinder limousine, I went to smash, and her people accused me of amusing myself at her expense."—[Washington Star.]

His Regiment.

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Real Economy In Japan.

AMONG the Japanese, thrift is a virtue in high esteem. Two old misers of Tokio were one day discussing ways and means of saving.

"I manage to make a fan last about twenty years," said one. "I don't open the whole fan wastefully and wave it carelessly about. I open only one section at a time. That is good for about a year. Then I open the next, and so on until the fan is used up."

"Twenty years for a good fan!" exclaimed the other. "What sinful extravagance! In my family we use a fan for two or three generations, and this is the way we do it: We open the whole fan, but we don't wear it out by waving it. We hold it still, like this, under our nose, and wave our faces."—[Youth's Companion.]

A Touching Love Note.

"WHAT kind of a letter did your husband write when he was away?"

"He started, 'My Precious Treasure,' and ended by sending 'love.'"

"How did you answer?"

"I started with 'My Precious Treasurer,' and ended with 'Send me \$10.'"—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

Unjust Farmer.

PROF. MUNSTERBERG of Harvard said at a summer school tea that he had never yet found a person he could not hypnotize, and that hypnosis had a great future in medical diagnosis.

"They who doubt hypnosis, they who deem hypnosis quackery," he said, "are as unjust as the old farmer."

"But you've got a good farm here," a visitor said. "You ought to be able to make money shipping vegetables to New York."

"Rot!" grunted the farmer.

"You've got the land," said the visitor. "You've got the railroad. Why don't you try the speculation?"

"What's the use?" said the farmer, yawning. "The old woman's too old-fried lazy to do the plowin' and plantin' and weedin'."—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

Carrying It Too Far.

MR. CURRAN and Mr. McManus spent their Saturday half holiday in artistic pursuits. Among the objects examined was a new public building. The feature of this building that appealed most strongly to Mr. Curran was an inscription cut into a huge stone.

"MDCCCXCVIII," he read aloud. "What does them letters mane, Tim?"

"That," replied the cultured Mr. McManus, "stands for 1898."

"Oh," Mr. Curran replied. Then after a thoughtful pause, he added:

"Don't you think, Tim, that they're over doin' this spellin' reform at all?"—[New York Times.]

Taking Baby's Picture.

"GREAT heavens," roared the policeman, springing upstairs three steps at a time and dashing with uplifted club into the photographer's studio. "What are you fighting about up here? Are you all gone mad?"

Grandpa, Uncle Bill, Aunt Jane, pa and ma, Cousin Gertrude and young Mr. Swizzler, her young man, the two cousins from New York and Uncle Cuthbert and grandma looked very sheepish and attempted lame explanations.

But the photographer waved the energetic constable aside.

"Oh, that's all right, old man. We're just trying to keep the baby quiet while we take its picture, bless it. Now, hang those cymbals again, sir, please. Louder—louder. And you, madam, please make that funny face again. Now, miss, blow that trumpet. Get behind him, sir, and tickle him. Steady. That's it. Got him."—[Salt Lake Herald Republican.]

Always Good Humored.

GOVERNEUR MORRIS was talking about the late Richard Harding Davis. "Davis was never at a loss for a joke," said Mr. Morris. "I dined with him at Crossroads farm one evening, the dinner being served by a new and very awkward waitress."

"The waitress, halfway through the dinner, slipped with a tray, spilled a bottle of beer down Davis's neck."

"He said to her reproachfully, as he swabbed the beer with his napkin:

"It was ginger ale, not beer, I asked for, Gretchen."—[Washington Star.]

No Snap.

DR. SIMON FLEXNER of the Rockefeller Institute, announced ten years ago that he had mastered the secrets of infantile paralysis, but the epidemic in New York seems to disprove his claims."

The speaker was Mrs. Mary Halliwell Hurst of Boston. She continued:

"Our doctors, before this epidemic, seem, for all their scientific talk, as ignorant as the woman at the bridge drive."

"A woman attended a bridge drive. She declared that she intended to win the first prize. Big things were expected of her."

"Great, then, was her partner's astonishment, when she led a king, and she placed another king on top of it and screamed triumphantly:

"Snap!"—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

Could Take It on Company.

SIR JOHN JELLICOE, the latest recipient of the greatly coveted British Order of Merit, told a good story recently of a train journey he took one bitterly cold night on a local line in Scotland.

His only fellow traveler in the same compartment was a Scotsman, and he had just drawn his flask from his pocket when the train stopped at a little country station, and the door opened.

"Tickets, please," said the shivering collector, with a longing look at the flask.

"Oo, aye," observed the Scotsman, as he fumbled in his pockets. "Wull ye take a nip?"

The ticket collector looked up and down, and as the coast was clear he remarked that he didn't mind if he did.

The traveler handed him the ticket. "Take it oot o' that, then," was all he said, and he transferred his attention to the flask.—[Salt Lake Herald-Republican.]

Tricks In All Trades.

HAVE you ever had any experience in handling high-class ware?" asked a dealer in bric-a-brac of an applicant for work.

"No, sir," was the reply, "but I think I can do it."

"Suppose," said the dealer, "you accidentally broke a very valuable porcelain vase, what would you do?"

"I should put it carefully together," re-

plied the man, "and set it where a wealthy customer would be sure to knock it over again."

"Consider yourself engaged," said the dealer. "Now, tell me where you learned that trick of the trade."

"A few years ago," answered the other, "I was one of the 'wealthy customer' class."—[Tid-Bits.]

Airy Fairy Troubles.

TWO girls in a street car were in animated conversation.

"Whatcher gonna wear?"

"My striped skirt."

"What else?"

"My pink shirtwaist."

"Gonna wear a hair ribbon?"

"I dunno. Are you?"

"I will if you do."

"I ain't certain."

"I ain't either."

"I think I'll ask ma."

"I'll ask my ma, too."

"Got a red hair ribbon?"

"Uh huh."

"I have, too."

"Gonna wear it?"

"I dunno."

"You wear yours and I'll wear mine."

"Awright."

One man in the seat behind the girls turned wearily to his companion.

"Gee!" he exclaimed, "it must be great to have nothing on your mind but a hair ribbon!"—[Philadelphia Ledger.]

Horticulture in Mustaches.

CHILDREN are consistent and logical in their thinking, if nothing else.

Uncle Jim removed a mustache he had worn for a year or so. A relative remarked she never had seen Uncle Jim with a mustache, and another member of the family said: "Oh, yes, he grew it about two years ago."

"Did he plant the seed?" little Bobbie asked.—[Indianapolis News.]

Yarn by Car Magnate.

CLARENCE E. POSTLEWAITE, general manager of sales of the Pressed Steel Car Company, tells this on a friend:

"While traveling in the South recently I was obliged to change cars. Having seated myself, I glanced out of the window to find a motherly looking colored woman with a tray upon her head containing inviting quarters of fried chicken. After having regaled myself with a leg, I leaned out of the window and said:

"Auntie, this is awfully good chicken. Where did you get it?"

"Slowly the tray was deposited upon the platform. Then looking up, she said: 'Say, mister, you's from the north, ain't you?'

"Yes, auntie," I said, "but what has that to do with the chicken?"

"Well," she said, "I knowed you was, else you would never ask a culled person where they get chicken."—[Salt Lake Herald-Republican.]

Stood on His Rights.

"WHY did you strike this man?" asked the judge, sternly.

"He called me a liar, Your Honor," replied the accused.

"Is that true?" asked the judge, turning to the man with the mussed-up face.

"Sure it's true," said the accuser. "I called him a liar because he is one, and I can prove it."

"What have you got to say to that?" asked the judge of the defendant.

"It's got nothing to do with case, Your Honor," was the unexpected reply. "Even if I am a liar I guess I've got a right to be sensitive about it, ain't I?"—[Topeka State Journal.]

Eggs About to Celebrate.

HOW much are eggs today?" asked an efficient householder when he got his grocer on the telephone.

"Some eggs we have are 55 cents, and some 45 cents."

"Well, what is the difference?"

"The 55-cent eggs are fresh and the 45-cent eggs are April eggs."

"April eggs!" exclaimed the householder. "Why, they soon will have a birthday anniversary, won't they?"—[Indianapolis News.]

Recent Notable Cartoons.



URGENT.
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JERRY BRINGS MATTERS TO A FOCUS.

Love and Service. By Ora McDermott.

JANET was a bit of a thing with yellow hair that she wore wrapped round her head. She wore most of the human beings on the Valoa ranch wrapped round her finger. There were none of them, from her huge, gray-haired father down to little Manueto, the Indian washwoman's offspring, who would not joyfully have challenged wildcats for her. This devotion was by no means confined to the Valoa ranch. With the determination of Bermuda grass it had spread along intervening miles toward Tucson and off over the mesquite to where young O'Neil was nursing his bunch of cattle into a herd.

From Tucson it lured forth Dustin McKenzie, a cadaverous young man who had come West for his health. McKenzie made so many trips out from Tucson and was so obviously unfit for travel that kind-hearted Tilden, Janet's father, roared at him one day: "If you must come, then for crimsiny's sake come and stay awhile. Bring out your little match-safe and put up at the ranch. Oceans of room. Good for your health." Thereupon, McKenzie, believing that opportunity roars but once down any man's chimney, accepted with alacrity.

Up to this time O'Neil had felt that he could hold his own with any rival. But he was outraged in all his many instincts for fair play by the installation of this McKenzie within the radius of Janet's charm, while O'Neil, obviously intended by heaven, from the beginning of Cosmos, to be her mate, should have to ride twelve miles each day even to glimpse the sunlight in her hair. It was a preposterous situation. As soon as he realized its full significance he galloped over to Valoa.

In the blistering noontide Manueto dozed by the adobe wall, his head on the stomach of Janet's Alredale.

"Wake up, flojo," O'Neil said gently, stirring the child with his boot. "Go in and tell Janet to come out here a minute. Whisper in her ear."

With a grunt Manueto adjusted his fat little body to an upright position and trotted obediently into the house. His affection for O'Neil was not unmixed with fear. The senior was so tall, his hat was so high and his eyes were so fierce a gray! Also, the vaqueros down in the bunk house rounded their eyes and spoke in whispers when they told tales of the senior's prowess with the broncos, his fearlessness in hunting cattle-thieves and his prodigious strength. They loved to work for him, and Manueto felt a thrill of pride that so humble an instrument as himself should carry the senior's message to Janet.

In spite of Manueto's caution McKenzie overheard the whisper, and when Janet appeared on the porch O'Neil no more than noted how well her linen dress matched her eyes when McKenzie's gaunt frame loomed from the shadow of the doorway. O'Neil's face changed from bronze to purple.

"Beautiful morning we're having," he ventured, fanning himself with his huge hat.

"I think it's hot," Janet dimpled, "much too hot for you to stand there in the sun. Why didn't you come in?"

"Er—I—well, I guess I'm getting kind o' bashful lately," he explained, frowning studiously down at the silver braiding on his hat.

"Impossible!" A peal of laughter rewarded him. "Come in this minute and have dinner with us. We were just sitting down."

"No, no, thanks. I've just had dinner." The fragrant odor of roast meat mocked him as he reflected how long ago he had breakfasted.

Janet seized him by the arm. "Never mind. After riding all those miles surely you can eat a little something. It's venison, too. Dick Harris brought it to us."

Whether it was the temptation of the venison or the pressure of her strong brown fingers O'Neil did not know. But he found himself being led up the steps murmuring, "Well, maybe I can manage a little bite."

"You know Mr. McKenzie, don't you?" she asked with a pretty savoir faire. "He's come to visit us."

"So I understand," O'Neil admitted, torn between an impulse to strangle the sad-looking visitor and a desire merely to trample on him. He did neither. He shook hands.

As they stepped into the cool interior Tilden's voice boomed. "Hel-lo, there! How's the boy? Goin' to have dinner with us? How's everything? Haven't seen you since—why, it must've been as long ago as day before yesterday. Ain't been feelin' sick, now, have you?"

Blushingly O'Neil denied the implication and let himself be led to the table. It was a paradisaical spot! To think that Janet's fingers had arranged the roses in the bowl, Janet's taste had supervised the setting of the table! Truly the poet was right who had said that the touch of a woman's hand—what was it he had said? O'Neil turned to consult Janet, who was his authority on books. The back of her head was toward him and her attention focused on McKenzie, who was chanting:

"I dream of a red-rose tree,
And which of its roses three
Is the dearest rose to me?"

Was it a riddle? O'Neil ventured the question. Janet looked at him reproachfully. McKenzie smiled with the remote sadness of an archangel.

"No, it's Browning," he explained.

Tilden paused in the labor of carving the venison, removed his tongue from his cheek and gazed inquiringly across the table.

"Browning? The buyer from Kansas City?"

Janet choked and began talking very fast. McKenzie gazed at her in complete absorption, and O'Neil was left in the outer circle of neglect, face to face with father and the venison. It quite deprived him of his appetite.

"By the way, son," Tilden continued, piling venison, frijoles, sweet potatoes and gravy on O'Neil's plate, "how many head did you sell Gunstadi? When do you begin shipping?"

Resolutely the young cattle man plunged into facts and figures that lay near his heart. If he could not chant poetry he could talk what had the ring of dollars and cents, and that was cows. But the little ears under the yellow hair heard him not.

On the whole, that dinner was a miserable fiasco. O'Neil ate no more than two helpings of venison, frijoles, sweet potatoes and gravy. Frustrated love, outraged pride and a choking sense of unfair play tore at his vitals like so many mountain lions. He wondered that he could sit there and remain alive. Finally he rose and took his courage by the throat.

"Have to hurry back to the ranch," he explained. "Mighty fine dinner. Janet, may I speak to you alone a moment?"

Smilingly she followed him outside to where his little horse dozed over the reins between its feet.

"What's that fellow doing here, anyway?" he demanded jealously.

"Why—dad felt sorry for him and asked him to come and visit us. He thinks it may do him good. You see, he's not very strong. Something's wrong with his heart or his lungs—I don't know which."

"I don't suppose it's ever occurred to you that something's wrong with my heart," he growled.

She threw back her head and laughed gleefully.

"You big, healthy ox-man!"

"Well, there is, and you know it, too." He reached for her hand, but she put it behind her. "Ah, please, Janet, be fair with me! I'm going to be too busy to see you at all, these next couple o' weeks. I must round up those cattle for Gunstadi and ship 'em off. You know what it means. Please don't let that guinea get the inside track. I can love you a million times more, with his poetry and all."

Janet's eyes blazed. "Don't you dare call my friends guinea. I'll tell you right now, Jerry O'Neil, Mr. McKenzie is a gentleman and a scholar, and I feel sorry for him, and we're going to keep him here until he gets well! So there!"

With that she bounded into the house. Disconsolately O'Neil put on his hat, pulled it down over his eyes, and flung himself across his horse. In a matter of moments he was a mere speck of dust on the brush-fingered horizon.

After a highly satisfactory exchange of

beef on the hoof for cool silver dollars in the bank, O'Neil returned. It was sunset as he rode to the ranch house. Tilden, McKenzie and Janet were on the porch. McKenzie comfortably snuggled within a nest of pillows in a big rocking chair. Janet sat at his feet, and in her eyes was a brooding maternalism which baffled O'Neil.

"Good evening, folks!" he sang out, conscious that he made a striking figure silhouetted against the setting sun. He held the pose with his new cowboy hat extended, hoping Janet would note the bright bandanna at his throat, the shiny boots and the beautifully carved Mexican spurs. After a breathless moment he dismounted and came up the steps with much crackling of leather chaps.

Janet extended her hand, but it was clear that her thoughts were elsewhere. O'Neil sat beside her. He might as well have been enjoying a siesta in the lay of an iceberg in Siberia.

The evening dragged. McKenzie had but to make a move and Janet was instant attention. "Are you comfortable?" "Can I get anything for you?" "Are you sure you're not thirsty?" That and more, to the point of nausea, were the burden of her conversation. O'Neil writhed in impotent fury. Why should she waste her exquisite sympathy on this weakling?

At last McKenzie rose luxuriously. "I think it time for me to retire," he drawled and made his exit in the midst of Janet's soft cluckings of regret and tenderness.

It was the acme of insolence. Apparently he felt so sure of his success that, without concern, he could leave a formidable rival alone on the field.

Tilden fell asleep. The two were alone on the top step. A new moon, silvery and alim, hung on the edge of the desert. Coyotes howled. A bird cheeped plaintively. O'Neil reached for Janet's hand and grasped it.

"Honey girl," he said huskily, "I want to ask you something. Will you marry me? One time you half said you would. I've made a bunch of money this last deal that'll let me build an addition to my old 'dobe and buy a machine. We'll be comfortable and—well—what do you say?"

She shook her head but did not draw her hand away.

"I don't know. I—I used to like you—a lot. I do yet, but—"

"Is it—is it because of that—that McKenzie thing in there?" He choked and made a disgusted wave of the arm.

"Don't call him a thing. He's—well, Jerry, he's not strong. He needs someone to look after him. You don't know how delicate he is. Why, he eats scarcely anything at all! And he's so patient, so grateful for everything! He says he needs me as he needs the air!"

"Good heavens, girl, don't you think I need you?" Jerry groaned. "I can't live without you! Why, I'd rather lose every cow on my range, every dollar in the bank, every—"

"Of course," she sighed. "But that's different. You're big and strong and you can take care of yourself."

"Well, isn't that the kind of man a girl should marry?"

"You don't understand," she said uncertainly. "I—you—he—"

"Are you—in love with him?"

"Oh, Jerry, I don't know!" She twisted her fingers together. "He's so noble and sweet and—brave. He says he's faced death and pain so long that now it has no terrors for him."

Jerry groaned. Was the girl blind? Did she not see that a noble man would never ask a girl to marry him when he was practically an invalid? Did she not understand the selfishness which had sought her, the only daughter of a wealthy rancher? She had cared for Jerry once, a little. Surely there was some way of reawakening that spark, small though it may have been. Jerry knew that his affection for her was founded on nothing but herself. He wanted her for herself and he rather resented her father's affluence. It made what he had to give smaller by comparison.

He stood up. "So I'm too healthy for you? You really want to spend your life waiting on that invalid?"

"I'm afraid so, Jerry," she said, almost tearfully. "I'm sorry."

"It's all right, Janet." Desperately he crushed the brand new hat between his hands. If only he could manage to stay at the house as McKenzie did! He was sure he could "show the man up." He slapped his thigh with the hat and his arm brushed against his six-shooter.

Janet had crossed the porch half-way when the sound of a terrific discharge whirled her about. The smoke of powder burned her nostrils. She screamed.

"Oh—Jerry! Are you—killed? What's happened?"

She ran to where O'Neil was crumpling in a heap on the steps. Her father had waked with a roar.

"What is it? Mexicans? Where—what—why—?" He stared about him for a moment before he made out the pair on the steps.

"Dad, come here!" Janet sobbed. "Jerry's hurt. I don't know—whether he's dying or not, but—oh, dad, he's—he's shot!"

"Shot!" cried Tilden, hastening to them.

"How'd it happen, boy?"

"Accident!" groaned O'Neil. "Six-shooter went off."

"Went off!" exclaimed the older man. "How under the sun—?" But the pressure of O'Neil's fingers on his arm warned him. He finished up lamely with, "Hm. Janet, go into the house and get a couch ready. I'll bring this here blunderbuss in and we can look at him. I don't think he's killed."

Janet sped into the house. O'Neil ceased his groans and stood up.

"Now, Tilden," he warned, "I'm a wounded man, a sick man, in need of attention. Never mind how it happened nor why. Remember there's always danger of blood-poisoning."

Open-mouthed, Tilden helped O'Neil into the large living-room. With the light he saw that the boy's left hand was badly torn by the shot. Janet bustled about, bringing water and linen strips.

"Oh, Jerry, Jerry!" she moaned, bending over his hand and wrapping yards and yards of bandage around it. "I'm so sorry! You poor boy! What if it had killed you!" At that she broke down and sobbed, letting her tears splash down on the bandage.

Above her head O'Neil's face was white. But he looked up at Tilden and with a strong inclination of his left eyelid signified that there was a crowd. With remarkable quickness—for a father—Tilden understood. Putting his tongue in his cheek he tiptoed from the room.

"Don't cry, honey," O'Neil murmured. "It's only a flesh wound. It'll be all right if blood-poison doesn't set in."

"Blood-poison!" she cried. "Jerry! Oh, no! What can we do to prevent it?"

"I don't know. A little care and attention, I suppose. I have a pretty good mozo over at the house. I guess he can pull me through."

"I guess not!" she flashed. "You're going to stay here until you're well, and I'm going to take care of you!"

"Won't I be interfering with—er—the other gentleman?"

"Don't be silly, Jerry." She frowned. "I can do my duty by both."

"Duty—hm!" O'Neil reflected. "Duty—d—m!"

"Just to show you, I'm going to sit up with you all night!" she cried, her face glorified with an inner light. What a passion she had for martyrdom!

Before he could protest he perceived McKenzie, garbed in a red plaid bathrobe, standing in the door. They glared at each other.

"What's happened?" inquired McKenzie.

"Jerry's shot!" Expectantly Janet turned to McKenzie for his sympathy.

But there was none forthcoming. He stood silent, jealous, beetle-browed. Then he shifted his weight from one foot to the other.

"Where?" he asked drily, after a long sullen pause.

"In the hand." Janet had difficulty in controlling her temper.

"And all this excitement—just for that?" McKenzie sneered. "I thought it was something serious."

The pain had been causing O'Neil severe discomfort. His arm throbbed and his hand ached. McKenzie's very presence irritated him.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE.)

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Brazil, sounds as simple and easy as
KEEPING house in Rio de Janeiro.

THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE IN BRAZIL.

By Elsie Noble Caldwell.

Saturday

The Illustrated Weekly Magazine

Except breakfasting being extremely different from the Brazilian custom, with the slightest exception.

In the problem of eating and drinking many items quite ordinary on our daily menu, we find here have leaped into the luxury class, and vice versa. Fruits heretofore considered as exclusively for the millionaire's table are ours for a milreis (35 cents) per dozen—alligator pears, sapotas, etc.; while apples actually put on purple and ermine, so as to speak. With brain fogged by the reckoning of reis and milreis, we find upon gaining chartered bearings that we have paid \$1.50 (gold) for a dozen bellefleurs. And at that you are not allowed to carry your precious fruit if you are homeward bound on the street car. It is not the thing to carry parcels, anyway. They are ordinated off first-class cars, and you are ordinated off second-class cars—so there you are. In order to transport your purchase you must hire a "carriador" for a small fee and pay his second-class fare. There is little hope of economizing in the details of housekeeping which at home we can, without great inconvenience, treat with frugality. The sense of values is necessarily re-standardized to conform to new conditions; this being forced, as it were, into being "something of a lady" is only one of many little circumstances that arise.

American-made soda crackers are not to be had; and the Edinburgh crackers packed in tin boxes, the only way practicable in this damp climate, cost 500 reis (30 cents) for the regular 10-cent package. Lowrey's chocolates, also packed in tin, are \$2 per pound, and the price of Minnesota flour more than doubled. So, on we go, through the list of imported foods and conscientious

stuffs. Not knowing the dietary value of one-half the vegetables which the smiling "quintandros" brought to our door, my first dinner consisted of three salads and not a single cooked vegetable; it took several weeks to convince the cook that we were not abnormally fond of fresh vegetable salads.

Meat, excepting fowl, which is peddled in baskets from door to door, is the only thing for which it is best to go to the market; this should be bought very early in the day for the markets seldom have ice. Slaughtering is done between 12 and 1 o'clock a.m., and whatever is not sold by midnight of the same day is confiscated by the government. Seldom is there any left; instead, the markets are more apt to be sold out early in the afternoon, the butcher buying "short" rather than risk losing the profit of that which has been sold. Then he closes his shop and goes home for the day. At the market which does happen to have a surplus the poor people vie with one another in a freeze-out, seeing who can hang around the latest and thus get for almost nothing whatever is left. The price of meat is reasonable and the quality very satisfactory. The government inspector performs his duties with relentless concern for the glorification of his position, living up to every inch of his natty uniform and cocky little cap.

One's troubles are not ended with the buying and cooking. The art of eating is in many cases a serious subject, not to mention that of acquiring a taste for the untried. The enjoyment of eating a mango is considerably reduced by the anxiety as to a safe finish. This soft, fibered fruit

does not cut easily with a knife, so much of our meals consist of one hand tearing at the other's work. I have never seen a Brazilian who would cut a piece of meat with a knife, and in public places—so to speak—the delicately sweetened, and when they are not too hot, we may as well think of our backs.

In many households coffee is treated fresh every day, a servant being kept for this particular task; few Americans, however, have arrived at this degree of coffee discernment. The process is tedious and slow, for under the heavy iron kettle is never a blaze—only glowing coals. Hour after hour the patient, gaily-turbaned black woman sits and stirs, and stirs, and stirs the fragrant smelling grains until they are almost burned; then it is only pulverized as needed, and made by the dripping process. The Brazilian says he never drinks coffee out of his own country; one sip and the honor is his.

The American housewife who survives her first few spasms of homesickness for apple pie and English-speaking servants seldom fails to find life in Brazil most alluring; and maintaining a home does happily mean the joy of turkey and pumpkin pie at Thanksgiving and plum-pudding at Christmas. But since that snow-idealized holiday arrives in the hottest part of a tropical summer, many of the American colony prefer to have their national dinner on the Fourth of July—the one day when all Brazilians are United States-Americans, too. They join in our sports and in every possible way give the Yankee plenty of elbow room in which to demonstrate his pent-up patriotism.

But in spite of this show of homeland devotion, it stands that the United States has lost a number of good citizens to Brazil's charming capital.

The banana and pineapple are regarded as staple food products and no larder is ever without a supply of both. The newcomer, however, is warned against eating too much of either one before he has become thoroughly acclimated, lest he get a "touch" of fever—said "touch" often lasting for years. This tropical fever is usually found to be the result of improper diet, so the housewife's imperative duty is to promptly investigate what is proper and what is not. Bahian oranges—I hesitate to say this, yet why not, for they are parent

The Salve Regina of "Gran'ma" Padilla.

BY MARIA DE PUÝ DE GALEANA.

"GRAN'MA" bent near the dim light of two kerosene lamps that stood on a small table, and crocheted a lavender dressing cap. "I will try to sell or raffle it for \$5, to help pay my rent," she said. "Dios es grande. He will not let me fall to, pay my rent nor let me starve. If only I could hear from my niece in Guanajuato, my sister's daughter. She wrote me that she had sold her piano and two sewing machines to get the money with which to come. For her I took these two rooms. This is my little house."

Gran'ma smiled cheerfully, showing her toothless gums behind lips once beautiful; her black eyes sparkled with unshed tears that refused to brim over; her snowy hair crowned a head poised with dignity; her needle flew, forming loops and points and curves. "Truly I do not know why my niece, Loreto, does not write. Perhaps the typhus—God knows. They tell me that her grandmother and her married sister that live in Marfil and all of her three children and her sister's husband, are dead of the scourge. Loreto knows how to sew; together we were to have lived, I making flowers out of ribbons, and crocheting caps and yokes. But now, quien sabe? Solo Dios."

"But your children, gran'ma?"

"Yes, my children do very well. My two daughters; they have very good husbands, very good. For that may God be thanked. They lack for no thing. Laura she live in New York; she marry to a doctor; she have six children. Laura, she say to me, 'Mother, you come live with us.' I say, 'No, Laura,' because when I live with my son-in-law in Guanajuato his brother who live with him—no not my son-in-law; my son-in-law he very good Jew; but the brother of my son-in-law—he say to him: 'What for you keep this old woman? I think she no good for anything.' So they write my son Ed to send me the money, and I come here. When I get to station I see my daughter-in-law Cora inquire of very fashionable people, 'Are you Mrs. Padilla?' and I try to hide behind some people because I so shame. I not very rich dressed; I not elegant. Cora, she very elegant, she very rich dressed; she buy forty, \$50 dresses. So I come out from behind rich people and say 'I am Mrs. Padilla.' Cora look my black dress, my long black coat, my plain hat. She say, 'ver' rough. 'You come with me.' I not see my son. Cora she leave me alone all day. I live with my son ten months. My daughter-in-law treat me very bad. She say I all time make her very nervous. At last she say me, 'You can have the day off. Ed and I

will dine in town,' I say. That is what I was accustomed to say to my servants but I no will stan' this from no Daga daughter-in-law. Then Cora she have nervous prostration, and I go. Cora she go her Daga papa, that sell wine, and have nervous fit. Gran'pa Cusi he say, 'Yod an' Ed nice pair! When I old you both treat me same way. I no leave you not one cent but one only dollar; so you go hustle with your Ed.'"

Gran'ma winked both bright eyes very hard and smiled. "I hope I get enough work to pay my rent. I want show them I can maintain myself. Cora she say me, 'I get you permission to go Sister's Charity Home because, you know, Ed an' I cannot get on in the world an' give to an old woman such like you.' I say, 'I know that. Wait a little longer. I try.'"

"And your other daughter, gran'ma?"

"My other daughter she also marry very well. She live in Guatemala. She have very good husband too. She tell me, 'Mother, you no come here; you die malaría; you don't want die so far from home.' God very good to me, I say. 'When I die, all my children I leave very happy. I think I go bed soon. I try get money for land lady tomorrow. I tired now.' And gran'ma put up her crocheting and smoked a cigarette preparatory to saying her night prayers; for gran'ma was still addicted to the habit she had acquired in her girlhood, notwithstanding her being a real and very charming lady. She turned out one kerosene light and, by the dim light of the other, composed herself for prayer. Her thoughts strayed back to her girlhood. In her memory it did not seem so far away. Praying, she dreamed.

She was back in the open-courted house of her fathers. Brothers and sisters were here. Here was a stern father. Her mother was only a memory. She was beautiful. Though poor, she had many admirers; she was of good family, and that counted for much. She had a musical voice and sang in the church choir and in amateur theatricals. She loved, and was beloved but her father disapproved her choice. He desired for her a rich suitor. Her cousin, Ricardo Mendez, was only a poor composer. He composed for her, his sweetheart, a "Salve Regina" that she only was to sing in the church. Only her thrilling voice should soar on his celestial notes.

Gran'ma's head bent lower and lower beside the iron bed. A cold gust of air blew the flame of the single lamp until, its oil burned, it flickered and went out. Gran'ma still dreamed the dream of her girlhood.

Back in the greatest silver-mining city in the world, in the old church choir, Gran'ma

waited to commence the splendid notes of the "Salve Regina" composed for her by her lover. Those notes were never sung by her. A commotion in the choir caused her to turn. They laid his body at her feet. Attempting to reach her on this, the first night of his great composition, his horse had fallen over a precipice. He was dead. The original "Salve Regina" of her lover was stolen. Gran'ma was long in recovering her voice.

An unfortunate marriage—still against her father's wishes—motherhood, bereavements, abandonment, still found gran'ma's form erect and her black eyes sparkling under the crown of silver hair. Once she had returned to the city of her birth, many years had passed. She knelt in the ancient church she knew so well. The strains of her "Salve Regina" floated through its vaulted nave and columned arches. She who had been faithful wife to an unloved husband, mother of many children, had seen herself abandoned in their young childhood, now heard the soul of her girlhood's lover not in the voice of the singer but in the voice that her imagination told her that lover had come so far and so tragically to hear, nearly a half a century before. A great light burst on her closed vision. The hard years in a foreign land among alien peoples; her stern father; the husband that had long ago deserted her; her children that were so well settled in life that she thanked God daily that they would not miss her; the charity home or the poor house to which they would consign her, were all blotted out in the ineffable light.

Gran'ma's fashionable "Daga" daughter-in-law pressed a perfumed piece of lace to her painted nostrils before venturing over the threshold. She turned to her husband impatiently. "I have been telling you for a long time that she was fit only for the poor house. You see she is incapable of caring for herself and I am sure we cannot afford to support her. Besides, the smell of her cigarettes—I, myself, may smoke one occasionally," she checked herself at her husband's accusing glance and giggled, "but I smoke not for comfort but for pastime and I smoke fashionably," and she pressed the perfumed lace handkerchief still closer to her painted nostrils as they entered the spotless room where gran'ma knelt, unheeding.

The sparkle was gone from gran'ma's eyes when they lifted her. "I think you go to Sisters' Asylum now," said her daughter-in-law.

Gran'ma's dim eyes sought the photograph of the prosperous-looking father of the six children that had been born to her, three of

whom lay in their far-off graves under a southern sky, three of whom were so well married that she daily gave thanks to the good Dios that when she died they would not miss her. She smiled her toothless smile with lips still beautiful. Her snowy hair crowned a personality full of charm and dignity.

"Well, if you wish, I go," she answered and tears streamed from her unusually dim eyes. Her accustomed fingers reached for the lavender cap that she was trying to complete to finish paying her rent. "Only, I like to wait to see if my husband, the father of my six children, no want me before I die. I try pay my rent. I try maintain myself. Dios es muy grande. I like wait a little longer to see if he remember me or if Dios take me. My children all very happy. Dios es muy grande."

Grafting in China.

[World Outlook:] Why can't China build her own railroads, dredge her own canals? She has engineers who are no slouches, she has limitless material, and the cheapest of labor.

There are two reasons, sloth, and graft, the outgrowth of sloth.

Try to take one of the little steamers that ply from point to point along the coast of China. "Will the boat leave today at the scheduled time?" you ask the agents at the pier. Well, no, probably not till tomorrow, the courteous Chinese will tell you. Tomorrow again there is some delay, and you may hang about a week before you get off in that steamer. How could such methods build a trunk line from Peking to Canton, even if the government could float all the bonds in the world?

Graft, which permeates all China, from the highest official to the poorest coolie, would make it very difficult for a corporation to live. So many would take bites from the melon!

A missionary over here on a visit tells a story of a Chinese boy, educated in a mission school, who nearly upset a whole province by refusing graft. Sent on some expedition for the local government, he was given what in our money would be \$300 for expenses. When he returned he handed in \$50.

"What is this for?" they asked.

"I only spent \$250," he explained.

There was a great to-do, and the Governor of the province sent to see this lad, who had done what no man had ever been known to do before. But he was solemnly assured that he must not return the \$50 because it would mortify others who kept all they could get.

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JERRY BRINGS MATTERS TO A FOCUS.

The Illustrated Weekly Magazine

Jan. 12, 1917.

The Illustrated Weekly Magazine

THE MARRIED LIFE OF HELEN AND WARREN.

Helen Economizes on the Meat Bill. By Mabel Herbert Urner.

THREE monster turkeys, a tray of lamb chops with paper curls, a brace of partridges, and a scored-back suckling pig with a necklace of sausage links, graced the holly-trimmed window of Boyd's meat market.

Inside, against the white-tiled walls, hung a row of lamb carcasses festooned with chains of evergreen. The marble slabs and glass-fronted refrigerators were crowded with the usual Saturday morning supply of choice and expensive cuts.

Helen could never enter a butcher's without a shuddering thought of all the helpless animals so ruthlessly slaughtered. Shrinkingly she turned her back on some rabbits hanging head-downward, their gray fur, limp paws, and pathetic, blood-stained heads reminding her distressingly of Pussy Pummew.

Forcing back her futile, unavailing pity, she glanced about, trying to decide on her order. Nearing the end of the month, her household allowance was alarmingly low. For the next few days she must buy with the strictest economy.

She had prided herself on the fact that, in spite of the alarming rise in all food, she had so far kept the grocery and meat bill within a very small advance of the same months last year.

"No guinea-hens this morning," Mr. Boyd himself, freshly white-coated, was at the telephone. "We've some fine partridges. Three?" writing the order.

"Sweetbreads for luncheon—and a porterhouse steak cut thick. Now is that all, Mrs. Ward?" Yes, I'll send them right over.

Helen, waiting to be served, wondered at this careless extravagance of ordering lavishly over the phone without an inquiry as to weight or price.

"Good morning, Mrs. Curtis," said Mr. Boyd, closing the order book and with bland sniveling turning to Helen. "What can I do for you this morning?"

"How much are lamb chops?"

"Loin thirty-four—rib, thirty-six."

"And pork chops?"

"Twenty-four," with the faintest note of condensation.

"Six, cut very thin, please. Not more than a pound and a quarter."

Disappearing into the electric-lighted refrigerator, Mr. Boyd returned with a loin of pork. With deft, surgical precision he cut six clefts in the pinkish flesh, then chopped through the bone and tossed them on the scale. The needle flew to a pound and three-quarters.

"Forty-two cents," as he lifted them off, with no apology for the heavier weight.

"Now what else?" Some fine Canada saddle this morning?

Helen ignored this suggestion. Mr. Boyd's habit of always cutting a quarter to a half pound more than she asked for was most annoying. She had said definitely to cut them thin—about a pound and a quarter—and he could cut to an ounce when he wished. He deliberately chose this method of increasing her bill and his profit.

"What are your fowls?" deciding against a complaint on a busy Saturday morning.

"Twenty-eight and thirty. One about five pounds?"

"No, thank you, I believe the chops will be all," rebelling at the exorbitant price and his air of taking her order for granted.

Knowing that six pork chops was a conspicuously small and impudicious Saturday order, and conscious of Mr. Boyd's imperceptibly waning suavity, it was with a heightening color that Helen hurried out.

Why must she always trade there? It was the highest priced and most independent shop in the neighborhood. Twenty-eight cents for fowl! Even on this wave of high prices that was excessive. Boyd's catered to an expensive and exclusive patronage. There must be shops, dependent upon a less affluent trade, that handled good meat.

She remembered a small butcher's next to a little Italian grocery, several blocks down a side street, where she occasionally bought spaghetti and Parmesan cheese. It would be worth investigating. Holding her muff against her cold-reddened face she hurried on.

Small, dingy shops and a swarm of children proclaimed the cheapening neighborhood. Before the butcher's window she hesitated, unfavorably impressed by the array of discolored signs.

"Roasting Lamb, 18 cents;" "Navel Corned Beef, 12 cents;" "Prime Roast Beef, 20 cents;" "Sausage, 16 cents;" "Chicken, 16 cents—20 cents," they read.

The shop was narrow, low-ceilinged, and dimly lit by the one sign-cluttered window. A man with a blood-stained apron was serving a shawl-headed customer. With interest Helen watched her order—a pound and a half of liver and 10 cents' worth of soup meat.

A greasy chopping block, and the soiled, clotted sawdust on the floor, contrasted unpleasantly with the white spotlessness of Boyd's. Very little fresh meat was displayed; instead were rows of smoke-blackened hams and strips of oily bacon. Some sausages, spareribs and cuts of round and chuck steak were in a counter case.

"A good-sized fowl for fricassee," repeated Helen, as the woman, with her parcels under her shawl, passed out.

From a small wooden refrigerator in the dark rear, he took out a couple of chickens with dangling, feathered heads.

They were very different from the plump, white-fleshed poultry she bought at Boyd's. They looked bruised and bluish, and so scraggly thin that the breast bone almost pierced the leathery, roughly plucked skin.

"Haven't you some that are plumper? And these look so dark and mottled."

"They all run about the same, ma'am. They're fine, fresh chickens—that's only skin bruises."

Helen hesitated, undecided. It was probably only from careless handling. She must expect some difference for the eight cents less on the pound.

The five-pound chicken was only a dollar—32 cents less than at Boyd's, she reflected, hurrying home, the brown paper parcel concealed by her muff. Besides, to buy their meat elsewhere occasionally would be a salutary lesson for Mr. Boyd, Helen thought.

He would not be so unobligingly sure of their custom, and it might correct his tendency to cut overweight.

"The meat's come, ma'am, but there's only pork chops," announced Jane, as Helen entered the kitchen. "Didn't you order nothing for Sunday?"

"Yes, here's a chicken—I went to another place," giving her the package. "Wash it well before you put it in the refrigerator," running in to answer the clamoring phone.

It was Warren, calling up to say he was bringing Mr. Holton home to dinner. They were starting out now to look at some Long Island lots, and might be a little late, but they would try to get back around 7.

"Jane, Mr. Curtis is bringing a gentleman to dinner. Those chops won't be enough—we'd better have the chicken."

"I'm afraid it wouldn't keep, nohow. It don't look any too good to me."

Stooping over the pan in which Jane was washing the chicken, Helen sniffed at it anxiously. There was no odor but the bluish skin was loose and flabby.

"Oh, I think that's all right, Jane," reassuringly. "Boil it well, and Mr. Curtis likes plenty of gravy. We'll have the cauliflower tonight too—and rice the potatoes. You can open a glass of that grape jelly."

It was a quarter past seven when Warren and Mr. Holton, tired, cold and hungry, came stamping in, their overcoats glistening with the fine, misty snow. By the time they had washed up, Jane had dinner on the table.

"Jove, that was a cold ride!" Warren rubbed his still glowing ears.

"You get used to that," laughed Mr. Holton, who lived in Riverdale. "I drive in al-

most every day—don't think anything of it."

"What do you like—blonde or brunette?" Warren was forking over the platter of fricassee chicken, garnished with rice, boiled onions and gravy.

"Anything; I'm not particular. Yes, that's fine."

It was not until Jane had finished serving the cauliflower and potatoes that Warren assaulted the second joint on his plate.

"Hello, what's the matter with this bird?" struggling with the sinuous leg.

Regardless of who was at the table, Warren's remarks were always uncensored. He never hesitated to criticize the food before guests.

"Tough? It's like leather?" Ignoring Helen's restraining glance. "How's your piece, Holton, can you cut it? Well, that's more than I can. Talk about the high cost of rubber—right here's a substitute."

"Oh, dear, please don't," entreated Helen. "There's some cold ham—"

"Well, trot it out! This old cock won his championship the same year as John L. Hold on there, Holton, don't risk your teeth."

Mr. Holton, distressed at Helen's embarrassment, was struggling courageously with the piece on his plate.

Though the boiled ham was delicious, Warren's indignation was unabated.

"Boyd's keep open Saturday night, don't they? Well, I'll give 'em a calling down over the phone. They can't put over that antiquated rooster—and get away with it. That old Methuselah is coming off our bill."

Fortunately Mr. Holton, having to drive to Riverdale, left soon after dinner. Helen was hoping fervently that Warren had forgotten the chicken, but now as he settled down to read, he turned abruptly to the telephone.

"By George, I almost forgot about that butcher. What's the number?"

"Oh, dear I—I didn't get that at Boyd's!" "You didn't?" sharply. "Well where in blazes did you get it?"

"At a little shop—they wouldn't have a phone."

"Trying to economize on meat, eh? That may work on vegetables but when it comes to meat—we'll try no experiments. You buy the best!"

"But dear, fowls at Boyd's were 28 and 30 cents. That seemed an awful—"

"Well, any woman who's kept house as long as you have—and buys an old patriarch like that! Huh," with scathing derision, "you'd better stick to a reliable shop where they keep the right stuff—even if they do soak you!"

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to kill yourself. That's why I cried."

When McKenzie had gone O'Neill took Janet by the shoulders.

"Tell me, dear," he asked hungrily, "what do you like most about me?"

"Your irresponsibility with a six-shooter," she laughed. "It shows you're a boy in need of a guardian." Then, more soberly, "I realized a great many things last night, dear. You're sweet and brave and noble and—I love you."

Milk From a Vegetable Cow.

[Youth's Companion:] The milk problem is by way of being solved in Japan, where cows are scarce, by an extensive use of artificial milk derived from the soy bean. First, the Japanese soak the beans, then boil them until the liquid turns white, when they add sugar and phosphate of potash. The boiling is resumed until a fluid results very similar in consistency and appearance to ordinary condensed milk. When water is added, soy milk is hardly to be distinguished from fresh cow's milk.

In composition also the artificial milk is almost like genuine milk. Its protein, fats and sugars are in very nearly the same proportion, although, of course, they are wholly vegetable in origin.

Whether the substitute is equal to real cow's milk as a form of nourishment is not quite clear, for much of the value of milk as a food comes from the enzymes or vitamins it contains. The Japanese, however, declare that it serves all the purposes of cow's milk, and that it has the advantage of being less liable to infection when properly and carefully manufactured.

More explicit, that this—madman shot his hand intentionally. Now what other reason, may I ask, did he have, than to work on your sympathy and take advantage of your tender-heartedness?"

How like blundering old Tilden to tell that as a joke on O'Neill. Before Janet could reply to the conundrum Jerry whisked his gun out and handed it to McKenzie.

"It's so, pray don't let me keep the advantage. Shoot your hand and we'll be even," he cried.

Janet gave a little scream and drew back. McKenzie paled and his hands shook as he put them in front of him.

"Put it down! You're crazy! Put it down!" he shrieked womanishly.

"I was given to understand that you were brave," O'Neill remarked, slipping the gun back into the holster. He turned to Janet.

"He's right, though, about my doing it intentionally. But it's more than he'd do for you, at that. All I wanted was an excuse to be near you. It was the only way I could discover. I guess I am a madman. But you're the cause of it."

Furiously McKenzie stamped. "Does he go or do I?"

"I thought you were sweet and patient, Dustin McKenzie," Janet said slowly. "But you are jealous and selfish and bad tempered. Of course Jerry is crazy, but he's braver than you are. Whenever you are ready Pancho will drive you to town in the Buick. I'm very glad this little accident has come up. It helps me wonderfully." Smiling up into Jerry's face, she went on.

"Jerry, I had a suspicion you did it on purpose. Only at first, I thought you had tried

Jerry Brings Matters to a Focus.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-TWO.)

"Say," he growled, "I'll bet if you had it it'd be serious, all right. But, of course, you know as much about bullets as I do about—Browning."

"Jerry!" Janet remonstrated, sharply. "He's my guest!—Mr. McKenzie, please go to bed. I know it's not good for you to wander around at night."

McKenzie cleared his throat once, shifted his weight again and opened his mouth as though to protest. But, struck by the futility of it, he whirled abruptly and stamped down the hallway. His door slammed and the old ranch house echoed with its petulance.

O'Neill wanted to shout with glee. How sweet and noble was McKenzie! But when he saw the pained abstraction on Janet's face he studiously avoided smiling.

"He's not used to being waked up at night," she explained.

The clock ticked on the mantel. Outside was the shuffling of feet as the vaqueros crowded around the house to ascertain the source of the shot. Tilden's voice rose in benevolent explanation that there had been no raid from the border, that the dove of peace still slept with its head under its wing. Gradually the shuffling ceased and the chatter of Spanish faded away.

What a wonderful night it was! Janet banked him up with pillows, covered him with Indian blankets and sat holding his uninjured hand until the first ribbons of

dawn fluttered across the sky. Together they watched the sun break through the clouds, and tried to interpret what the mourning doves said to each other in the olive trees. When the Indian maid peeped into the room Janet suddenly decided that she herself and no other should get Jerry's breakfast.

Left alone, he stretched happily and rambled out to the porch to breathe the fresh desert air. There is a tang to an Arizona morning that is nowhere else. O'Neill loved it.

But his enjoyment was short-lived. There sat Dustin McKenzie.

"Good morning," he sneered. "I see you didn't die."

"Your eyesight is excellent," returned O'Neill.

Janet's calling "Jerry!" prevented further hostilities. She came out to them. McKenzie rose at once and stood in front of her.

"Janet," he said, "yesterday you led me to believe that my suit for you was not unwelcome. If you meant what you said, prove it by allowing this—this bounder to take care of himself. I want to tell you right now that you must choose between us. I cannot remain under the same roof with him. Either he goes or I go. Which shall it be?"

Janet gasped. This was certainly high-handed treatment for her to receive.

"I don't quite like the way you—well, I don't understand you today at all," she stammered.

"Very well, I'll explain. I understand, from roundabout gossip, your father, to be

THE ONLY WOMAN FOREST FIRE LOOKOUT.

Lives Alone on Mountain Top. By a Special Contributor.

MISS JULIE CLEMENT AND THE NEW CAR.

A Double Awakening. By Euleta Wadsworth.

THE day before the firemen's ball on the Fourth of July, I came to luncheon wholly abstracted, humming softly. I had been accompanying Julie Clement, and playing accompaniments is a passion with me. I'd met Miss Clement two weeks before when she came to town to spend her vacation visiting her people, and she really fascinated me. She was not only by far the best singer I'd ever had the opportunity to play for, but she amused me by the lively amazement she exhibited in her cunning French way at everything. She had never before been in the country.

I'd barely got seated at the table when mother asked if I were going to the ball tomorrow evening.

"Why, yes, mother, of course," I answered, engrossed by the haunting melody of "L'Envoi de Fleurs."

"Has Archer asked you?" Mother's voice sounded constrained.

That question struck me as being queer, how queer you can imagine when I tell you that my friendship with Archer Cunningham had begun somewhere in the period when two long straight black braids hung down my back and two long straight black stockings showed between my dress and my shoe tops. Since then our constant but wholly unsentimental companionship had been unbroken except for a short time when Archer went East for his business course and I went to San Francisco for finishing music lessons. Now, with Archer back running his father's bank and me teaching the youngsters of our village to play the piano, it was still plodding along unchanged. Our rides behind the Cunningham bay and our tramps in knickerbockers and short skirt to Sulphur Springs and the canyon on Sunday afternoons seemed scarcely to have been interrupted.

I couldn't imagine what had prompted mother to ask such a question. It was not like her to bother her head about my affairs. Anyway, didn't Arch always ask me to go everywhere? Had he ever failed since we were children?

"Not yet, but he will," I answered and looked at her curiously. I hadn't had time to see Archer since I'd begun rehearsing with Miss Clement for the church concert, though he had telephoned repeatedly wanting to see me.

"Oscar came in just now on his way to luncheon," said mother.

Oscar is my cousin ten years older than I, who takes a sort of big-brother interest in me.

"He said he hadn't asked any one to go to the ball, and he'd come for you if you wanted him to," mother explained to my questioning glance.

"Humph! that's funny," I noticed that mother didn't meet my look squarely, but in an instant my mind jumped to that wonderful climax in "The Year's at the Spring," and a busy afternoon at teaching and another rehearsal with Miss Clement next morning completely absorbed me. I didn't think about Archer again until at 8 o'clock, with my hair fixed and my slippers and undershirt on, I realized that he hadn't called me. He was sick, of course. I caught up a kimono and ran down to the telephone. Arch's young brother answered.

"Where's Archer?"

"Gone to the ball half an hour ago," drawled the boy.

I hung up the receiver with the queerest sensation I'd ever experienced. If I'd been told that the Courthouse had just crumbled and fallen into Main street, it might have produced something similar.

Mother came to the hall door, looking as if she'd been expecting it. "Oscar would take you," she reminded.

I suddenly felt like a very small boat without oars or sail or rudder adrift on a very big bewildering sea; but under mother's prodding I called Oscar, and in half an hour we were on our way.

The music for the grand march struck up promptly at 9 o'clock. Still dazed, I was just rising from my chair when I saw Archer walking down the hall. Suddenly the red, white and blue of the draped flags on the opposite wall became a mass of indistinguishable writhing color. Julie Clement was holding his arm.

It was no Courthouse-crumbled-to-Main street sensation that assailed me now. It

was the crumbling of the very foundation of my little world. But by the time the grand march was over I had recovered sufficiently to sit down by Julie Clement and to chat lightly with Archer, who never once looked straight at me. To hide from others that your world has crumbled requires only the skill of good acting; to deceive yourself on that score, however, is quite another matter. But I continued all through the week to bend my will to that task by refusing to think except in involuntary flashes. I counted my steps or the pickets of the fences as I walked along to give my lessons, and at night I left my light burning to count over and over desperately the roses in my wall paper.

I was just beginning to get back, I thought, to my serene sensible self when an incident happened at the end of the programme at the concert Tuesday evening. Miss Clement had gone back to the stage in response to continued hand clapping. From the wings I was watching her bow and sparkle when Jim Welch, who was acting as usher, came down the aisle and presented her with an armful of American Beauty roses. Hopdale had never in its history seen so many hothouse roses in one bunch. They exactly matched the color of her gauzy bouffant gown; and, as she bowed and smiled afresh, she was a picture to remember. I guessed who had ordered those roses from a city florist, and I fled through the back stage door, leaving father and mother waiting for me out in front.

Although I had the house to myself when I got home, I went straight to my room and locked the door.

"There is going to be an understanding right now," I announced in an over-loud voice to the walls as I dropped my coat. Then of the white-faced, set-slipped girl in my dresser mirror I demanded:

"What's the matter with you, anyway?" She didn't answer at once, seeming to have some trouble in forming her words.

"It's the nervous strain of the concert," she finally said, but dropped her eyes as she said it.

"Bah!" I exclaimed roughly, "don't hedge. You're ugly enough to be honest. Now tell me, is there any reason why Archer shouldn't be infatuated with Miss Clement? Hasn't she snapping black eyes (here I looked critically at the wide gray ones in the mirror) and isn't she as different from the Hopdale product as a goddess from a clod?"

As I got no response, I went on severely, meaning to have everything out and settled then and there.

"Why should you care one way or the other? Didn't you refuse three times last week to see Archer on account of those important rehearsals? And haven't you always promptly squelched his every foolish symptom of sentiment? Be honest. It will do you good."

For answer she caught in her breath with a sharp sound that was pretty closely related to a sob. Then she set her strong, even, white teeth over her trembling lower lip and, jerking up her chin, walked away to the other end of the room. I was disappointed at the outcome of the interview; it had not accomplished what I'd hoped it would.

When I heard the front gate click behind father and mother, I went down stairs and turned on the porch light for them. Just that little definite action, having a special thing to do and doing it, was a relief to my feelings. Perhaps it was that which prompted me to seek mother in the sewing-room next morning.

"Mother, let's go out to the canyon and camp for a few weeks. Father and Bob can drive back and forth to the store. It will be fine for them to sleep out of doors. I'll do all the packing, every bit of it." My hands fairly itched to drag the old camp stove out of the basement, pack boxes of frying pans and kettles, and roll and rope bedding. In fact, I felt as though I wanted to roll and pack mountains.

Mother looked up from her buttonholes to scan my face anxiously.

"Why, yes, dear, I guess we can. I'll speak to father at luncheon."

By 1 o'clock that afternoon I was nailing boxes in the midst of orderly piles of camp stuff. The energy I put into each

hammer stroke seemed to come back doubled in courage until I felt I could again stand by my resolution to let no one know, not even myself, the condition of my world's foundation; instead of deserting as I had last night at the sight of the roses. In proof of which 5 o'clock found me saying good-by to Miss Clement and inviting her to spend a day with us in camp.

"Oh," she cried, clapping her plump little white hands, "ah, sat will be beautiful! I shall love it above all things."

"I shall ask Archer Cunningham to bring you out. It's only three miles." My voice was firm and matter-of-fact.

"Oh, by sat time he will be running his new motor. We can fly out. How sweet of you!"

I grew suddenly sick at the mention of the automobile. Archer and I had talked so much about it, and he'd always said I should be the first to ride in it. It was a jolt to my new fund of courage to hear her coolly planning to take my place. But in still further proof of my strength I went home and wrote a note to Archer, asking him to bring Miss Clement to camp Sunday.

Any one who has not settled a camp can never conceive of the work. Mother and I hustled every daylight hour from the time our baggage was dropped under the big pepperwoods on Thursday until we heard the pulse of the new automobile coming by the canyon Sunday. My own pulse began throbbing then with a dull ache, but I forced a smile and hurried out to the road.

The automobile was black and as shiny as a mirror. That was all I noticed until the mist of excitement had cleared from my eyes and Archer was helping Miss Clement out. Then I saw that she was attired in pink silk with white kid gloves to her elbows and bareheaded, her brilliant black hair dressed as for the opera. I felt coarsely unfeminine in my corduroy camp dress and rusty tan boots.

"My! what a dirty place!" she exclaimed, halting on the running board. "Shall I step into so deep dirt?" Her big eyes appealed to Archer while one white slipper poised above the dusty road.

Archer flushed. "I guess you'll have to." I took Miss Clement through the hazel brush to camp. Archer followed in his knickerbockers and boots.

"Oh!" she cried when we were in the midst of our outdoor living-room, "where is the house?"

"This is it," I gestured to include the whole camp. "Here is our dining-room." I led her to the table under a big madrona. "And that's the kitchen," pointing to the stove. "And our bedrooms are on the other side."

"What!" she almost screamed when she saw my roofless cot with its four walls of canvas nailed at the corners to four small trees. "Do you sleep like sis with six bugs and six snakes?" She began to look around nervously.

We went back to the hammocks and canvas chairs and redwood magazine-table that made our living-room where Archer and mother were standing, and in the quiet moment which followed Miss Clement heard the creek which is right beside the camp.

"Oh! so brook. I should like a drink from so brook."

I took the tin cup from its nail on a tree, but Archer took it from my hand without looking at me and filled it.

"Do you drink from sis-sis tin?" she inquired as she took the handle between the tips of her forefinger and thumb.

"Of course, in camp," answered Archer.

With a melting smile she accepted his dictum in child-like confidence and drank. And I knew it was not altogether her prettiness that had captivated Archer; it was her extreme femininity, that confidently-clinging-vine manner which had captivated countless Archers since the world began. I looked at my muscular sunburned arms and my hob-nailed boots, and bitterness began to germinate in my soul.

The sun had got around from the hill, and, shining through a thin place in our roof of pepperwood branches, was making the camp lovely with mottled brightness along the bank of the creek and on the trunks of the two great trees that the red hammock

swung between. Miss Clement was asking if the hammock took the place of my piano when her eyes suddenly dilated with terror. She shrieked in a way to set the marrow in our bones. The next instant she was on her feet in her chair, wrapping the pink silk dress around her ankles and emitting a rapid-fire series of those marrow-curdling shrieks.

"So-so-beast! What sees it?" She pointed to the base of the larger pepperwood.

I followed her finger and saw a little gray lizard about six inches long sunning himself and blinking sleepily. I went over and touched his tail with my boot toe, and he ran off. Archer stuck his hands in his pockets and walked out of camp.

I helped Miss Clement down, and soon after dinner was ready. But she wouldn't eat a bite and kept looking nervously under the table every few moments. I was a frazzle when Archer took her home, and I went to bed in a very unhappy state of mind. Finally I had to admit to myself and the summer stars which burned into my wide eyes that I was terribly disappointed over not being first to ride in the new automobile.

All day Monday that disappointment lay upon my heart as heavy as the automobile itself. By evening I couldn't talk without my voice quivering, so I went down by the swimming-hole to be alone. I walked back and forth along the bank so deep in my misery that I was not conscious of a far-away sound against my ears. It was with a sudden shock which rooted me in my tracks I first realized that the throb of an auto engine was almost upon me.

There were but three automobiles in Hopdale. I didn't have to guess which one was coming to this camp. I looked desperately at the broad stretch of water between me and the opposite bank. I was not in a mood to see any one, least of all Archer Cunningham. If I ran up stream I should confront father and mother and Bob peacefully reading around the table; if I ran down stream I should meet Archer, for most likely he would drive the car to the side of the road and walk to camp the same way he did yesterday. These thoughts flashed through my mind with a speed which by comparison made a snail of the automobile. What could I do? I looked wildly about for a place to hide.

The thin graceful hazel-brush offered no refuge. The pulse of the engine grew louder and nearer. Each separate throb struck my brain like a pile-driver. Once for the fraction of a second I considered diving into the water and swimming across to the opposite side; yet, even in my desperation, I knew I could not climb the steep crumbling bank. The car was now so near I heard the gear shifted for the steep short pitch not a hundred yards from the stopping place. I ran wildly a few steps toward camp; then whirled and ran back toward the swimming hole. The engine had stopped. I heard the snap of dry twigs under Archer's feet. I plunged blindly into a half-made path that cut through the hazel wood. And—I ran square into him.

"Say, Nell, I want you to come for a ride in the car. It's going to be a great night." He said it without meeting my eyes in a voice both scared and apologetic.

"So!" I cried to myself, "so he wants me to ride now that Julie Clement has probably gone." Aloud I said, and I felt my eyes fly sparks, "I don't want to ride tonight."

"Why not, Nell?"

"I'm tired. I'm going to bed." And I started to turn around. He stepped in front of me. His face was white.

"Then you've got to listen to me right here." His voice held me where I stood. "You've never let me say so, but I've—I've loved you since we were kids. You know it." He tried to take my hands.

"If you cared about—about Julie Clement, you needn't."

I looked at him with hostile eyes. Archer seemed fairly wound up. I'd never heard him talk so much at one time in all his life.

"After a dose of her silliness your precious level head is a—prize. I love your good sense, Nell."

My heart began to pound with a sort of

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ORCHARD AND FARM, RANCHO AND RANGE

How Fertilizers Stimulate. By Thomas C. Wallace.

Nitrogen.

LAST week we arrived at the very initial point in fertilization, the use of nitrogen, or rather its action in the plant. We saw that it is the most important element in growth.

Nitrogen of itself is not a stimulant, but it is taken by plants mostly as nitric acid in the form of nitrates in which nitrogen, oxygen and some base (as lime, soda or potash,) occur in compound, and as ammonia which has hydrogen combined with nitrogen. In the changes that take place within the plant these compounds are split up and each to some extent exerts an influence. The tremendous energy of oxygen accounts for much of the stimulating action of nitric acid compounds (as nitrates) and the degree of stimulation is importantly influenced by the base with which it is combined in the nitrates, nitrate of lime for instance being less of a stimulant than either nitrates of soda or potash. The hydrogen of the ammonia is also a stimulant, as is evidenced by the action of it on the green matter of plants. Hydrogen will of itself cause a plant to green in the dark, and when the plant is brought into the light it will become a much darker green as the result of extra hydrogen feeding. These actions of the elements that accompany nitrogen emphasize the value of a consideration of what compound should be used in feeding nitrogen to plants. The stimulative effect of nitrogen compounds is noticeable in young plants, which as they mature gather and use a much larger amount of nitrogen as the result of the stimulus they receive in early nitrogen feeding. Nitrates of soda and potash seem to affect this character of stimulation more than ammoniates, due presumably to the energy furnished by the oxygen of the compounds simultaneously with the feeding of nitrogen with highly soluble bases. Nitrate of lime, as already noted, does not seem to exert a similar stimulative influence, but it furnishes a steady condition of nitrogenous food for the plant.

Practical Corroboration.

This corroborates the observation of farmers that bone meal does not stimulate while it feeds plants steadily. Again, some classes of guano containing considerable quantities of easily soluble nitrates, with low phosphates stimulate very freely while high phosphate guanos, having most of their nitrogen in organic compounds and their nitrates formed with the lime of the phosphates, are among the best conditions of plant food. A study of this question in complete fertilizers discloses the same general result under favorable circumstances, the nitrate-mixed fertilizers being far more stimulative than the organic-nitrogen fertilizers, the latter supplying the steadiest and most uniform growth. Ammonia as found sometimes in bone meal, and tankage is not stimulative in the same sense as nitric acid.

As stated above, ammonia stimulates the color of the plant and deepens the shade of both leaf and fruit. It is, however, changed to nitrates in the soil sooner or later, and the period of its influence in the crop is pretty surely measured by the nitrifying power of the particular soil and its lime content.

Nitrogen and Plant Diseases.

That a misconception of the office and potency of nitrogen is the most prolific cause of plant diseases is a proposition which will not be readily admitted by a large school of agricultural teachers and writers. It is, however, susceptible of considerable proof, not always direct it is true, but much of the proof is inferential and positive, while there is no proof shown to the contrary. On virgin soils plants suited to the climate and soil flourish and yield superior fruit without disease until the conditions of easily obtainable and readily assimilable nitrogen compounds begin to fail.

Even the crudest and simplest methods of fertilization are seldom resorted to until the soil has become so worn of its original condition of nitrogen and accompanying compounds, that crops are failing

and even diseases may have appeared. This points to the conclusion that these diseases are often the attempt of nature, through purely natural agencies, to get rid of unbalanced and intolerant conditions. After a time the changed condition of the soil becomes so radical that the mere supply of nitrogen, to the plant in the soil fails to elicit a response until some of the minerals are also replaced in proper form to allow of healthy soil action.

Chance fertilizing then can seldom hit the trouble, and it is usually so thoughtlessly done that it quite frequently aggravates the trouble. The disease may show up as what is called blight, a fungoid or bacterial pest, or it may be evidenced only as a weakness which succumbs to otherwise harmless weather conditions. There are numerous insect pests that attack a weakly plant and pass by the healthy ones.

Why Do They Do It?

Is it not because they find in the one plant the exact condition they have a mission to scavenge, while in the other the condition of food they require is not developed? The writer has seen the chinch bug driven from the wheat field by the free use of lime and phosphorus, and this followed by the application of rich nitrogen feeding with new healthy seed. In the case in point it was first proved on half the field and then the whole brought under control.

Spraying or fumigation for the removal of insect pests already established is usually essential, or at least advisable, but permanent results of these operations can only be had by fertilizing the land and the plant to make it resistant to the pest, by changing its condition to one which the pest will not attack. At least all the blights can and will be got rid of by intelligent soil treatment and plant feeding. That nitrogen is the element through the lack of which the by-products result in the plant which feed disease and plant pests in the vast majority of cases is, I believe, susceptible of proof, but it is equally true that the conditions of the soil in any case may be such as to call for advance fertilizing with some important mineral or minerals before applying the nitrogen. It may be argued that this can be done most easily with complete fertilizers, and this may in some cases be true, if it does not prove too expensive at the start. In the end, when the adverse conditions have been overcome by intelligent fertilization, the complete fertilizer can be the ideal condition for application of extra plant food.

Nitrification in Dark Places.

Recognizing that nitrification is promoted away from the sunlight, as for instance in the soil, so long as the oxygen of the air and water can reach it, and that it is decomposed in the light, as for instance in the plant leaves, we look for and find that nitrification occurs in the dark parts of the plants, in the stems and roots. The ammonia and organic compounds of nitrogen sometimes absorbed by the plant, and more by some plants than others, is thus changed to nitric acid and nitrates without being digested in the leaves. This is sometimes a benefit to some plants, and at some times to any plant, but under some circumstances it may be the cause of the formation of compounds, as by-products, which are detrimental to the life of the plants, and the attempt on the part of the plant to throw off the unassimilable product appears as a plant disease. This has not, to my knowledge, been followed sufficiently by research to define its limits or to allow of special reference being pointed to any particular diseases, but there is already reason to believe that some of the gum-oozing diseases of plants can be, with careful research, traced directly to such an action. It must be borne in mind that there are other compounds that may be elaborated in the dark, though nitrification is the most likely action in the plant. Also such an action is most likely to take place in large and perennial plants, in which the movement of sap and the translocation are

slower than in annual rapid-growing or short-lived plants.

Action of Nitrogen in Hot Countries.

The nitrification within the plant occurs more readily in very warm weather as the operation is one requiring heat, and it is therefore most likely to occur in hot climates. This is in keeping with the known fact that plants in cold countries use nitrogen as ammonia more generally and to more benefit than plants in hot countries. This production of nitrates within the plant is not an unmixed evil as it may prove a great blessing in producing by-products harmless to the tree but inimical to some parasite on the plant, and result in its flight or even extermination. Indeed, the actual formation of nitrates may so nourish the plant that it may be enabled to overcome the ravages of disease and parasite. While this may be said to be of a great extent conjectural, it is yet founded on observed facts not otherwise accounted for, and if followed to its conclusion by careful research may furnish the information to guide us surely to the manner and method of fertilization to render plants immune to certain kinds of insect and bacterial attack. Everyday farmer observation shows that certain plants in a field, orchard or garden are not molested by certain pests, while others of the same variety succumb, perhaps the same as some of the human and brute creation prove resistant or immune to epidemics and even are not affected by some insect pests. Sometimes we find a field or orchard almost as a whole exemplifying this fact. The conditions of health, mostly controlled by the conditions of food, and feeding, is often plainly the key to the phenomena. It is well known that the feeding of cattle heat and fat making food, out of proportion to nitrogenous or flesh-forming food, not only lowers the vitality, but actually causes or induces the generation or infestation in the hide of the animal of lice, which will disappear gradually as a result of feeding the animal a ration to which a proper proportion of nitrogenous food is added.

There is a great deal to be said in reference to the respective merits of nitrate, ammoniate and organic nitrogen fertilizers for different crops, and at different seasons, and it is also of far-reaching importance that we shall consider the times of application of nitrogen fertilizers, but if the reader's patience holds out they will be discussed later when referring to the various materials which enter into or are used for fertilizers.

More About Rhodes Grass.

DALLAS (Tex.) Jan. 1.—[To the Editor of the Illustrated Weekly.] When in the Lower Rio Grande territory last August and September, I heard of wonderful results from feeding Rhodes grass by some of the farmers along the Gulf coast from Dr. Harrington, the agricultural expert of the Gulf railroad lines. Dr. Harrington was for many years at the head of the Agricultural and Mechanical College here in Texas and is an authority of high standing.

One of the statements made by the doctor was that a man he had but recently visited had stated that he was keeping two cows on a patch of Rhodes grass less than half an acre, and that the cows had improved both in their milk yield and in flesh without any other feed. He also stated that he had been told that a man whose name I have forgotten had turned into a one-acre field of Rhodes grass five head of grown cattle, and that they had fattened in six weeks.

This grass is fast taking possession of the ranges along the Rio Grande.

[Signed]

J. A. EDMUNDS.

FIELD NOTES.

The curtailment of open range for cattle-raising has stimulated the work of research in point methods for live stock production on efficiency basis in the close farming sections. The State of Louisiana has deeded the Department of Agriculture 500 acres for this work, to be used for dairy cattle, hogs, horses and mules as well as beef cattle. The research work is to be extended into

the semi-arid and irrigated section of the West.

As the popularity of the purple raspberry seems to be increasing so that it has supplanted the black-caps in some regions, it seems worth while to note that those wishing to breed purple raspberries will find the best method of procedure is to cross the most desirable reds and blacks rather than to attempt intercrossing among the purples or to grow seedlings of purple sorts. It has been proven satisfactorily that Peck's *Rubus-neglectus* was a hybrid.

Land used for experimental purposes is not worked for profit but its expenses are charged to profit and loss without question. An experimental orchard is looked upon as the least likely to yield a profit and the most difficult to compute as it is divided every year into several experimental tracts for as many differing purposes, some of the experiments of which are as likely to be unprofitable as to show profit. The Delaware station found such a widespread critical inquiry arising among the farmers that they concluded to make an expense show-down. The result has been rather a surprise for they have shown that the peach orchard of 1033 trees planted in 1908 yielded an actual profit in 1912 of 541-4 cents per tree; in 1913, 49 cents; in 1914, \$1.46; and in 1915, \$1.05-1-4 per tree. During that time they gathered 13,596 baskets of picked fruit and 2537 baskets of drops at a cost of 34 cents per basket, leaving a profit of 13 cents per basket. The cost per acre was found to be \$63.31, and per tree, 58 cents.

A limestone soil with a poorly organized loam or no loam at all will fail to feed trees with iron compounds, and some authorities think that the cause of chlorosis, or white paling of the leaf, is due to the lack of iron food.

Sir Henry Gilbert, at 80 years of age, said: "It would be more profitable for the farmer to keep his land in good, all-round condition than to work on lines of hand-to-mouth, single crop production." He urged the liberal feeding of clover with manures, phosphate in particular, as a means of economically raising the standard of fertility and preparing for grain crops, as phosphate manuring enhances the quality and yield of all grain crops and corrects the tendency to lodge and produce thin grain.

Until transpiration from trees in the forest was studied systematically, the source of ground water was believed to be wholly from the seepage of rains through the soil. It is now known that transpiration in great forests is a great source of water supply, and not that the trees merely conserve moisture by shading the ground. As high as fifteen inches annually have been reported as due to the transpiration from the trees in dense forests. This moisture transpired from the trees is returned to the soil in the form of vapor and there condensed into water.

In practically all garden crops, except cabbage and very late roots, mulching with straw has not proved as good as cultivation. During the summer the mulch, while helping to hold the moisture, excludes the heat from the soil, so that the plants do not get the benefit of the warm weather, and the bacterial action in the soil is consequently kept low.

Experiments have shown that alfalfa can be grown into healthy plants from pieces of the stems and even of the leaves. This is in keeping with an announcement made more than twenty years ago by an Englishman that clovers could be grown from any part of the plant transferred to the soil and protected.

The seven-day test in butter-making contests has received a black eye and no longer has general commendation. It has been shown from records that cows that did the best work in weekly tests often fell down badly in the yearly tests. In fact there seems to be ground for the contention that the cows that do best in the first few weeks do not hold out as well as those that produce less during the early part of their lactation periods, and the higher the seven day test the less accurate it is as an indicator of true production.

THE ONLY WOMAN FOREST FIRE LOOKOUT.

Lives Alone on Mountain Top. By a Special Contributor.

HERE are comparatively few cases of woman's intrepidity equal to that of Miss Hallie M. Daggett, who in her choice of work has chosen a post which makes it necessary for her to live alone for most of the time on the summit of one of the highest peaks of a western mountain range, with a full half-day's journey between herself and her nearest neighbor. The surrounding region is the haunt of the wildcat, the bear and the coyote, and her only companions her dog and—let it not be forgotten—her gun.

Miss Daggett is an employee of the United States Forest Service, and her duty is that of a forest fire lookout. Her station is one of the most remote, being upon one of the highest peaks of the Klamath National Forest, in Siskiyou county, Cal. She is the only woman who holds the position of fire lookout in the service, and she does it from a love of the wild and its life and an intense desire to help in diminishing the danger and damage wrought by the fires of the great western forests, which she has learned to watch for and fear from childhood.

The government was for long loath to give a woman a position which would subject her to the exposure, danger and loneliness involved in fire finding, but for months Miss Daggett pressed her cause and brought all influence to bear. Finally she was granted a season's trial. Such was her satisfaction with her post, and so well did she fulfill it, that next June she will enter upon her fifth season as an enrolled member of the government's forest fire lookout.

Miss Daggett spends her days in her lookout tower, 6444 feet above the level of the sea, and sometimes above the clouds. With her field glasses she sweeps the horizon for miles and miles around for the soaring smoke wreath which bespeaks the tale of future havoc if left unheeded. When she discerns the sinister gray column rising she consults the map lying beside her, a miniature of the extensive range surrounding her.

With an instrument which is attached to this map she locates the exact spot whence the smoke is arising and immediately telephones the intelligence down to the headquarters of the chief forest ranger below, and a force is immediately sent out to fight the fire. In the past the forest fires caused an annual property loss of \$25,000,000 and took each year a corresponding toll of human lives.

The daily telephone reports which she makes to headquarters keep Miss Daggett in touch with humanity, and once a week



Miss Hallie M. Daggett and a victim of her gun.

she has a woman visitor. Her sister's self-appointed task is the bringing up of weekly supplies to the isolated station on the heights. She, too, is a woman of the field and forest, and enjoys the three-hour ride up the mountain trail leading the pack horse laden with the necessities of life for the lonely watcher.

The Daggett sisters come naturally by their love of the open, knowledge of its dangers and command of its difficulties, for they are the children of pioneer parents. The father, John Daggett, late Lieutenant-Governor of California, crossed over the isthmus in 1853, and their mother was brought West from Kentucky as a small child at about the same time. Clustered near the foot of Klamath Peak are the houses at Klamath mine, where the Daggett children were born, so that the mountain on which the lookout takes up her yearly task has been a lifelong and familiar friend.

Early in life Miss Daggett learned to know the danger of forest fires, which year after year consumed millions of dollars' worth of property and took many lives, and from childhood she was taught to do her part in lessening the constant menace to the forest regions of the West.

To few people did the inauguration of the protective service by the United States government for the national forests bring greater joy than to this western girl, and her ambition from the first was to take some active official part in the nation's

fight for the protection of the forests. She was unfitted by her sex and its limitations to undertake the work of a forest ranger, but when the lookout stations were instituted she saw her opportunity, and she won her post.

Many of the men of the service prophesied early defeat of her purpose when she found herself the sole occupant of a lonely mountain, but she has never flinched, her work is well done, and season after season sees her better satisfied with it. She declares it a never-ending pleasure to search the vast acres of her territory for new beauties at every changing hour, from one sunrise to the next.

The birds and the smaller animals of her mountain home have learned that she is their friend, and come to her cabin for food and shelter. She declined the proffered company of a cat, a pair of owls proving more satisfactory as mouse catchers and less destructive to small life. The deer come of an evening to her dooryard, and bears, big and little, make free with the neighborhood of her spring, a mile away down the slope, while porcupines find their way into her domain at any hour of the day or night. None of these she fears, and against none did she arm herself, until she found the track of a big panther out on the trail.

Since then it has been her habit to buckle on a gun when going on her morning and evening official tramp around the



Miss Daggett's Station on Klamath Peak.

THE ONLY WOMAN FOREST FIRE LOOKOUT.

confines of her post before reporting to headquarters. A practiced sportswoman, she has killed her share of marauding coyotes, which she has found prowling around her province in search of any living prey in which to set their destructive teeth.

Here is Miss Daggett's description of the view from her high and lonely station:

"To the east a shoulder of snowy Shasta and an unseen neighbor lookout on Eagle Peak; farther to the south, the high jagged edge of Trinity county, and just discernible with the glasses a shining new cabin on Packers Peak. In the west, behind Orleans Mountain with its ever watchful occupant, a faint glimpse of the shining Pacific showing with a favorable sunset, and all in between a seeming wilderness of ridges and gulches, making up what is said to be one of the finest continuous views in this western country."

Keeping Track of Soldiers.

It is doubtful whether any foreign war office follows with an accuracy greater than that displayed by our own War Department the movements of its officers. The following is an interesting case in point.

A young army officer who had seen service in the country and in the East was once with a small scouting party in Arizona. After two weeks in the desert his squad came to the railway near a small station. Within ten minutes a telegram from Washington was brought to him by the station agent. It asked if the officer wished to be transferred to one of the new artillery regiments then forming.

He answered by telegraph that he would be glad to enter either of them. Then with his squad he set off again across the desert.

It was six days later when they again struck the railway, this time eighty miles from the point at which they had previously crossed it, but the officer's reply from the War Department was awaiting him. It had been telegraphed to every station within 200 miles.

A more striking instance of accuracy occurred after the same officer's transfer to the East. He was traveling home on leave and, as the regulations require, had notified the department of the day, hour and probable route of his journey. After he had been on the train for eight hours at a small station the conductor entered with a telegram, asking whether any one of his name was on board. On opening the telegram the officer found that it ordered him to detach duty.

Exactness of detail could not be carried much further. The War Department knew the whereabouts of a second lieutenant even when he was traveling on leave of absence.

The Poetic Chinese Signboards.

In the cities and towns of China are to be seen many poetic and striking signboards. Here are a few samples to illustrate their general character: "Shop of Heaven-sent Luck," "The Shop of Celestial Principles," "The Nine Felicities Prolonged," "The Mutton Shop of Morning Twilight," "The Ten Virtues All Complete," "Flowers Rise to the Milky Way."

From all of which it will be seen that the Chinese can combine the soul of a poet with the pocket of a shopman.

"The Honest Pen Shop of Li" implies that other pen shops are not honest, but this sort of sign is rare. "The Steel Shop of Pockmarked Wang" suggests that any peculiarity of a shopman may be used to impress the memory of customers. Snub noses, squint eyes, lame legs or hump backs, are all used in this way.

A charcoal shop in Peking calls itself the "Fountain of Beauty," and a place for the sale of coal indulges in the title of "Heavenly Embroidery." An oil and wine establishment is the "Neighborhood of Chief Beauty," a description of which it is hard to conceive anywhere in Peking. "The Thrice Righteous" one would scarcely expect from an opium shop. It has, however, been closed since the recent enactment of the opium laws.

Red Tape in War Time.

[Christian Science Monitor:] From time to time, a story comes along from "Somewhere in England," or "Somewhere in France," or somewhere elsewhere, which shows that "the official routine of the official department" is receiving much buffeting in these times. A certain commander on a certain front decided, after careful thought, that he needed certain things, and needed them very much. He sent his list to headquarters, and, after a long delay, came a sheaf of official forms full of detailed inquiry as to why he wanted each thing he had asked for. The commander thought over the matter for a day or two. Finally he took his courage in both hands, and a blue pencil in one of them, and, so the story goes, wrote across each of the forms the legend, "I want these things because there is a war on over here." He got them, without further question.

All Weddings on One Day.

In Plougastel, in Brittany, all marriages take place on one and the same day. The men are all fishermen, many of them going as far as Newfoundland Banks, and are at home only during a limited period in the winter. One day in early February is set aside for the weddings. Little courting is done, but much haggling over the dowry of the girls. They have to bring a certain quantity of linen, chickens, pigs and vegetables. Frequently a match is broken off because the girl's father refuses to add a sack of potatoes to the dowry.

On the day set, the inhabitants of the en-

tire region proceed to Plougastel. The whole population goes to church to hear the mass, to take communion, and to witness the wedding ceremonies. Often fifty or more couples are united on the same day. Bride and groom do not walk together until the ceremony has been completed. For the rest of this and the whole of the next day every house is open to receive guests and to provide food and drink for them. On the evening of the second day the young men carry the dowries of the brides to the houses of the grooms. There they dance and frolic until early morning, and, after they leave, the couples are for the first time together and alone. During the remainder of the year no marriages are concluded.

Could Look It Up.

[Indianapolis News:] He was of that type of genteel beggar that "puts up a front," as the fellows say. His face had more tears in it than a cemetery, and he was just getting ready to tell his down-and-outer's tale when the man at the desk reached into a drawer and brought forth a dictionary, placing it in front of the appealing one.

"What do you want—sympathy?"—the man at the desk asked.

"Yes, sympathy," was the half-sobbed reply.

"Look in S for it. I saw it there the other day."

The sympathy-chaser grunted and headed for the door. He wasn't looking for work, just sympathy—in the form of a piece of loose change.

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Advice to a Correspondent. By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

BREAKING INTO THE POULTRY BUSINESS.

VALUABLE INFORMATION IN A NUTSHELL.

Wisdom in Paragraphs. By Ernest Branton.

The proper problem of landscape design is to make the useful beautiful.

The chief enemies of plants in light soils are drought and heat in summer.

The chief enemies of plants in heavy soils are damp and cold during the rainy months.

The improvement of plants and flowers by selection and crossing is as old as the art of gardening itself.

Garden designers should forget styles and design for comfort and pleasure only; they would then avoid many very serious errors now quite common.

Adobe is a black clay, rich in plant food of a lasting quality and therefore very resourceful, but too heavy and sticky for garden purposes.

The Torrey pine is limited to a small spot in San Diego county and to Santa Rosa Island, and the Monterey pine is nearly as limited in range.

In warm wet autumn weather a full crop of live oak acorns will sprout on the trees, only to die when a hot dry spell follows, for none will sprout again.

All the mountain ranges in Southern California possess important woodlands above 4000 feet altitude, chiefly of yellow pine, Jeffrey pine, Coulter pine, white fir, desert fir, and incense cedar, and form forests of open stand.

The black cottonwood of Southern California has the greatest altitudinal range of any tree in North America. It occurs a few feet above sea level up to 9000 feet on the south fork of the San Joaquin.

The yellow pine in California ranges from 100 feet above sea level to 7000 feet, and its variety, the Jeffrey pine, is found at 9000 feet, the most remarkable range of any species of pine in the world.

Southern California boasts one native species of acacia, the cat's claw (*A. Greggii*) which is but a shrub in this State, but becomes a tree in Arizona. It bears small pale yellow flowers and an abundance of very sharp thorns.

The grass family contains possibly 5000 species, distributed over all parts of the earth and of first rank among plants in its value to man. The panic-grasses, or genus *panicum*, are by far the most numerous, having 300 to 400 species.

Among grass seeds those used for food are: barley, corn, millet, oats, rice, rye, wheat, and a few less important; roots of many are used for medicine; stems, as of sugar cane for sugar, molasses, etc.; bamboos for timber and other uses.

The nightshade family, *Solanaceae*, is a most curious and useful one, for aside from the tomato, potato, and tobacco sections, many of the plants yield poison, yet close species are edible as the ground cherry, chili pepper, egg plant, pepino, melon pear, etc.

The mallow family is most important as the one possessing the cotton plant, which also furnishes oil, soap and artificial butter; but we eat okra or gumbo; make jelly from roselle; mulchage from many closely related species; perfumery, hemp and shoe black from the hibiscus.

The abellias, beautiful flowering shrubs belonging to the honeysuckle family, are valuable for hedges of two to four feet high and flower abundantly over a long period with myriads of pinkish-white bells that make them very popular with all who have given them a trial.

We must still plant more avocados, not necessarily in orchard quantities, or merely as home fruit trees, valuable as they are for the latter purpose, but also for ornamental trees having a double value.

There are many varieties hardy enough for any spot in our sunny Southland.

Let us not call him honey-bee that pollinates more flowers than any other agency; plain bee is a higher title. We largely depend on him for full crops of apples, blackberries, raspberries and strawberries, peach, pears, plums, quinces, beans, currants, cranberries, cucumbers, grapes, melons, mulberries, peas and squashes.

Makers of flower and plant catalogues and garden books have of late years erred in giving illustrations of single plants without background or without showing use or association. Such illustrations have very little educational value except to those who are looking to technical recognition of species or varieties.

In garden building never imitate nature with intent to deceive; but where natural beauty already exists make use of it, and add to it. Banks to be restrained often have large out-cropping rocks; make use of them even if remainder of wall is of distinctly different material. Merely assist nature.

A garden should not be considered as a piece of wild nature, nor plants regarded as architectural ornaments, for one must not do violence to the other. Above all must there be harmony. Otherwise the builder has labored in vain, for he has not made a picture that artists care to reproduce.

Much trouble is experienced in local gardens with growing herbaceous peonies. One of the chief faults of culture is failure to rest them sufficiently. They should be allowed to become entirely dry in the soil and so remain for some time before growing season. They also need a cool or cold, damp situation.

Some of the trumpet vines we have known in the past as bignonia or tecoma will henceforth be found under pandorea, hence *Pandorea jasminoides* and variety alba, *P. Mackenii* or *Ricalsoflana*, and *P. Australis*. *Bignonia venusta* is now *Pyrostegia venusta* and *B. Chiereri* or *buccinatoria* becomes a *phaedranthus* and nearly all others remain *tecoma* or *bignonia*.

Two ferns are common throughout the world. One is the common brake found on the floors of all our canyons, known as

Pteridium aquilinum. The other is the polypod found on rocky canyon sides and known here as *Polypodium Californicum* and elsewhere, the world over, as *P. vulgare*. The specific differences are due entirely to geographic range.

In addition to plant food contained in well-rotted stable manure all soils to which it is added will thereafter retain more moisture and retain it for a longer period. All gardens should annually receive barn manures, but in well-decayed condition. Very sandy soils so treated have moisture evaporation reduced at least one-half of that formerly prevailing.

Heat is the chief essential for plant growth and one of the principal factors in making soil warm is good drainage. The surface soils of well-drained lands are almost invariably several degrees warmer than those of poorly-drained lands. Drained soils also warm up faster after cold spells and much earlier in spring. It is certain that dynamiting heavy soils will pay.

Nitrogen is the most costly and most necessary of all elements of fertilizers and therefore anything aiding nitrification tends to increased fertility. Deep stirring is one solution and the longer a soil has been cultivated the deeper and more thoroughly should it be stirred. Rich virgin

soils should be plowed more shallow or too much surface nitrification takes place, resulting in rank vegetation.

A close study of soils and crops shows that the relation is purely natural, in that crops showing preference for a certain soil is due entirely to the demands of these crops for a definite amount of water and warmth. Plant food is a secondary consideration and as this can easily be supplied by man the problem is solved.

When selecting sites for small parks, civic center plazas, etc., it is well to remember that business abhors and will hardly tolerate a vacuum. Therefore do not try to thrust open spaces upon centers where business is at high pressure or they may prove a check rather than an incentive to development. Therefore proper provision would dictate sites somewhat retired or to one side.

Let not the idealist become discouraged if efforts for civic betterment seem to have been in vain, for labor hath sure reward, and the necessary legislation is the last step ere we reach the goal. For twelve years the present writer has herein constantly and persistently urged proper street tree control. Los Angeles, on the surface at least, is no nearer its solution than ever, but the heaven is working.

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THE UNITED STATES ARMY IN ALASKA.

How the Soldiers Live. By Frank G. Carpenter.

The construction of these telegraph and cable lines was undertaken as a military necessity and it seems to be a mistake of the government in that it is now trying to operate them at the expense of the Territory. The lines were first begun in 1900, and up to the present time they have cost in the neighborhood of \$3,000,000. The cost of operating them is something like \$400,000 per year, but this does not include the pay of the officers and soldiers who act as telegraph agents, and certain other army expenses, which some of the officers of the government say should be charged to this account. The real expense is nearly \$500,000 a year; and a large amount of this is borne by the Territory. As a result, the cost of messages is excessive. The rate from Fairbanks to Seattle is 33 cents a word; and, as the minimum message is ten words, this makes it cost \$3.30 to send the shortest telegram out of the country. If one would send this telegram beyond Seattle, he must pay the usual telegraph rates from that point to the place he wishes to reach. The rates inside the Territory vary according to distance, and dispatches range from 25 cents upward.

It seems to many of the people here that the government should reorganize its telegraph charges. They say that it should look upon this country as a developing proposition rather than as a commercial one. Alaska has all told not more than 50,000 white people, scattered over a territory almost three times as large as Germany or France. The telegraph system is necessarily expensive, it has been built as a military necessity and is used as such, the business of the people being subordinated to it. A military message, however trivial, takes precedence of a business message.

In many of the foreign colonies belonging to England and other countries there is a fixed minimum rate for ten words to any part of the territory. This should be so in Alaska. No ten-word message should cost more than 50 cents, and nearby messages not over 25 cents. It may pay as a developing proposition to give a combined telegraph and cable rate at 50 cents for ten words from any part of Alaska to Seattle, with a night-letter rate not to exceed that amount. The telegraph charges here should be arranged much the same as the mails, whereby a two-cent stamp will carry a letter to any part of our country. This is especially so in Alaska, where the mails are necessarily slow, and the telegraph is the only means of quick communication.

Chief Signal Service Officer.

During my stay at Fort Gibbon I had a talk with a young army officer who is now in charge of the telegraph lines and wireless stations of the valley of the Yukon. I refer to Lieut. L. T. Mason, who has served in the Philippines and elsewhere, and who, for the past two or three years, has been the chief signal service officer in that part of Alaska.

Lieut. Mason's district covers many thousand square miles, reaching all along the Yukon from the Canadian boundary to Berling and including Nome and the Seward peninsula. A large part of this territory is periodically visited by him. Last winter he took one trip of several thousand miles, traveling by dog team over the ice and snow. He first went to St. Michael, near the mouth of the Yukon, and thence over to Nome. On his return he went up to Fairbanks and from thence to Eagle, near the Canadian frontier, and then drove down on the ice of the Yukon to Fort Gibbon.

This trip took more than four months, and the whole of it was on sled or on foot. During the journey to Nome Lieut. Mason used a sled only, and later had a combination of a toboggan and sled. The difference between the two is that a sled has runners, while the toboggan has a flat bottom which slides over the snow. His team consisted of seven dogs, and he had only one man along with him. During my talk with Lieut. Mason I asked him how he stood the intense cold. He replied:

"The weather was not bad, and we made it a rule not to travel when the thermometer fell to more than 40 degrees below zero. We slept either in the roadhouses along the way or in a camp tent which we carried with us. We could usually make

"Is there much of Alaska that cannot be reached by telegraph?"
"No. None of great importance. We have now lines along the Yukon, except between Kaltag and Kotlik, and we have recently put in a radio station there. The upper part of the Yukon is covered by the radio or wireless. We have about 1200 miles of line, I should say, in this district."
"What kind of telegraph operators do the soldiers make?" I asked.

"Very good; and they seem to like the job. The most of those we have now have been for some time in the service. They get extra pay, and usually stay for their full term of four years. Some would stay longer if possible. As for me, I would rather be in the active service of the army. But it is all in the day's work."

"Is there any difference in the case of sending telegraph messages in Alaska over that of warmer countries?"
"I think not," replied Lieut. Mason, "as far as the telegraph lines are concerned. As to the wireless messages, they are more difficult to send on account of the static electricity in the air."

Next to the telegraph the most important work of the War Department in Alaska is the building and maintenance of the roads and trails. Practically all the wagon roads and sled roads of the territory have been built by the government, and two or three million dollars have been spent in this way within the past twelve years. The appropriations of Congress for road building now amount to something like \$100,000 per annum, and in addition to this, about \$300,000 more is annually gotten from the Alaska fund, collected in licenses and other fees, 65 per cent of which is set aside for road building. The roads and trails are under the direction of Col. W. P. Richardson, an officer of the War Department who has long served in Alaska. At present there are 862 miles of wagon road, 617 miles of sled road and more than 2,000 miles of trails.

Road and trail building is the crying need of the territory, and it will grow in importance when the railroad from Seward to Fairbanks is completed. The roads will be needed as feeders for the new railways, and it is only by good trails that prospecting can be carried on. The Canadian government is said to handle its road matters much better than we do. It stands ready at any time to build wagon roads to any new mining camp if the output promises to pay. The roads of the Yukon territory are better today than those of Alaska.

(Copyright, 1914, by Frank G. Carpenter.)

"John Colter's Hell."

After President Jefferson, in 1803, made the Louisiana purchase from Napoleon Bonaparte, it was decided to send out from St. Louis the Lewis and Clark expedition, for the purpose of finding out something about the newly acquired land lying between the Mississippi River and the Pacific Coast.

John Colter was one of the privates under Lewis and Clark. He was a born adventurer, with an insatiable curiosity, and the element of fear was entirely lacking in his makeup. When in 1806 the exploring party headed back from the coast at St. Louis, Colter broke away and all alone set out for the headwaters of the Missouri River.

Four years later there appeared in St. Louis a worn, ragged, Indian-like man, who announced that he was John Colter, and did finally succeed in identifying himself as a member of the Lewis and Clark expedition. People finally became convinced that he was indeed John Colter, but they refused to credit the stories he told of his experiences.

One of Colter's private yarns was about the most wonderful place in the world, where steam came from the earth and boiling water leaped clear to the sky. There were diabolical furnaces underground and bad smells. It would have been the abode of the damned, he said, but for the fact that he could discover no signs of human beings for miles about.

It was a good story—too good to be true—so the St. Louis people decided that the wanderer had imagined it all. In fact those good people, and everybody else for that matter, laughed over "John Colter's Hell" for thirty-four years, until Bridger, the noted scout, rediscovered the place, now known as Yellowstone Park, and confirmed everything that John Colter had said about it.

The Borrowed Boy.

FATHER AND MOTHER MERRIFIELD COURT TROUBLE.

Now, at the very beginning, there were only two Merrifields. In due time, however, there were three Merrifields, then four, then five, then six and then seven. In those latter days there was a great expanse of dining table in the Merrifield farm house. Almost every meal resembled a picnic or a banquet. The two original Merrifields agreed that the additional five were a bountiful sufficiency.

The years skipped by so rapidly that you could hardly count them, and pretty soon one of the young Merrifields heard the age-old call of the "land farther on," and he married and moved far away. Ere long another followed, then another, and then another. That left only their first-born, and when, one wintry day, he left them and took the long trail, there were only the two who had started out alone in the Merrifield place on the hill.

The dining table shrank to its original size. It seemed very small. And the house seemed very still. Something was gone—and loneliness crept in. And somehow, when mother and father thought of the past, it was not of recent years and grown boys but always it was of those dear, dim years when little feet toddled across the kitchen floor and little hands left smudgy marks on everything they touched.

Mother began to notice that the windows of the big house were shamefully clean all the time now. And, for a long time, not a pane had been broken. She looked and looked in vain for any marks on the wood-work of busy little hands. When she opened the doors upstairs, she opened them quietly just as when—But now the rooms were always empty.

Mother said nothing. Neither did father. But at times their eyes met—and they understood.

Several lonely years dragged by. Then one day father came home from the city with a little boy who was very dirty and very ragged, and, quite probably, very wicked.

He was about 9 years of age, but his eyes bore the look of a tired, sad, old man. And he was very small.

They gave him a warm bath, a supper of fried chicken with hot gravy, thick slices of home-made bread with lots of jam, and I don't know how many mugs of good, rich milk. He was a little afraid of the lady Merrifield because she wore such neat clean clothes, and the house was so spotless. But when she asked him how he liked the supper, he managed to smile at her and mumble that it was "rippin' good."

They put him to sleep in a big bed that looked so clean and white that the boy was almost afraid of it, especially when he dropped down so far he was almost buried. Then, to the boy's wonder, the old mother's soft hands tucked him in lovingly, and her soft lips gently touched his forehead. It seemed to him a dream; to her it was living a memory, a memory of years that could not return.

Father and mother quietly descended the stairs to the parlor. He told her that the boy was a runaway from the Orphan's Home, but had been caught and would be returned unless a home was found for him. The little fellow seemed to have a horror of the place and father had decided to keep him awhile. "I don't believe he'll bother you much," said father, a bit worried.

"Bother!" echoed mother. "That dirty little boy will be a bushel of bother. He'll break things, and he'll lose things, and he'll hurt himself, and he'll eat more'n two hired men. Bother? Why, he'll bother me all the time. And if he doesn't, Jim Merrifield, you can take him right back quick, for I—I just want to be bothered."

In the morning they fed the little fellow mush with real cream, fried eggs, "taters," and a big plate of pancakes such as, I suppose, they make in the New Jerusalem, and more mugs of milk. The Merrifields never had had a hired man who could eat half as much as that boy who had been starved all his life.

Before he went to bed that night, tired but happy, he had been all over the farm and had found a dozen straggled and wonderful places. He had romped over the hay mow, but had not disturbed the pigeons' nests—just looked and looked. He had waded in the creek and chased tadpoles; climbed the highest tree on the farm; knew where the best apples were in the orchard; safe choice may be made.

After supper he had thrown windfalls like a naughty boy and, horrible to relate, had missed his aim once and broken the kitchen window. He had stood paralyzed for a little while. Then he walked slowly into the house. Father and mother awaited him with sober faces. "I done it," said he.

Well, his hosts must have been getting old and childish, for they didn't spank him even one little spank. Instead, they patted him on the head and clapped him on the back and declared it didn't matter because they were tired of that old window, anyway.

In the cosy bed, the little lad stretched his limbs and yawned sleepily. He was all tired out; but what fun he'd had! And as he lived over the events of the day, it appeared like a happy dream and it seemed that he would surely wake up in the morning to find that it really was only a dream.

Downstairs, father and mother were sitting in the parlor looking out over the moonlit fields, and thinking. Remembering a certain other moonlit night years gone, father took mother's hand in his great calloused paw, and held it. "How foolish you're getting, Jim," said mother, but her eyes shone strangely; and she did not take her hand away.

"He's an awful bother," she said after a long silence. "I just love him."

"And it'll cost a heap to fix that window," added father. "Hasn't he a winning smile?"

"He's absolutely good for nothing."

"And he swears."

"Gracious!"

"Shall I take him back tomorrow?"

Mother sat quickly erect.

"Well, I should say—"

"Not!" father joined in and helped finish the sentence.

"Christmas is coming pretty soon," continued mother. "And do you know, Jim, we keep him until then, we can have a Christmas tree and red engines and tin horns and—"

Father knew that Christmas was only an excuse, but he said nothing. Besides, he, himself, was thinking of Fourth of July!

As they passed the boy's room, they paused, and then went in on tip-toe. The moonlight shone through the window and fell softly on the troubled head of the sleeping boy, late of the big city streets. He stirred and rubbed his eyes with a thin hand and mumbled sleepily:

"Golly, old Barney, I didn't know anybody could be so good to a feller. I'm 'bout bustin', I'm so full o' happiness and—and pancakes!"

Our Expanding Language.

[Pittsburgh Gazette-Times:] A metropolitan newspaper noted for its regard for the accuracies of English made use the other day of barrage, treating it as an English word. As it happened, it fitted exactly the meaning the writer wished to convey, which, after all, is the test of good use. Much as many Americans resent the use of French, Italian and German words in our current literature and speech they may as well reconcile themselves to conditions. Americans will appropriate any foreign word if it answers a need, anglicising its pronunciation and putting it into daily use. It was so with garage. Numbers of people whose English is acceptable say garage as though it were English.

The borrowed words die when they have outlived their usefulness. Many expressions brought from Cuba and the Philippines were on the tip of the national tongue a few years ago and now are gone. The Boer War and the Russo-Japanese conflict made their contributions to our language, some of which we still value while others are forgotten. And so words and phrases born of the present struggle are undergoing the test of use and those English-speaking people need will be kept as the others fall into the discard. The objectors mostly consider language a dead, unmoving thing, which it is not; rather it is alive and growing day by day, awkwardly sometimes as a boy who shoots up too fast, but growing and expanding nevertheless. The thing is to enrich one's vocabulary with the new words likely to live; but no one can say how a

Benito are persons in have confie involving t Later wa Temple are sue, and le hand merc have acted The comple not been ac licce are ne will prefer Benoit, w fessed to I said he ant ten crimes. The follo said they e The born 1261 Searw No. 116 B cer H. J. E place; Coro Nor. No. 112 ne; Johnson ge; George Stanley ave 148 South Sherman, J street, and in confer themselves banquet ro Baxter, an that crim homes with they opera in the E was found he is insle; he was stol; nation lea The men more than stolen from They we Hill and C tectives R and Robert NEW J Farmer Co Fresh fr In San Here to Judge Although have not r known her W. H. Hu Board of C lated out Congress, i sit in Unit Bledsoe's c Jurist is e what are Judge Ht ber of the Court in M sided in ti Germano, France, found guilt mite must for the El the pro the press included h et of B. Avil charged wi the neutra BAC Sheriff T comah Op Gladys Op Michael, ch to the gir Oregon thi states that edly oppos

Advice to a Correspondent. By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

The Season for "Starters" in Poultry.

THE poultry show that is now on in full swing in Los Angeles will undoubtedly give more than one individual the chicken fever, which makes the following of interest at this time:

"Los Angeles, Dec. 26, 1916.—I am a young man with limited capital, some 'gumption,' and 'grit' who has an ambition to break into the poultry business along conservative lines, either as an egg farmer or possibly more ambitiously to cater to the demand for breeding and fancy stock. To get foundation knowledge, what books should I read, and what breeds would you suggest? Many people I talk with on the subject say there is no money in poultry, yet a product like eggs and table fowl, that is universally in demand, ought to be grown at a profit. What are the facts in the situation? Will you please throw some light on the subject in the Los Angeles Times Illustrated Weekly?"

Sure. There is probably no division of our rural economy in which there are so many degrees of both failures and successes. It is really astonishing to note the number of people who "go in" only to "come out" to try something else for a livelihood; and yet there are many who make a good living at poultry farming, and not a few who have gained a competence at the business. Your want of capital need not frighten; indeed, it is to your advantage; your chief asset (if it will "stack up") is your claim for "gumption" and "grit." In its broadest sense it is the best capital that a person can have in any business, and especially in poultry keeping. For with it one may lift the world. So here's looking at you; may all your ambitions be realized.

Now as to the printed word. The literature on poultry is about as plenty as falling leaves in an October forest; to know it all is impossible, nor is it at all necessary. For books we recommend Robinson's "Poultry Culture" and his "Poultrycraft," these cover the field in a broad way. For local color and practice get "Poultry for Profit," by Jean A. Koethen, and "California Poultry Practice," by Susan Swaygood. Both are written by women, and while poultry breeders will not always agree with all that these two authorities advise, they nevertheless will give you a good general idea of poultry practices in California. Then take one or two good eastern poultry papers of national scope and reputation and our local publications, not forgetting the great weekly that has championed poultry culture in Southern California for the past twenty years in which you read these lines. Having grasped the basic principles contained in these authorities, visit the shows and the successful poultry farms; these will supply variable object lessons of the industry and supplement your reading advantageously, thus broadening your observations and investigations along sane and safe lines. These intelligently studied will lead you to a decision as to breeds and varieties.

As to breeds, a word or two may not be out of place. The selection of a breed depends upon objects sought for. If the end is eggs, we should select some one breed of the Mediterranean class. In California the Leghorns and Minorcas are dominant for this purpose; indeed, the single comb White Leghorn is pre-eminent with us as an egg fowl. By this is not meant that other breeds are not equally as good, but experience seems to prove that, all factors considered, the Leghorns stand supreme in numerical strength on this Coast. If meat is the object there are the Sussex and Cornish, two excellent breeds of table fowl. The dual purpose breeds—Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes, Orpingtons, etc.—have their place, but none of them is supreme as an egg fowl nor as a meat breed. Select the one that appeals to your sense of the beautiful, for after all, we all do best with those things that please us. This applies to the egg breeds as well as to those that yield a plump carcass.

Capital required and average returns, are quite other questions which depend wholly on ways and means by which one hopes to start in the business. Possibly to supplement what has here been said by a year's



ROSE COMB BLACK MINORCA COCKEREL.

Of the four standard varieties of Minorcas, the single comb blacks are much the most popular, the single comb whites being second, with rose comb blacks and whites trailing in the rear. We have never had it explained why single combs in all breeds are the most popular, as in practical values there is no difference, while in beauty of plumage and handsome carriage, what shows more graceful curves and type of breed than our illustration of a Crystal Palace winning Rose Comb Black Minorca cockerel?

employment on a representative poultry farm would be an experience that would give your "kumpton" and "krit" an opportunity to show its quality and lead to tangible as well as satisfactory results. Who knows?

with her cheerful song, and the problem of high cost living will regulate itself.

A Good Turkey Story.

That delightful weekly publication for the

Eggs Is Eggs.

It is questionable with even present prevailing high prices for eggs if they are not cheaper than a meat diet. Eggs in their preparation for the table entail little additional cost, while meat often calls for the addition of spices and flavors and also time and labor. In the matter of nutriment values the egg holds its own with meat, cereals, fish and shell foods. It is said that in Germany (where the nutrient and chemical constituents of foods are well understood) the consumption of eggs just before the war was on the increase; even the average housekeeper being keenly alive to the fact that a couple of eggs are quite as nourishing as the average pound of meat. Dietary experiments carried on in our country in educational institutions, the Department of Agriculture and the State experiment stations, all go to show that, as compared to semi-cooked cereals, fish and meat, hen fruit is one of the most economical and nourishing of foods. Chemically considered hen's eggs consist of about 65.5 water, 11.2 fiber, 0.9 ash, 11.9 protein, 9.3 fat, 1.8 nutrient ration, calories in 1 oz. 40. Methods of preparation are indeed diverse and many; but that which renders them the easiest of assimilation should be given the preference. The main point to be given emphasis in the present hue and cry on the high cost of living is that as market prices go (whether high or low) the egg not only maintains its own, but possesses the largest value in competition with other staple foods. Hence, dearly beloved housewife, and especially those who comprise the High Cost of Living League, abolish your boycott against the product of the industrious hen and give her owners a fair field and no favors. Induce her to multiply and fill the land

avoided. This month is a splendid opportunity to begin. Open a single account with the flock, giving it credit for all it produces, and charge it with all it consumes, even repairs on plant and overhead expenses. A three month's trial will soon show where conditions can be improved, expenses reduced and profits strengthened. Do it today.

The Boy and the Hen.

Did you ever stop to think that the boys and girls can be made self-reliant, and at the same time help out on the family expense, by growing a few hens in the back yard, or in some neglected spot in the orchard or ranch? There is nothing complicated in the undertaking, a modest house, some ground, a few pure blooded fowl and a nucleus is established. By a little practice, a little study and observation, and an ambition to succeed, and the young people will soon be in the way of growing fowl successfully. At the beginning of the year is a good time to put in the foundation stock and make the necessary improvements. The boys should be given all the hens earn over cost of maintenance, thereby encouraging thrift and industry. A visit to a good poultry exhibition, and a few practical books and periodicals on the subject will soon teach the tender mind to grasp the salient features of poultry culture. Why not give the rising generation a whirl at the blue-bones?

Barley Straw for Litter.

There are those among the fraternity who object to barley straw for fear the beards may prove objectionable in the litter. W. E. Rees, a popular breeder in Sonoma county, advises using it in preference to other material. He considers it the best litter obtainable, and is to be preferred to wheat straw, which is not only stiffer but of a coarser character. In his experience the beards do not cause any trouble as they are so brittle when threshed that they soon disintegrate and pulverize. Since it is usually cheaper than some other materials, it should at least be given a trial.

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THE HUMAN BODY: ITS CARE, USE AND ABUSE.

Aids to Good Health. By a Medical Man.

Chilblain.

CHILBLAIN is one of those annoying conditions which is usually classed as a "minor malady," but which, if judged by the amount of discomfort it produces and its stubbornness in resisting treatment, might easily be classed as a major affliction. The disease usually attacks the feet; but sometimes it selects the hands, and occasionally the face. Whatever the location, however, the amount of itching and burning caused by chilblain is often almost intolerable.

The immediate cause of the disease is cold, particularly prolonged chilling. The first symptom is persistent itching of the feet, usually beginning in the evening and accompanied by congestion and redness of the skin. This itching is followed by an acute tenderness which may be so severe that the pressure of the shoe cannot be borne; and dryness and cracking of the skin may add to the discomfort.

To all appearances this condition is a localized skin disease, but this local condition is merely a symptom of an abnormal systemic disorder. It is "found," for example, that the blood of persons who are subject to chilblain is often abnormal. Frequently it does not clot quickly, as indicated by a tendency to prolonged bleeding from small cuts and bruises; and local treatment of the chilblain in such cases usually fails to check the disease. But if the local treatment is supplemented by some treatment for improving the condition of the blood, the chilblains disappear.

Treatment of Chilblain.

The coagulability of the blood is thought to be dependent upon, or at least influenced by the presence of lime in the fluid, since the administration of some lime salt increases the blood's clotting power. It is a good plan, therefore, for the chilblain sufferer to fortify his system with small doses of one of the lime salts, such as calcium lactate.

For the relief of the intolerable itching, nothing seems to be quite as effective as heat. The affected parts should be immersed in very hot water for several minutes. They should then be mopped (not rubbed) with a soft, absorbent towel or cotton, until dry. When thoroughly dried a local application of some preparation of iodine or menthol should be made. Iodine is probably the more effective of the two, but is disagreeable on account of its color. Some of the newer iodine ointments, however, are almost stainless and are about as effective as the older kind; and these may be used advantageously in combination with menthol.

These local measures should be considered as merely palliative and in addition every possible precaution should be taken to prevent chilling any part of the body. For this purpose thin woolen underwear should be worn, even though such garments may be somewhat uncomfortable in our climate during the middle of the day. Thin woolen socks should also be worn, and an old pair of loose shoes. Tightly-fitting shoes or gloves should never be worn by persons subject to chilblains during cold weather, as these tend to obstruct the circulation; and obstructed circulation is one of the prominent features, and often the exciting cause of this disease.

The Golden Age of Medicine.

There have been so many advances in medicine within the last quarter of a century that we often overlook the wonderful accomplishments and discoveries of our ancestors. In point of fact, our present knowledge of diseases, and the causes of diseases, is dependent upon the discoveries of a group of men who were contemporaneous with Shakespeare, and most of whom lived in Shakespeare's country. Indeed, judged by great medical discoveries, the seventeenth century seems entitled to the distinction of being the golden age of medicine.

It was in this golden age that William Harvey discovered the secret of how and why the blood circulates—probably the most momentous discovery in the entire field of medicine. Every school child today knows that the heart pumps the blood to the system through the arteries and that the blood returns to the heart through

the veins. Yet the wisest person in the world prior to Harvey's demonstration, in 1628, did not know this now seemingly self-evident fact. As a result of this ignorance, there was no knowledge of the group of diseases that affect the heart, kidneys, liver and blood vessels, and which now claim at least 1,000,000 victims annually.

Half a century after Harvey's discovery, the function of the lungs was discovered and demonstrated by Robert Hook, who was the Thomas Edison of his time. The lungs hitherto had been considered as "air bags for cooling the body," and no one had any particular knowledge of lung diseases. These two great discoveries were supplemented by a third, the discovery of the existence of germs. The vital importance of this discovery is conspicuously in evidence at present—the basis of all modern sanitary measures. Yet a Dutchman, Anthony von Leeuwenhoek, discovered these "little animals" in the tartar of his teeth in the same century that Shakespeare lived.

As most of our knowledge of disease is based upon these three great discoveries, and as these discoveries were made in the seventeenth century, we are justified in considering this century the most important in medical discovery.

Physiology of Eight Hours Work.

It seems to be established on purely physiological grounds that eight hours of hard work each day is about all the average person's system will stand, and maintain its normal efficiency. This conclusion has been reached after exhaustive and protracted scientific investigation, without any regard whatsoever for legislative aspects, and based upon the measurements of nervous and muscular exhaustion produced by work.

This eight-hour limitation rule, it should be remembered, applies to the average person. But apparently no person has ever risen above mediocrity whose physical condition restricted him to such a limited period of work as one hour out of every three. "It is a noteworthy fact," says a writer in Science, "that with the world's leaders, in industry, in finance, in professional life, the duration of the daily task is wholly secondary to its accomplishment. They are limited by no eight-hour, ten-hour, or twelve-hour considerations. This indicates why such men become leaders. Laborers may learn a valuable lesson from this fact. The greedy employer who saps the energies of those who are the medium by which he gains his wealth, is to be condemned no more than is the 'slacker' whose only guiding principles are a minimum of effort and a maximum wage. Moreover, it is trite to say that the obligation rests upon the laborer that rests upon all men, so to use his free hours as to benefit himself, his family and society."

It is the belief of most physicians, that few persons are ever injured by hard work alone, either mental or physical.

Dogs and Ringworm.

It seems clearly proven that certain types of ringworm disease, and possibly all types, may be contracted from dogs. Needless to say, the dog largely responsible for the transmission of this disease is the ownerless, vagrant type of mongrel that infests every community. But such dogs come into contact constantly with the better kept animals; and those of friendly disposition are frequently petted and handled by children. The results may be the development of ringworm, the source of which is not suspected.

The addition of ringworm to the list of dog-carried diseases increases the suspicion that there is a direct relationship between certain epidemics and dogs. "In the recent outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease," says Medical Progress, "it was determined beyond any reasonable doubt that dogs were responsible in some instances for the spread of the disease, not only from one farm to another, but from one State to another."

The dog is of primary importance and in many instances the sole carrier in the case of many dangerous and even deadly animal parasites of man and domestic animals. Some of these parasites depend so absolutely on dogs as carriers during certain stages of their life history that they would

probably or certainly become extinct if dogs were not available as hosts. A partial list of dog-carried diseases which must be headed with the most important one, rabies, of course, is the following: hydatid in man and stock; gid in stock and possibly man; so-called "measles" in sheep; tapeworm, especially in children; roundworm and tongueworm.

Vermin and Camp Fever.

Typhus fever, which is variously known as camp fever, jail fever, etc., has always been, and still is, the menace of every army in the field. Formerly it infested jails, and ships, and, indeed, any place where people were huddled together for any considerable time; but the disease has now practically disappeared from the ordinary walks of civil life. Armies, however, are still menaced by this malady, as shown by the frightful ravages of the disease in the armies of the Far East; and armies, except under the most favorable conditions, are always afflicted with body lice. And it appears that one of these conditions is often (perhaps always) dependent upon the other—the louse transmits camp fever just as the flea transmits the plague.

The case against the louse has not been proved as unequivocally as the case against the flea; but there is most convincing evidence of a practical nature. Thus, it is a matter of official record that one regiment in the typhus-stricken armies of the East remained practically free from this disease despite the fact that the epidemic raged all about it. The commander of this regiment, it develops, was a "crank" on the subject of vermin. When his regiment was not fully occupied in fighting human enemies they directed their energies to vermin fighting. Bedding and clothing were searched and aired morning and afternoon, and all sanitary precautions rigidly carried out. As a result, this regiment remained practically vermin free and also free from the deadly camp fever.

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6. Stratum Lucidum.
7. Stratum Spinosum.
8. Touch corpuscle with nerve.
9. Sweat duct with gland.
10. Fat tissue.

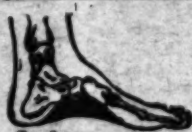
The removal which does not reach the living structure, gives an impetus in the germinating stratum to produce new and perfect Epidermis. Scaled cheeks from age or sickness are restored to normal condition. The new regenerated skin gives to the patient a healthy and youthful color. The time required varies from ten days to two weeks. We can refer you to a number of cases successfully treated. For further information address:

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"HOME, SWEET HOME." BY A HOUSEKEEPER.

For Wife, Mother, Daughter and Maid.

IN THE LAUNDRY.

Right Use of Washing Soda.

[Woman's Home Companion:] If the water is hard, or the clothes especially soiled, or if you wish to reduce the soap bill, add washing soda to the dissolved soap just before it is ready to bottle. A fine quality of washing soda prepared especially for laundry work may be obtained from all laundry supply houses. To the soap-chip solution just described, one to two pounds of powdered washing soda may be added. Do not boil after the soda is added. The old-fashioned lump washing soda should never be used, unless it is previously dissolved, and then only in small quantities. To dissolve, use one pound of soda to one gallon of water. The greatest care must be exercised in using soda for washing woollens, silks and colored clothes, because a trifle too much will prove injurious to the fabrics.

Javelle water forms a very efficient bleaching liquid for unbleached fabrics, as well as for cotton goods that have become yellow with dirt and age.

Handle Woollens Carefully.

Woollens, if woven, should be pulled into shape and hung straight. Because of the inclination to shrink, they should be reshaped frequently during the drying. Fine quality blankets and shawls look best when dried on curtain-stretchers. When dry, brush with a whisk broom so as to raise the nap. Knitted woollens should be laid on a pad to dry, unless, as in the case of babies' socks and mittens, one has a wooden form. One can be quite sure of the shape and size of such garments as sweaters, if the sweater is measured before washing, and these measurements used in shaping the sweater to dry.

HOME ENTERTAINING.

Inexpensive Strawberry Ice.

[People's Home Journal:] A most inexpensive strawberry ice may be made by boiling two cups of sugar with a half a cup of hot water for three minutes. Cool and add a box of berries, crushed, and the juice of a lemon. Then add a cup of ice water and partially freeze. Stir in the stiffly beaten white of one egg and finish freezing.

Tiny sponge cakes iced with strawberry juice and confectioner's sugar are delicious to serve with this ice, or a big layer cake, frosted with white and decorated with a wreath of roses made from candied rose leaves and citron, with yellow candles for centers.

Or the ice may be made from grape juice and the little cakes decorated with candied violets. Strawberries dipped in pink fondant and served in little paper cases are very pretty.

Tuna Patties.

In the evening when there is a small party of three or four tables, they may be covered with small tea cloths and refreshments served from them. Men, of course, like something more substantial than a pink ice and a flower cake. The things one would like best to serve at such affairs have gone up in price with such leaps and bounds that most of them today are not within reach of the woman with no maid. Lobster has become almost extinct in most small households. Tuna fish can be used in many ways. Cut up with celery and pimientos it is a good substitute for chicken salad, and it is delicious creamed and served in patties.

HOME PHYSICIAN.

Treatment of Colic.

[Ladies' Home Journal:] The colic of children is most prevalent in hot weather when fruits and vegetables are found on every hand and eaten on all occasions, and at all times of the day. Colic is not to be attributed in all cases to the undigested food but also to the numberless bacteria which raw foods and fruit carry. The child's colic is generally indicated by pains in the center of the abdomen, particularly around the umbilicus, by the development of gas, and by the onset of diarrhea, nature's natural method of relief. If the disturbance arises in the stomach in which there re-

mains too much undigested food, it is hardly colic, but often is attended with similar sensations, with nausea, and vomiting in addition. The hot-water compresses over the abdomen and a generous enema are the best remedies. The mother may add to her drug collection a bottle of ammonia, sodium bicarbonate, and a little sirup and peppermint water, which can be put up by a druggist. One teaspoonful will often be found palliative of the pain of colic. In extreme cases there are symptoms of collapse, and in such an instance the services of a physician should be secured as soon as possible.

Taboo Headache Remedies.

The mother who gives headache remedies to the members of her family, and especially to her children, is in my opinion committing a crime. All the headache remedies that I know are heart-depressants. They are chiefly composed of caffeine, phenacetin, or acetanilid. All these drugs are powerful, and the last two are extremely dangerous. Headache is one of the common ailments which should never be treated by home remedies nor by the secret remedies which are sold at the drugstore. I can not sufficiently emphasize the importance of this statement.

PREPARING A FOWL.

To Cut a Fowl in Joints.

[Modern Priscilla:] First cut off the wings, taking a slice off the breast with them and separating them at the joint. Then remove the legs, cut them in two at the joint and chop off the ends of the bones. Now separate the breast, bone and all, from the back of the fowl. Cut the breast in two, lengthwise, right through the bone and in two again, if large. Then chop the back through in two or three pieces.

The number of joints depends very much on the size of the fowl, but ten pieces at least should be procured—two wings, four pieces from the legs, two from the back and two from the breast.

How to Lard.

Larding, although very easy, requires to be seen to be properly understood. Very hard bacon is necessary, as soft bacon breaks on being passed through the fowl or meat. The bacon should be cut into small blocks, and then again cut into even strips, called lardons. In larding, put a strip of bacon into a larding-needle, and then pass it through the meat, leaving the bacon in the meat, with the ends showing; this should be done in even rows, taking care to do the work as neatly as possible.

Larding improves the flavor of birds and meat not having much fat, which would have a tendency to get dry when cooked.

CLEANSING PROBLEMS.

A White Coat.

[New York American:] A white coat may be cleaned by brushing the following mixture well into the cloth the way of the nap: Mix some powdered pipeclay and whiting, some fuller's earth, and a little stone blue dissolved in vinegar, in sufficient quantities to form the whole into a paste; rub into the coat and leave it to dry on. When the coat is quite dry, rub it well, beat it to get the dust out, and then brush.

Stains on Black Silk.

To reduce mud stains from black silk or woolen dresses, first let the material become perfectly dry and then brush off the mud. Any stain that remains should be washed with a piece of flannel dipped in hot coffee to which a little ammonia has been added.

NEEDLE NOTES.

Old-Fashioned Tatting Popular.

[Chicago Record-Herald:] Tatting is coming in again, and this edging, so much in demand in our grandmothers' day, is not only pretty and easily made, but exceedingly durable. It is successfully used for hand towels that are much laundered, and excellent on fine glass and silver towels for edging.

It is practical to embroider the latter in

outline stitch with delineations of the articles to whose use they are reserved, and some towels may be had ready stamped in such designs.

A new guest towel, or hand towel, shows a border of tiny pink hollyhocks and above them flits a blue bird.

Little Chintz Sets.

In making up little chintz sets for a child's bedroom, not only should one include the daytime bedcover, table cloth, pillows and chair sets, but a shoe bag and laundry bag. These are as welcome to a child as to "grown up people," in fact, frequently more so, for little children often would not need so much help in keeping their rooms tidy if more items of ordinary convenience were provided for their help. One of the new designs displayed for children's bedroom sets shows "Molly Cotton Tail."

KINKS IN THE KITCHEN.

Deep Fat Frying.

[Philadelphia Press:] Many young housekeepers are afraid to attempt deep fat frying because they either share the common belief that fried food is indigestible or they find it difficult to get uniformly perfect results and hesitate to serve poorly formed croquettes or imperfectly cooked doughnuts. As a matter of fact, perfectly fried foods are seldom indigestible, because they have not been allowed to "soak fat." When the fat is hot enough to form a crust over the outside of the food immediately, the fat particles do not permeate the starchy interior, and fried food can easily be digested by any ordinarily healthy adult.

Left-over Vegetables.

Few vegetables will stand reheating well, for it ruins their flavor. Instead, we use left-overs for a vegetable soup. Cold carrots, parsnips, asparagus, squash, corn, spinach, tomato, celery, onions, peas, lima and string beans, and even cold mashed potatoes make excellent soups.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

[New York Evening Journal:] To remove grease spots from tablecloths, coats, trousers, etc., sandwich the article between two pieces of blotting paper and rest a hot iron over the damaged part for a few minutes.

Fruit stains on linen should be smeared with glycerine and left for about an hour; then wash the stains in warm soapy water; repeat the process if necessary.

When whipping cream add three or four—not more—drops of lemon juice, and it will soon become thick.

To whiten knife handles which have become yellow with age rub with fine emery paper.

For cleaning hearth tiles, try a cream made of soft soap and skim milk.

Melted butter is a very good substitute for olive oil in a salad dressing. Many prefer it.

HEARTSEASE.

Happiness in Adaptability.

[Hume:] He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is more excellent who can suit his temper to any circumstances.

The Old Loveliness.

Old books, old friends are best, Old things are loveliest: Old houses, and the glamour of old days, The olden peace, the olden, quiet ways.

Old gospels, and old dreams! With new delight life teems When these are read, when these are told: All youth at last grows old.

In bleak December, lo! A whirlwind of white snow. O heart! lost April then Seems wonderful again.

Yet dream new dreams, be glad For all the soul once had. Old books, old friends are best— Old love is loveliest!

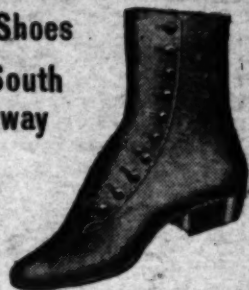
—[Charles Hanson Towne.

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Counting the Vote of the Electors. The Duty of Congress. By a Special Contributor.



MANY of you will remember, brethren, Eugene Field's melancholy ditty, the chief features of which are something like this: Johnny Jones and his sister Sue, an emerald peach in the garden grew. She took a bite and Johnny two, then the trouble began to brew, trouble the doctor couldn't subdue. Listen to my tale of woe.

Many of you old-timers, too, here on the Coast, will recall Charlie Reed, the comedian's rendition of this very tear-provoking chant. Eugene Field and Charlie Reed made as delightful a combination as one could imagine. The canticle itself was exceedingly melancholy from the time the two children got the emerald peach in their midst until the slab was placed over the common grave in which they were buried. And the way the comedian chanted the song would draw tears from the eyes of the hardest-hearted Indian of the plains; yes, from the eyes of a wooden Indian it he could walk from the cigar store and hear the doleful ditty on the boards of a theater.

There is a parable in this for all humans, which warns you against eating unripe fruit. You see here is the discovery your own Eagle has made; that the only definition of man that will stand would run as follows in the dictionary: "Man, an animal that cooks his food." In the course of ages the stomach has become incapable of digesting raw food as it has of digesting unripe food.

So you humans differ from the rest of the animal creation in your inability to swallow and get away with anything crude, unripe or raw. The Eagle can eat raw food, and you could not persuade him to eat anything that had had a touch of fire, probably not to save his life. He likes the quivering flesh of his victim for dinner, with the raw blood running out of it in a stream. If you humans eat raw flesh you get all sorts of diseases and follow Johnny

Jones and his sister Sue to the common grave. And material things are not the only ones in which you abominate and eschew things crude, raw and unripe. You are just as much in danger from crude opinions and unripe conclusions, from raw sentiments, as you are from any emerald peach or any raw dog which you ever attempted to get through your system. Indeed, your Eagle thinks that raw sentiments, crude judgments, unripe criticisms, are worse to your mental system than any unripe fruit or raw food is in your physical midst.

Your Eagle has for many years been closely associated with one of you of the human family. This intimacy between the bird and the man began many years ago in a far-off land, and has continued without interruption to the present day, a period of two ordinary human generations. The Eagle remembers perching on the shoulder of this human being many years ago when he was a young man and the Eagle an eaglet while the man read the Waverley novels. The Eagle's eye twinkles with delight today as he thinks of the enthusiastic enjoyment gotten from perusing these wonderful romances of the Scotchman. To criticize the author of the Waverleys would have seemed to the Eagle's friend an act of sacrilege just little less damnable than to criticize the Sermon on the Mount.

Many years have passed, and your Eagle's friend has become acquainted with a great many romancers in the intervening time. The other day the Eagle was perched on these human shoulders as their owner read a book by Anatole France in which mention was made of Rob Roy and Ole Ver-non. It occurred to him that it would be nice to revive his memory of the romance of the great Scotch Roblin Hood, so getting the volume down he started to peruse it. Now some years ago your Eagle perched upon these human shoulders while their owner read an essay of Thomas Carlyle in which that grim old Scotchman sneered bitterly at his countryman Walter Scott. He thought the old Scotch bear was too severe in his condemnation of the author of Waverley.

He thinks differently after re-reading Rob Roy. He recognizes that his first judgment was crude, raw and unripe. This same human being in those far-gone days was accustomed to walk into a kitchen pantry in the midst of a Wisconsin winter when he came in from a horseback ride through the snow and icy wind and take a

block of mutton pie, pour a cup of cream over it, eat it as it was without qualm of conscience or of internal economy. To partake of such a lunch today would probably kill him in an hour. So the crude conclusions he reached about the wonderful greatness of Walter Scott will not go down with him in his maturer years.

The Eagle's eye brightened and he laughed as only Eagles can as he heard his friend snort over the literary shortcomings of the great hero of his younger days. Addressing members of his family, he said: "It seems impossible to imagine that Walter Scott should have been guilty of weaving into this story so many literary blemishes. Here he uses the word 'allude' all the way through Rob Roy when he means 'referred to.' He is guilty of the horrible blemish of using 'avocation' when he means 'vocation,' and horror of all horrors, he uses that intolerable vulgarism, 'opine' for 'think.'"

These are only some of the blemishes mature judgment found in one story written by a man whom the reader considered in the days of his rawness, unripeness and crudeness of judgment to be impeccable and perfect as an author.

Well, the Eagle's friend is not the only human being who has had to change his mind as the years go on as to things raw, crude and unripe. It is the part of youth to prefer unripe things to ripe ones, or at least not to discriminate between them. Refer your minds back, dear readers, to Johnny Jones and his sister Sue and the emerald peach. Blessed is the man who lives long enough to learn to get over his propensity for knocking unripe peaches off the tree with blocks from the wood-pile, clods from the ground, or small stones. Johnny Jones and his sister Sue had no opportunity of correcting their false judgment as to desirability of filling their tummies with emerald peaches and other unripe fruit.

It takes some of you a number of years to learn to discriminate between the raw and the cooked, between the ripe and the unripe, between the crude and the refined of life. It takes some of you in high places until you are gray and bald to learn this bit of human wisdom, and some of you go to the grave without over learning the lesson. What a blessed thing it would be if some of your statesmen could only come to maturity of judgment before they were exalted to seats in Congress, even in the Senate, to seats around the Cabinet table

where the President's advisors sit, and even to the chair in the White House which stands for the highest office in the whole wide world today, or in any past day, as your Eagle sees things.

It is strange how crude and raw the opinions are that some of your big men often hold, the unripe things they feed their mentality with, and the horrible results that follow from this immaturity of judgment, from this attempt to feed upon raw material to fill their minds with crude stuff. You see Abraham Lincoln, who never was guilty of knocking an emerald peach from the tree of knowledge to fill his mental being with, knew better than to think that he could pawn off raw opinions for perfectly cooked ones on the American people. He knew his countrymen and their intelligence too well. So he formulated the notion "You can fool some of the people all the time, all the people some of the time, but not all the people all the time." He lives in the hearts of his countrymen as the greatest of all Americans.

An alleged statesman known as W. J. B. was a great swallower of emerald peaches of the mental kind, and though living in body is already as dead as Johnny Jones and his sister Sue in the opinion of his countrymen. How much greater a man your President would be if he had known as much when he went into the White House as he did after four years of occupancy of the great office of President. We recall the raw opinion he put out in the first days of his Presidency about pitiless publicity. In his wisest days he has become the most secretive of all the Presidents of your country. Recall the self-sufficiency with which he butted into the internal affairs of Mexico, refusing to acknowledge Huerta as President of that republic and preferring the bandit cut-throat Villa to the only man who could possibly bring order in Mexico. Then he tied his wagon to the star of Carranza, another raw, crude and unripe judgment of the President which he has regretted many times since and will regret again and again before he is through with Mexico, Carranza and Villa.

Yours,
The Eagle
HIS MARK



THE LANCER

OF COURSE, Los Angeles would hesitate to admit it, but as a matter of fact, Ballet Russe was rather a tall dose of Cultured Art for us to swallow. Having arrived with such sumptuous testimonials from Europe and New York, it was up to us to show a properly cultivated appreciation of the Russian ballet de-luxe, with its gorgeous settings, its technically amazing dancers, its pantomime and its magnificent orchestra. It is the vogue, and we must be in the movement.

But as a matter of fact it was a little staggering to find Art, understood by us to be an essential of elevating sublimity, to center round such very reprehensible morality. If we could only have discovered a virtuous moral in it, we could have borne up better. But we hunted a moral in vain. They seemed to us quite appallingly naked, too. Art seems to revel in nakedness and if one balks at nakedness one cannot rank as an epicurean art connoisseur. As we blushed under cover of the merciful darkness, we reminded ourselves that prudery and sophistication cannot go hand in hand. And Los Angeles has been chided for a lack of sophistication for so long. We positively must live it down. Here was the Ballet Russe complimenting us by presuming us to be in the realms of the shockless cultured,

so we made a superb effort at debonnaire insolence for our credit's sake.

I see my friend Pearl Rall in the Graphic declared that Los Angeles cannot be shocked. But it is significant that she said that in connection with the Ballet Russe. It would obviously have been no surprise if we had been. As a city, we certainly stood the test with credit. There were, however, a few uncultured unregenerated among us, for I sat immediately in front of the following feverish conversation:

Madam (resplendent in mauve satin and trimmings): "Why, Milo, those men—that's their bare skin, it's no good telling me it isn't."

Father (struggling with his new collar): "Yep."

Madam (choking indignantly): "Well, I don't call it decent. Why, they might as well be stark naked."

Father: "Sure!"

Madam (unconsciously paying the ballet a compliment): "What are they doing now? I don't understand it at all. They all look like they'd been drinking pretty heavy! They call it 'bacchanalian'—what does that mean, Milo?"

Father: "I dunno. Pretty raw, ain't it?"

Madam: "I should say! My stars, look at them girls! They ain't hiding anything. That ain't dancing, that's plain cutting up. How much did you say these seats cost?"

Father: "Three dollars!"

Madam: "Got their nerve! These Russians ain't got no shame. I seen prettier dancing at the Orpheum. Carrying on like that, with nothing on! I call it disgusting."

Father: "Seems like they'd be pretty cold."

Madam: "Cold! I hope they freeze. Charging decent people \$3 a seat to see 'em carry on like that. What's she doing now? Giving him more drink! My stars!"

Father: "Nope, that's poison. It says so here. She's Cleopatra, I guess, and she says it's all right. She don't mind kissing round with him a bit if he takes the poison after. I guess he's dying for it now."

Madam: "Milo! How dare you say such a thing! But maybe she's struck dead herself pretty soon. She looks like a wicked woman all right. . . . Is that the end? My stars, ain't there no moral nor nothing? And hark at people clapping. I dunno what the world's coming to. Call it highbrow, do they? Well, I call it fierce, making them bad women the whole thing, letting 'em kill off people like that and not getting hung for it. And them bad women having such a good time with all them fine clothes and servants. It ain't right."

Father: "Oh, go on, it's only a show, anyway."

Madam: "I don't care, it ain't respectable. Shows don't have to be naked and wicked, do they? I never seen such things in my life."

Father: "It cost an awful lot, that scenery is mighty costly."

Madam: "I don't care if it is, it don't make it no better, spending all that money to make a exhibition of them naked people. We ain't going to no more bally roos, I tell you that, Milo. We always been decent and we ain't going to begin taking up with this sort of thing, now, so you understand."

Father: "Oh, all right, don't get mad about it. The highbrows like 'em all right."

Madam: "Then they'd ought to be ashamed of themselves, that's all I got to say."

And it must be admitted the Ballet Russe had a decided penchant for gilded impropriety. I could find in my heart to sympathize with the respectable dowager. Even in the cause of art, it was asking a good deal for her to swallow the morals and rectitude of a life time and expect her to declare she was enjoying herself. When one has been brought up on the reward of virtue and the punishment of crime, it is very disconcerting to find that Culture demands an acceptance of very different views, as being more gloriously dramatic and beautiful. The more superb the show, the greater the aggravation. But maybe

the performance of the morality play "Everyman," will be a sufficiently satisfactory antidote. Los Angeles is certainly proving its ability to digest highly seasoned diet to any extreme.

Slicing 'Em Up.

There is one very real menace that the wealthy suffer and from which the poor are free. If a rich person gets sick the chances are 100 to 1 he may lose an appendix or some other useful little organ. I know one wealthy lady who has now lost five separate portions of her innards, because she was unwise enough to go and see a doctor when she felt a little under the weather. She is rather proud of it, of course, for it means that she has invested quite a young fortune in surgical operations.

It costs anywhere from \$500 to \$1000 a time to part with an appendix or tonsils, or some other gettable organ. The surgeons have been enjoying a very stylish vogue for operations. They have reduced slicing upon the human anatomy to a fine art. "Cut it out," they say blithely.

Some bright soul has said that society is divided into two classes of women—those who have had operations and those who haven't. But the men don't escape either. Somebody's recent operation can be relied upon to monopolize a conversation at any time. You have to hand it to the surgeons. When they can get us not only to submit to a little carving, and pay handsomely for it, but to be proud and loquacious about it into the bargain, they have certainly succeeded in putting over something rather brilliant. It is every bit as clever as making us pay tall prices to see interpretive dancing and pretend we like it.

[Yonkers Statesman:] Mrs. Bacon: Don't you think I'm entitled to a pension, John?

Mr. Bacon: Why, no. A pension is something you get after you are through fighting.

A TRAMP THROUGH STEVENSON COUNTRY.

Two Hundred Miles of Bliss. By Meredith Nugent.

THE choleric "Frisco" policeman is in doubt as to my sanity. "Walk down to Carmel from Frisco! For the fun of it! Bill!"—this with an explosion culminating his irascibility as he roars to the conductor of a westward-bound beach car—"here's a patient for you!"

However, Bill is no more successful in starting the patient off aright than had been the "cop," or the Irishman who demoniacally had tapped his forehead in agreement with the "cop's" opinion of me; for he whizzes me to a beach I should not have made acquaintance with.

However, I'm off. "Rah, I am off!" Up goes my hat in boisterous jubilation as I set out like speeding Mercury to conquer the dusty distances. "Frisco" is soon a haze, the sand hills soon a haze, and as I reach this strip of beach brimming the boiling ocean, farms, fields, roads, houses, indeed the whole man-civilized country, has seemingly raced to that obliterating haze.

Dawn and resurrection! From the chrysalized walls of duties, conventions, proprieties, exasperations, bread-earnings and the thousand and one circumscriptions of 365 yesterdays, I have emerged into complete freedom. There is not a "shalt not" in my Decalogue. There is not even a Decalogue.

"Afoot and lighthearted I" now "take to the open road." The miles reel under me so easily that I am quite unconscious of effort. Here a succession of fine headlands sweep by, here valleys of green artichokes sloping glacier-like to the sea, for this is one of the artichoke centers of the whole United States. Now it is a rocky bend, now a stretch of breakers, now a winding path, now breakers again, now reefs over which I slip and sprawl and get so thoroughly well wetted that I'm surely as amphibian as the crabs racing from me.

A fog blows in from the ocean and in a twinkling all is changed. Now I am with the Norsemen; with the gray-bearded Vikings; I feel their clammy breathings; I see their charging warriors; I see the sun's light flee before their ragged banners. I slowly mount a hill, and from the height of its wooded summit behold terrace after terrace of stately Druidical groves rising in tiers of majestic beauty clear to the fog-dotted skies. If the glory would only arrest itself! If it would only hold for an instant so that color might attempt to record it! But no, the scene is shifting with kaleidoscopic rapidity, now disclosing luscious valleys, now phantasies of fairest forests, now tumbings of many waters, now visions of phantom ships. All is continuous change, all is continuous movement. Vells of fog are withdrawn, vells of fog are tossed in, vells of fog are superimposed with the bewilderment of pageantry gone mad. It is the supremest art, the mockery of art if I might dare to so put it, staged in a derisive moment by "The Master of the Show." Yet in barely thirty minutes the glory has disappeared. Has He tired of His play? Has He sought other corners of earth to dethrone reason by His magic?

Now all is commonplace; indeed anything would seem commonplace after such an exhibition. An automobile roars down on me, and its driver halts hurriedly to ask if I would ride. I gladly accept. I will ride anywhere to escape this barrenness, or what to me now appears as barrenness. The ride proves a race, a race down a mountainside for 1300 feet. It is a reckless cutting of the letter "S's" to the edges of a cliff towering high above the white-caps, inland to the hills, and out to the dizzy edges again. "Is this machine yours?" I ask as once more we approach suicide. "Nope, this machine's Kelly's," and ere the breakers greet the pebbles we're now showering from this crumbling bend, I'm wishing Kelly here!

Level ground at last, and houses that fairly shriek at us "Italian Dinners \$1.00." 'Tis a dot and dash for miles, the dots "Italian Dinners," and dashes, the fields between. Half Moon Bay and the ride endeth! "Thanks awfully! Again thanks! Thanks! Thanks!" And if the inhabitants of San Gregorio, which place I'm now hurriedly entering, are suspecting me a convict escaped, there is abundant evidence in the time made for the last dozen

miles or so that I've certainly escaped something!

This morning finds me sauntering along miles of dying roads. The new State highway is near to completion, and then these well-rutted ones will be returned to oblivion. I am probably the last pilgrim to wander over these old ways, the last of all their lovers to lovingly tread their dusty lengths. The fences are fallen low where they have not already gone, and the trees which have cast long their cool shades in the hot mid-day hang drearily their branches as if sighing for those dreaming ones who will dream under them no more. I hate to leave these old beautiful roads, these long, winding stretches of sunlight and shadow; for compared to the State highway upon which I'm now stepping, they are to me as the sweet girls of years ago, as against the more modern and barer specimens of today.

I am out for a walk, but not out for a record. I will ride when I will, and I shall will whenever the country promises to be uninteresting. Such a country appears ahead of me now, a cement-dust-ravaged country, and I stage it twenty miles through a gray inferno to Santa Cruz. After a sleep at Santa Cruz, I am tripping it through apple orchards, through lands of blushing beauty, and tonight finds me reaching a curious old whaling station, where in a marvelously constructed building I put up for needed rest.

My next stop is Monterey. The very winds seem to shriek it, the heavens to stormily proclaim it. 'Tis a riotous morning, a roaring, unearthly-lighted, "singing-cloud gale of a morning. I am bucking straight into the wind's eye through hurricanes of blinding sand, a sharp gravel road-dressing put down but yesterday. At times I turn about, and digging heels into the soil, smash backward into the blasts to partially shield my smarting face. The storm-din is terrific, a tree-raging, telephone-wire-screaming, telephone-pole-howling, infernal din, below which the weeds hug the earth as if "Old Nick" were after them. 'Tis a gain of a few yards for me and a turnabout for breath, another few yards and a reverse for more breath. There's a fine savagery, though, to this storm wrestling, an aboriginal wildness, "a fizzy-dizzy, muddle-headed sort of joy" as Stevenson has somewhere put it, which suits my mood exactly.

Monterey! I could throw up my arms in insane jubilation as I step on its sacred soil. The harbor is thronged with a mob of carousing boats, hilarious, storm-intoxicated, storm-befuddled little boats. They roll, they toss, swing this way, swing that way, leap half out of the water, plunge half-way under; suddenly take it into their crazy heads to breast in front of their crazy fellows, and just when well in front are jerked back by the anchored rope to the very point they started from. No amount of failure daunts their inebriated enthusiasms. "If at first we don't shoo, cheer, we'll try, try again," I almost hear them say, and try again they do.

I turn from these drunken ones to wander along the wharf. I wander among the fishermen and the fish. I drop into canneries, stroll through open doors, gaze through tiny windows, stray into darkest corners, and fancy, when lost amidst a maze of nets and pulleys that I've sauntered into the foreground of a strong-lined Brangwyn etching.

But elsewhere in Monterey. Here is Stevenson's house. Here is the first wooden house erected in California. Here is "The House of the Four Winds," so dubbed by the Indians because of its weather vane, the first the savages had ever seen. I wonder if these Indians, though, could clairvoyantly have beheld the future, and purposely willed us this inheritance of baptismal name and joy; for today this many-winded house is occupied by a woman's club—"The Woman's Civic Center," if my memory serves me right.

Of course, I visit the Stevenson house. It is indeed my chiefest pilgrimage, a pilgrimage I could reverently make on bare and bended knees. "Which room did Stevenson live in?" I ask of the Mexican who now strolls through the wooden gate.

Evidently this question is a frequent calamity with him, for he brings down his fist as he quiveringly replies to me: "I tell you that man Stevenson, he no live here!" I piously walk the paths fronting the wooden L Stevenson actually did occupy, feeling that perhaps these may have been those he walked on himself. I walk on them till I'm ashamed to be seen walking on them any longer, and then I sneak back and walk on them again.

The sun has set, and the sky is a seething glory. I slowly climb the hill to where silhouetted stands the monument to Father Junipero. I read the inscription at its base. I turn about and face the cove where the brave Franciscan landed. Its waters are of gold, the bay is of gold, while, beyond, the vast Pacific is a trembling mass of vibrant gold. From this hilltop steeped in glory, I watch the coming night. The stars twinkle forth. In the harbor, the little boats so recently drunk with storm twinkle forth their stars, too. All is calm and holy. Material world has vanished, and in the serenity of this blessed peace, earth sings its ecstatic soul. Suddenly there looms a dark and staggering figure, a maudlin, shrieking drunkard. Endeavoring to keep the path, he bumps into the monument railings, and in a trice is a senseless heap on the ground right at my feet. I back from the disgusting beast that has so shattered my beautiful reverie. I hasten to leave, then turn for one last look at Father Junipero. Am I mistaken? I look again! I hastily gub my eyes and look again! Why—why there is Father Junipero with hand kindly raised actually blessing the fallen man! Holiest spirit; I, too, am in the dust now. But a moment before this drunkard appeared I had not noticed that thy hand was upraised even; yet now with all the love thou ever hadst for the Indian, it is bestowing its tenderest blessing—no not on this sober Pharisee, but on the more deserving unconscious prodigal.

After a rapturous night's wandering under the light of a glorious moon, I am traveling through pine forests to lovely Carmel. I reach the old mission where Janipero lies buried. A tiny, large-eyed Spanish girl opens the church door for me, and I saunter in a species of dream all about the sacred place. On top of the tabernacle is Father Junipero's stole and it is difficult for me to realize that I am actually looking at the precious relic. However, all the Junipero relics that could possibly be shown me, as well as all that has been printed or has yet to be printed on the merits of that wonderful man, would affect me not one tithe as did that unspoken Sermon on the Mount at Monterey. But even Carmel, with its mission, and its wealth of queenly loveliness, cannot stay my madding journey. I will have more! more! I will drink beauty to its dregs.

I am strolling by the water's edge again on my return to Monterey, for I have reached my farthest south. But how describe this returning? How express with poor human words the inexpressably divine? Shall I say that this returning is one long gallery of pictures—academic, impressionistic, post-impressionistic, cubist, vortical, a bewildering array of all schools that have ever been or that ever will be? Then I shall not say the half of it. Shall I say that it is sea, sand dunes, rocky cliffs, pines, cypresses, distances, foregrounds, a splendor of bewitching color such as artist never dreamed of? Then I shall still as surely fail. I'll abandon attempt even.

I let my eyes loaf. I release them from the knowledge of all pictures they have seen, from all learned in schools. I sprawl on the rocks and gaze up at the cliffy heights. I sprawl on the cliffy heights and gaze down into the thundering waters. I clutch gnarled or hanging pines and peer deep into dizzy whirlpools. I run far into the dark woods and look back at the stained glory of those deep, deep blue windows. It is black cypress against Prussian blue, Prussian blue against black cypress, emerald green over reefs, dazzling white under cliffs, maddening crests whirling out of caves to combat

maddening crests whirling to caves, foamings, spoutings, improvisations endless of the game He plays. Upon this checkerboard of nights and days, I reach Pacific Grove dazed as in a dream; ride forty-five miles to busy Santa Cruz, and am now suddenly 'midst trolley cars, automobiles, electric lights, stores, markets, crowds—Saturday night crowds. What a day—and what a week!

Miss Julia Clement.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINE.)

wild happiness. At the same time hot tears of resentment smarted my eyes.

"You're so different from other girls," Arch was saying while I fought the threatened deluge. "You've never let me kiss you or—anything; but I've hoped you cared, or you'd have sent me about my business long ago." He leaned toward me and asked huskily, "Do you?"

I was beyond speech. My teeth were clenched in an effort to hold back those Julie Clement tears. Archer stood silent. I brought all the force of my being to my task, but in spite of me two big hot disgusting drops spilled over and ran down my cheeks. Suddenly and without warning Arch swept me into his arms and kissed me fiercely.

"You've got to, honey," he whispered in a shaken voice that left me breathless and weak.

After a moment, though, I thought of the American Beauty roses. I set my palms flat against Archer's chest and pushed him away.

"You've got to tell me what's the matter," said Archer then. And by the steel grip with which he took my hands and held them and by the pallor of his face I knew I had to say something.

"You promised me the first ride in the car. You gave it to—some one else."

Relief flashed across Archer's face. He put my two clenched fists together, rested his chin on them, and looked straight into the back of my brain.

"Didn't you tell me to? Now think." It was hard to think with his eyes looking into mine like that, but I did remember the note I wrote about his bringing Miss Clement to camp.

"Ye—es," I admitted, looking at my red tie.

"Then—" began Arch. But I never heard the remainder of the sentence.

[Yonkers Statesman:] "Who directed you here, madam?" asked the clerk in the store.

"Why, I walked here," replied the lady.

"Did you think I came by parcel post?"

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[Saturday]

There seems to be good use for some

the money in all the banks of the country. January is one of the great times for settling accounts in the financial world. We are told that \$50,000,000 of corporate securities mature in January. Of course it is possible that a good many of these may be renewed but some of them will have to be taken up and replaced by new securities. The total corporate securities maturing during the current year will amount to \$581,500,000. Huge as this sum is, and while it amounts to more than \$77,500,000 more than the year just gone out it is \$394,500,000 less than the

The Rhine and the Missouri are brought together in a recent event which took place at Council Bluffs. It was the removing of an old bridge and the replacing of it by a new one which weighed 11,200,000 pounds. It was done in two hours, and scarcely a transcontinental train was delayed a minute. This shows the difference between the

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The value of good roads is becoming more and more recognized in the United States every day. Wise men point to the fact that tap-line railroads cannot be constructed in the country for less than \$75,000 a mile and that the cost of these must be paid by the commodity transported over them. The good roads do not cost much and are just as efficient. Everything that makes it easier to get crops to the market raises the value of farmlands by making them more profitable to the farmer.

The Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association holds its banquet at the Alexandria Hotel, January 15, at a very sensible hour of 6 p.m., which saves the tired business man from the trouble of going home to dress and allows him to enjoy the evening comfortably. This association can never receive public credit for the full extent of its fine service, because it is an organization which works rather than shines.

THROUGH co-operation between the United States government and the National Geographic Society with headquarters at Washington, one of the most magnificent playgrounds of the world has been preserved from destruction for all time for the benefit and enjoyment of the people.

The City Council is entirely earnest about asking the nations at war to send delegates here to establish the world's peace. It is sincerely hoped that the movement will include some agreement for preserving the peace of the Los Angeles City Council.

Forty cities are after an automobile truck factory that is to come to the West. As they are each in Southern California, every one of them deserves it. Here's wishing them all luck.

PROBABLY it may be news to many of you, but it is nevertheless a fact that had not the pioneer Pacific booster caught cold while gargling his voice under his senorita's window in old Spain, the first white settlement in our own America would have been in blissful California instead of Jamestown, Va.

Often as black like that of Castile, hemp and cotton. Inland there are great communities which invited me to visit with them. They manifested a great friendship for us and a desire for intercourse: were well affected to the image of Our Lady, which I showed to them, and very attentive to the sacrifice of the mass. They worship different idols and they are well acquainted with silver and gold and said that these were found in the interior."

Not even a Los Angeles real estate salesman could boom our chestnut and acorn crop with more vim and vigor than did this blithesome Spaniard of three centuries ago. We know we have chestnuts larger than in Spain, because we heard some of them at the theater last week; but we are not advertising them. On the other hand the acorn crop out our way was almost a complete failure last season.

In one respect, however, there is little change in the flight of years. The women are still of fair complexion, comely and of most pleasing countenance. We know this to be a fact because we saw several of them

The admiral must have struck California when the supreme council of the Improved Order of Red Men was in session and was holding open lodge under the heading of good of the order.

He fraternized with the dusky damsels to some purpose, for when he went back to Spain it was with the intent of bringing back a colony of Castilian husbands for them. He was going to fill the matrimonial market and play Cupid Santa Clara to a bunch of brunette horrors overseas.

In 1608 Philip, the Three Eyes, King of Castile and Aragon, authorized the colonizing expedition under our lamented friend Sebastian Viscaino. Five or six vessels were built and were being outfitted for the great cruise. Then one unfortunate night Sebastian went to sing under the window of an old flame—that sounds familiar too. His Dulcinea was enraged that he should be willing to so basely leave her for a fiction.

of passionate princesses of the Pacific and so when he was doing a bit of tae-molo o "How Can I Bear to Leave Thee," she opened the window and emptied a bucket of ice-cold lemonade over his feverish brow. Viscaino went home, caught the croup and died.

With its chief booster gone the colonization project seemed to lose some of its enthusiasm. Without the inspiration and magnetism of their leader the volunteers again surrendered themselves to the wiles of their home sweethearts.

The outfitting of the fleet was never completed nor the journey ever made. Overseas the band of beautiful brunettes awaited the ship and the fair-skinned sweetheart they never came.

In 1607 the Englishman settled in Jamestown, Va., and that did settle it. That was how the Atlantic beat the Pacific to America and how the first white man's town in the new America was on the Virginia coast instead of San Pedro or Monterey.

But we can still pause from our daily task of earning feed money to give three cheers for our fallen friend, Sebastian Viscaino, the original little old booster for our peninsula. State. If it is not too late we would suggest that the Realty Board pass suitable resolutions at their next meeting and draw their charter in mourning for thirty days.

"Whereas, we have just learned with pangs of anguish of the untimely passing of our esteemed friend Sebastian Viscaldi and the original glad-hander of the Pacific Coast therefore, be it

"Resolved, That in his death we have lost a most eloquent champion and the finest short-card player that ever sank his fangs under the mahogany. With the inspired vision of the prophet he saw grandeur and greatness in the barren frontier of an unknown and known land—by looking at the light that lies in woman's eyes—and lies, and lies, and lies."

the most resolutions be sent to his disconsolate and inconsolable widows and that a copy be furnished The Times for publication."

After which a motion to adjourn would be in order.

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A TRAMP THROUGH STEVENSON COUNTRY. Two Hundred Miles of Bliss. By Meredith Nugent.

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Table with 2 columns: Article Title and Page Number. Includes 'The City and the Coast', 'Good Short Stories', 'The Human Body', etc.

GOOD LITTLE POEMS.

My Winter Garden.

I used to feed a furnace. I used to shovel snow. But now, I watch my radishes And cauliflowers grow.

I used to stand on slippery streets. I've seen my neighbors fall. But now, mild rows of tasseled corn I hear the wild birds call.

My turnips and my saffron Are growing side by side. My parsnips and my carrots spread Their foliage, with pride.

Instead of sifting ashes I pull a mess of peas. A dish of my sweet, tender peas The finest feast completes.

I'd rather dig potatoes Than handle tons of coal. My winter garden nourishes My body and my soul.

RELLIE WILLEY GUE.

The Outpost.

It was a dismal, stormy night. The outpost paced with head upright. His keen eyes scanned the battlefield And coped with a foe might shield. He thought of comrades in the camp, Asleep amid the cold and damp; And then his thoughts began to roam From the bleak of battlefield to home.

Mid darkness that defied mere sight He saw the home-lights shining bright; Among grotesque shapes in the storm He saw a child's beloved form; And near it was a form of grace And a fair woman's careworn face. He stretched his arms forth in the air To clasp the forms, which were not there.

He prayed: "God, give me strength for I Am weak when fancy tricks my eye With scenes of home and loved ones dear— When though afar, they seem so near!" The outpost said that he was weak— Words which no other man would speak Of him; for while his comrades slept Brave vigil over them he kept

A flash of lightning lashed the field; And to his vision was revealed The crouching outline of the foe— An ominous, silent, stealthy row. He stopped! His gun flew to its place And courage sprang to set his face. No weakness there. Though death was near His challenge rang out sharp and clear.

A thousand black mouths belched reply. The overwhelmed night-storm seemed to die. And o'er the field in fury spread A battle-storm which piled its dead Across the martyred sentinel Who'd warned his comrades ere he fell— The outpost has no place in fame, Because the world knows not his name. —[Charles H. Melers, in Visalia Morning Delta.

My Country. (Preparedness.)

My country, land of precious story, Land of freedom, land of song: I love thy streams and mountains hoary Vales and woodlands broad and long.

No ruins thine of ancient glory;

Thine no castles on the Rhine; Yet by our Father's edict holy Freedom was graven on thy shrine.

Then flew aloft the flag beloved; Sacred ever to remain; Which all thy loyal sons and daughters Vowed in honor to maintain.

How well they've kept this compact holy Thy history hath shown thee; Still, stars and stripes of loved Old Glory Wave on in pride and liberty.

Thus thou in careless peace hast floated Down the tide of centuries, Regarding not the quest in mooted, The need of strong defenses.

An adage old: "God helps the mighty Who themselves hold fast the plow," Applies today: preparedness—rightly Will with peace this land endow.

Now dark war clouds o'er thee hover; All unprepared they find thee. Ho! sons and daughters, bravely gather; Your troth in honor binds ye.

Arise! Gird on strong, valiant armor, To be defeated never. Then, in truth, thy flag of freedom Shall o'er thee float forever.

LOUISA M. PRATT.

*Written by a California pioneer eighty-nine years old.

The Wonderful Power of Prayer.

When I sit alone with my conscience, And sometimes with a tired brain, When the frosts of life bite so bitter That my being is racked with pain, When by funds and by friends forsaken, In the lone, dark hours of care, With a faith in my God unshaken I seek and find solace in prayer.

When the spirits of vice dissension, The friends that have loved drift apart, And feelings I dare not to mention Are trying to enter my heart Then I kneel and I plead for pity, And the grace and the gift of love, Alone for new courage and solace, To the merciful God above.

Religion! What an untold treasure Doth that wonderful word contain— A beauty that glorifies pleasure— A God-given solace in pain! Though treachery, tyranny, hunger, Cast 'round me a serpentine snare, All the hosts of Heaven defend me When I lift up my soul in prayer.

Oh, God of all Mercy, protect us, Whoever we may be or where, From spirits of darkness that lead us To ways that reach only despair. This life may seem filled up with worries, With sorrows, with tears and with care, But we find an eternal sunshine In the wonderful gift of prayer.

—[Kate Beirne O'Rourke.

Got the Best of It.

[Boston Transcript:] Agnes: I hear that you and your fiancé had a fight. How did it come out? Edith (flashing her colitaire): You will notice that I am still in the ring.

[Yonkers Statesman:] "Pop!" "Yes, my son." "My school teacher isn't married, is she?" "No, I believe not, my boy." "What makes her so cross then, pop?"

HUMOR.

[London Saturday Journal:] Little Willie came to his mother with the following query:

"Mother, what would you do if someone broke the large vase in the parlor?" "I would whip him," responded mother. After a few seconds elapsed Willie, with a broad grin, said: "Well, you'd better get ready, papa broke it."

[Orange Peel:] "What is your alma mater, Mr. Nurich?" "Well, if you insist, I'll take a cigar."

[Chaparral:] Bug: Did the father give away the bride? Bug: No; he gave away a hundred thousand and threw in the bride.

[Life:] "What is the distinction between verse and poetry?" "Well, if you can understand it it's verse, and if you can't understand it it's poetry."

[Detroit Free Press:] "Is his word good?" "I don't know as to that. I've never taken his word for anything, but I've got four of his notes that weren't any good."

[Judge:] Hook: When a woman loses her husband she has to look out for number one. Nye: And I suppose she does that by looking out for No. 2.

[Puck:] Miss Highbrow: Have you read the Greek tragedies? Mr. Lowbrow: I don't have time; but I've given to all the relief funds that they have raised for them.

[Pittsburgh Post:] "Do you think you'll be successful on this trip?" "Yes, sir; I'll bring home the bacon sure—that is, the whole wheat." "For he was a vegetarian."

[London Saturday Journal:] Mabel: So you asked papa for my hand? Did he give you any encouragement? Arthur: Well, no; but he gave me a drink and a cigar, so I had nothing to complain about.

[Kansas City Journal:] "Does your husband subscribe to the theory that kissing transmits germs?" "No; he thinks that germs are mostly transmitted by money, and he is very careful not to hand me any."

[Kansas City Journal:] "We can't all dwell on Easy street." "No; but we can all live on the square."

[Puck:] "You said you'd go through fire and water for me." "Show me a combination of the two and I will."

[Detroit Free Press:] "That man's gone through twenty fortunes or more." "Great Scott! He doesn't look like a spendthrift." "He isn't. He's an expert accountant."

[London Opinion:] Tommy: Say! These oysters are very small! Oysterman: Yes, sir. Tommy: And they don't appear to be very fresh! Oysterman: Lucky they're so small, then, ain't it, sir?

[Pelican:] "Are you in love with young Smith?"

"In love! I despise him." "But I saw him kiss you good-night." "Oh, I couldn't be rude."

[Life:] Briggs: I came over on the largest steamship in the world. Griggs: How was it? Briggs: Wonderful! If I hadn't been seasick all the way over I wouldn't have known that I was on the ocean at all.

[Judge:] Mrs. Crawford: Did your husband object to your going South for the season? Mrs. Crabshaw: Why, no, dear. He never seems to begrudge the expense of a trip unless I ask him to go along.

[Boston Transcript:] "Did you ever know a woman to play whist without continually asking 'What's trumps?'" "Yes, one. She was deaf and dumb and couldn't ask with her fingers because they were holding the cards."

[New York Sun:] Husband (after the theater): Well, how did you like the play? His Wife: Very well, indeed. There was only one impossible thing in it. The second act takes place two years after the first, and the family still have the same servant.

[Pittsburgh Post:] "Have you learned to dance yet in the cabarets?" "No, but I can sort of keep time with the music with my jaws as I chew."

[Youngstown Telegram:] Marcella: Did I understand you to say Gerty Oldidgad won't take you seriously? Waverly: Not exactly. I said seriously, she won't take me at all.

[Ideas:] Parson: Good evening, my lad. Could you tell me where that road goes to? Country Lad (puzzled): I don't know, sir—I didn't know it went anywhere; (brightly)—it's always there in the morning.

[Erie Railroad Magazine:] Mrs. Smith: When I travel I always feel so much at home on a sleeping car. Mrs. Brown: Why are you so affected? Mrs. Smith: Because the last thing I hear is a violent snore.

[Louisville Courier-Journal:] "I don't always get stenographers who can spell." "Refer 'em to the dictionary, old chap." "But I'm in the motor business. And that has produced a flock of words that haven't gotten into the dictionary as yet."

[New Orleans Times-Picayune:] "What's the matter, Hawkins?" "Matter enough! You know, some time ago I assigned all my property to my wife, to—er—keep it out of the hands I am indebted to, you know." "Yes." "Well, she's taken the money and gone off—says she won't live with me because I've swindled my creditors."

[Widow:] Him: How did you like the stage hangings in that Shakespeare show? He: There weren't no hangings, y' boob; he killed 'em with a sword.

[London Opinion:] Recruit: If you was to put the lid on, you wouldn't get so much dust in the soup. Cook: See here, me lad, your business is to serve your country. Recruit: Yea, but not to eat it!

SCOPE, OBJECTS AND AIMS OF THIS MAGAZINE.

California in tone and color; Southwestern in scope, trend and character, with the flavor of the land and of the sea, the mountains, canyons, slopes, valleys and plains of the "Land of Heart's Desire."—the "Far-Bung Southwest." Devoted to the development of California and the Pacific empire, the exploitation of their marvelous natural resources and the ward-pointing of their wonders and beauties. South and Central America will receive special attention also. Popular descriptive sketches, solid articles strong in fact, statement and information; brilliant editorials, correspondence, poetry and pictures; the Home, the Garden, the Farm, and the Range. Not partisan-political in character or affiliations, it is yet an independent weekly vehicle of present-day thought, exploitation and description; a journal of views, opinions and convictions; the steady champion of Liberty, Law and Freedom in the Industries, holding up the hands of all good men and women, without distinction, who are honestly seeking to better their condition in life and to serve the cause of Home, Country and Civilization. The Illustrated Weekly is delivered to all subscribers of the Sunday Times—more than 100,000 in number, and being complete in itself, is also served separate and apart from The Times news sheets when desired. Advertising rates based on circulation. Write or ask for them.

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The Foremost Events of Yesterday. (2) The Wreck of (3) Mexico. (4) Congress. (5) Inquire. (6) The Cold Wave. (7)

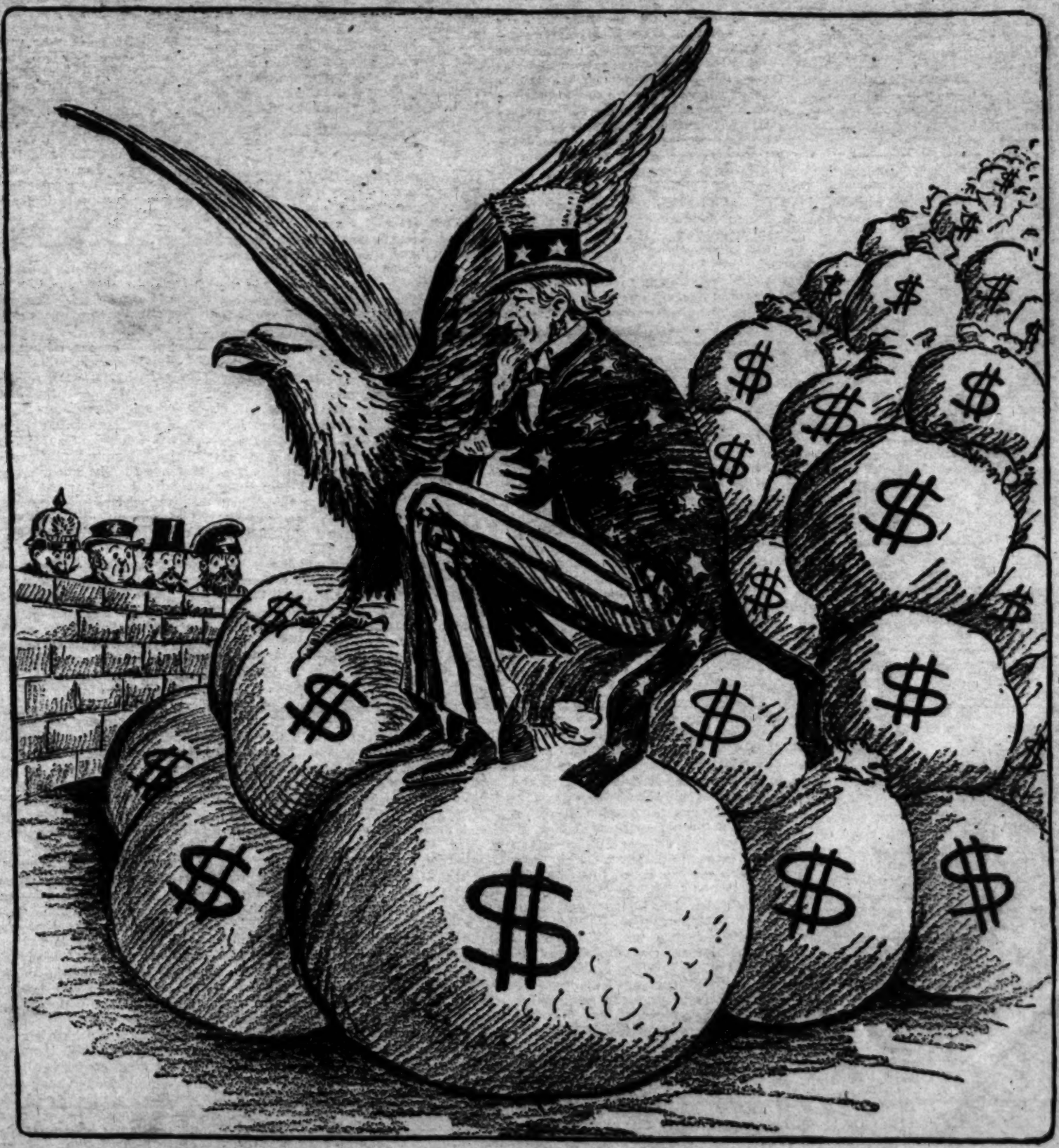
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THIS ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.
Separate and Complete, 33 Pages.
SUMMARY.
THE SKY. Partly cloudy. Wind at 5 p.m., south; velocity, 7 miles. Temperature, highest, 65 deg.; lowest, 48 deg. Forecast: Fair. For complete weather report see last page of Vol. I.
THE CITY. Charges of sensationalism affecting the Theosophical movement at Point Loma were made by a former teacher. It was discovered a number of shipping companies in Los Angeles girls, appealed to by the city.
NOT TO READERS: It is a mistake to jump at conclusions. The important part of the news is the part that is not the news and that is the news of the news.



ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

MAGAZINE OF THE FAR-FLUNG SOUTHWEST.

TEN CENTS SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1917. 1781-1917.



The Envy of the World.

*Entered with the Los Angeles Sunday Times and served to its subscribers. The Magazine, complete in itself, is also mailed separately to any address ordered. (For terms, etc., see page 31.)

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